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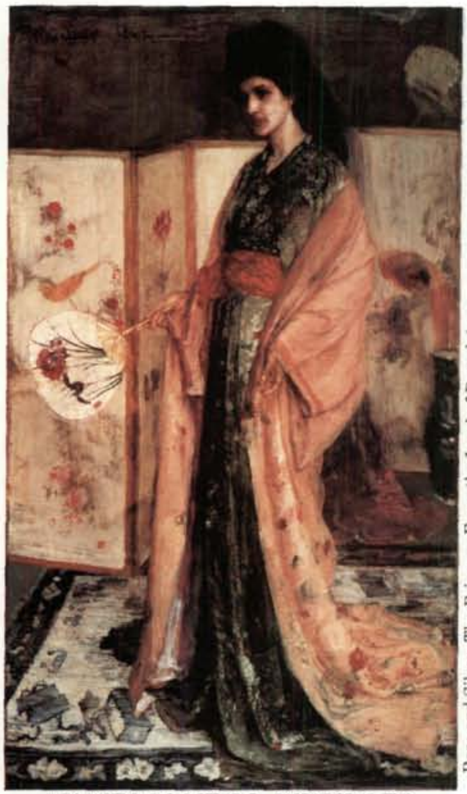
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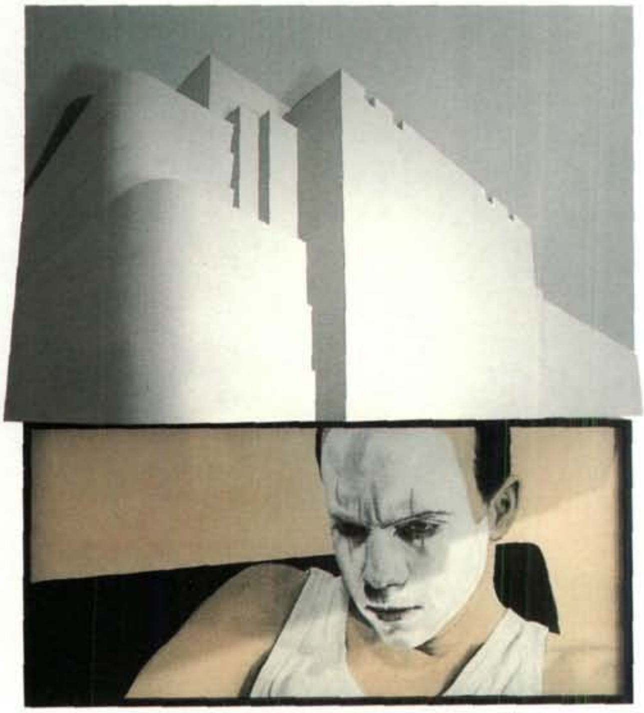
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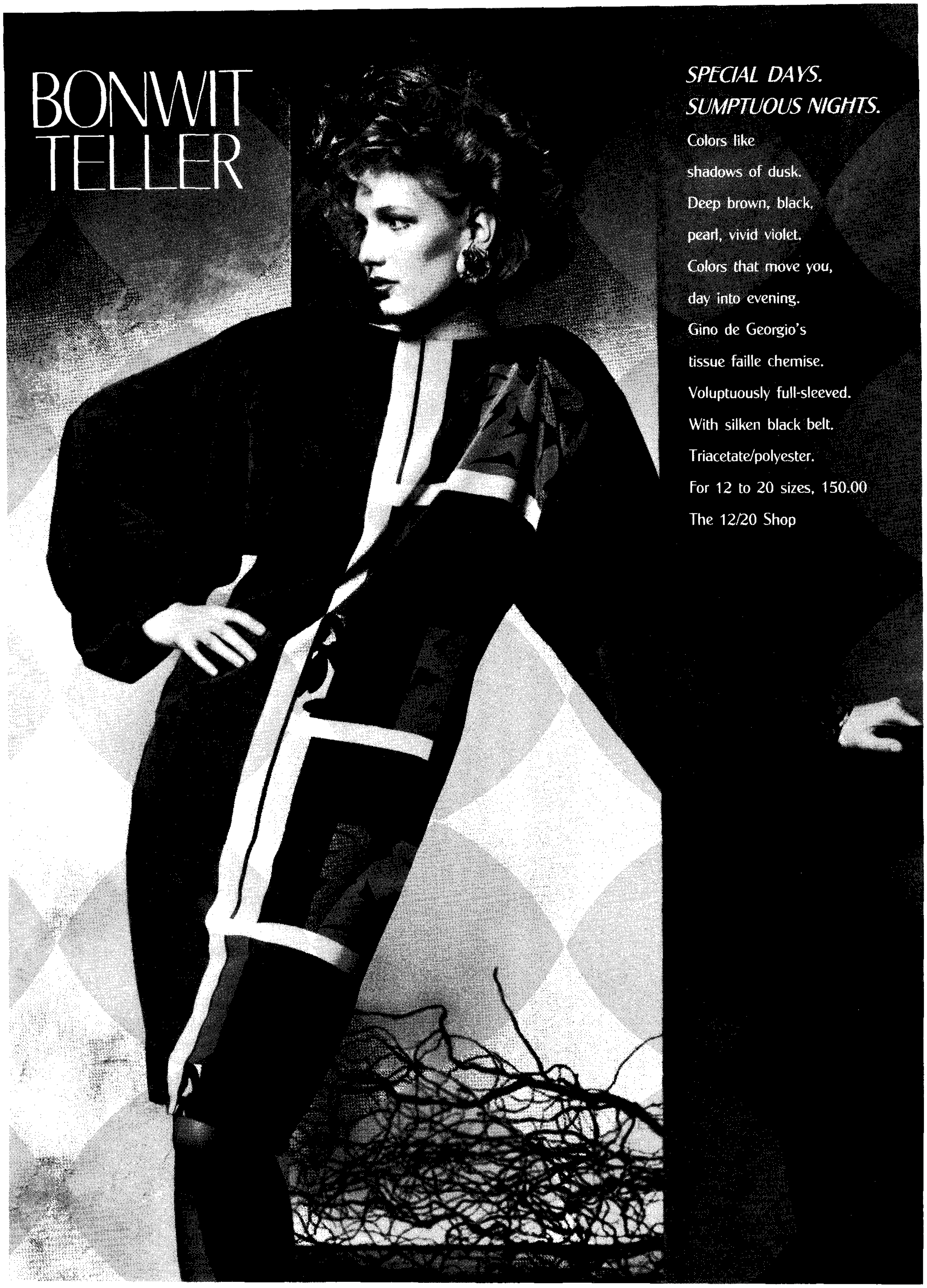BONWIT
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

A... My Name Is Alice—A musical revue conceived and directed by Joan Micklin Silver and Julianne Boyd. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Baby—A musical that is just the ticket for gynecologists and obstetricians, but of less interest to ordinary theatregoers. The cast is numerous and oddly enthusiastic. (Reviewed in our issue of 12/12/83.) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Balm in Gilead—This revival of a play that Lanford Wilson wrote in 1965 is a joint effort of the Steppenwolf Theatre Company of Chicago and the Circle Repertory Company of this city. There are twenty-nine characters—seedy denizens of an all-night coffee shop on upper Broadway. The script—good and bad—foreshadows much of Mr. Wilson's later work. The performance, under the direction of John Malkovich, is dynamic, to say the least. (6/11/84) (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, July 8.)

Blue Window—A comedy by Craig Lucas. (Production Company Theatre, 15 W. 28th St. 686-1470. Mondays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2.)

Brownstone—A modest and agreeable, if nebulous, musical about the tenants of an apartment building in this city. The mild, tuneful score is by Peter Larson and Josh Rubins, the clever lyrics by Mr. Rubins. The show is very well performed, under Andrew Cadiff's direction. Loni Ackerman, Ralph Bruneau, Kimberly Farr, Maureen McGovern, and Lenny Wolpe are the fine singers. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9810. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, June 24.)

Danny and the Deep Blue Sea—John Turturro is the rough truck driver and June Stein the tough young woman who meet in a bar in the Bronx and proceed from there in John Patrick Shanley's melodrama. The strong direction was by Barnet Kellman. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Death of a Salesman—Dustin Hoffman gives a performance as Willy Loman every bit as impressive as the one that Lee J. Cobb gave back in 1949. The Arthur Miller play continues to possess an uncanny power to move us to tears. (4/9/84) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, July 1.)

Design for Living—A revival of Noel Coward's play, with Jill Clayburgh, Raul Julia, and Frank Langella. George C. Scott is the director. Previews through Tuesday, June 19. Opens officially on Wednesday, June 20. (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Elm Circle—A play by Mick Casale. Opens Wednesday, June 13. (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Ensemble Studio Theatre—Final performances of a festival of one-act plays. "Saxophone Music," by Bill Bozzone; "I Have a Dream," an adaptation of the Reverend Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr.,'s speech; "Ariel Bright," by Katharine Long; and "Raving," by Paul Rudnick: Wednesday and Thursday evenings, June 13-14; Saturday evening, June 16; and Sunday matinée, June 17.... ¶ "Jazz," by Elizabeth Albrecht; "Been Taken," by Roger Hedden; "A Sense of Loss," by Mark Malone; and "Vermont Sketches," by David Mamet: Friday evening, June 15; Saturday matinée, June 16; and Sunday and Monday evenings, June 17-18. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Ensemble Studio Theatre, 549 W. 52nd St. 247-4982. Evenings at 7:30. Matinées at 2.)

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Glengarry Glen Ross—A play by David Mamet that says, in effect, that real-estate salesmen are rascals and so perhaps are all the other entrepreneurs in our contemporary society. Funny and harsh in the writing and acted to perfection. (4/2/84) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Isn't It Romantic—A spirited revival of Wendy Wasserstein's sometimes painful but always witty comedy about a pair of female "best friends" at age twenty-eight, and especially about the trials of one of them, Janie Blumberg. The script has been somewhat revised and the production, under Gerald Gutierrez's direction, is much fuller than it was originally. With Barbara Barrie, Lisa Banes, Peg Murray, Jerry Lanning, Tom Robbins, Cristine Rose, and Steven Gilborn. (12/26/83) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Moves on Wednesday, June 20, to the Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St., 924-8782. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Kennedy at Colonus—A play by Laurence Carr about the last eight years of Robert F. Kennedy's life. Previews Wednesday, June 13. Opens officially on Thursday, June 14. (47th Street Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. 265-0794. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Two Gilbert and Sullivan productions. Through Sunday, June 17: **H.M.S. Pinafore**.... ¶ Starting Wednesday, June 20: **Ruddigore**. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30.)

Mirror Theatre Company—John Patrick's **The Hasty Heart** is the current production in a season of revivals. (Theatre at St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 223-6440. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

The Miss Firecracker Contest—Beth Henley's play about a beauty contest in a small Mississippi town hasn't quite the finesse of her "Crimes of the Heart," but it is just as

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original and humorous and talented. Holly Hunter gives a beguiling performance as the contestant. (6/11/84) (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Nest of the Wood Grouse—A drama by Russian playwright Victor Rozov, translated by Susan Layton, and starring Eli Wallach and Anne Jackson. Preview Wednesday, June 13. Opens officially on Thursday, June 14. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Nite Club Confidential—An amiable salute—tongue in, tongue out of cheek—to night clubs in the fifties, with new songs written for the occasion by Dennis Deal and Albert Evans, and old ones by, among others, Harold Arlen, Frank Loesser, and Johnny Mercer. The music sounds fine, and the company is able and agreeable; Tom Spiroff is, for a few, brief shining moments, a knockout as Elvis Presley. (Ballroom Theatre, 253 W. 28th St. 594-0326. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Noises Off—Michael Frayn has written a farce that ought to be capable of entertaining our great-great-grandchildren well into the twenty-first century. The subject . . . but who cares about the subject? Not to be missed. (12/19/83) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Oh! Oh! Obesity—A musical by Gerald W. Deas. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, June 24.)

On Approval—An acceptable, summer-stock kind of revival of Frederick Lonsdale's comedy of British high life in the nineteen-twenties. The four American actors of the company do pretty well under the brisk, capable direction of Daniel Gerroll. (5/21/84) (Susan Bloch Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

The Real Thing—A characteristically lively gavotte by Tom Stoppard, though intellectually much less interesting than usual. The author appears to believe he is writing about love, but he is really writing about selfishness, which proves epidemic in the playwriting and acting community that he examines. Jeremy Irons and Glenn Close head the marvellous cast. Mike Nichols is the director. (1/16/84) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Ridiculous Theatrical Company—Presenting Charles Ludlam's **THE MYSTERY OF IRMA VEP.** (One Sheridan Square. 691-2271. Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Closes Sunday, June 24.)

The Rink—Terrence McNally, in a dark mood, has written the book of this curious musical about family squabbles over money, infidelity, death, and differing life styles. The stars are Chita Rivera and Liza Minnelli. Music by John Kander, lyrics by Fred Ebb, and superb scenery by Peter Larkin. (2/20/84) (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Robert Frost: Fire and Ice—A one-man play, written by Arthur Peterson and June August, in which Mr. Peterson portrays the poet. (South Street Theatre, 424 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

The Shadow of a Gunman—A revival of Sean O'Casey's play. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 4.)

Split Second—This play , by Dennis McIntyre, tells the story of the killing of a racially abusive white thief by a black policeman, and the consequences of the murder among the policeman's colleagues and family and within his own conscience. With John Danelle in the leading role, Michele Shay, and Norman Matlock, among other good actors. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

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Sunday in the Park with George—Mandy Patinkin and Bernadette Peters as Georges Seurat and his model/mistress, as Seurat brings into existence his painting of Parisians taking the air on the island of La Grande Jatte. Music and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim, book and direction by James Lapine. An odd and endearing work, based on a notion that would be inapplicable to the Sistine Chapel. (5/14/84) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Tap Dance Kid—A charming, diligent cast can do little to bring life to this conventional examination of a black family's ambitions. The dancing is splendid. (1/2/84) (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Zorba—The Life Force, embodied by Anthony Quinn, makes this otherwise dour musical about life in a Cretan village worth paying attention to. Also in the cast are Lila Kedrova and Jeff McCarthy. Music by John Kander, lyrics by Fred Ebb, and book by Joseph Stein. (10/24/83) (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**BRIGHTON BEACH MEMOIRS:** Neil Simon's reputedly autobiographical comedy. (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LA CAGE AUX FOLLES:** A big, handsomely designed and handsomely costumed musical, starring George Hearn and Gene Barry. The book, by Harvey Fierstein, is sentimental nonsense, but the music, by Jerry Herman, is pleasantly tuneful. Everybody else in New York intends to see the show, so why not you? (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **CATS:** A musical version of T. S. Eliot's "Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats." Music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, choreography by Gillian Lynne, and direction (and some lyrics) by Trevor Nunn. A superb spectacle, which may run for years and give cats the right to vote and hold office. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6222. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DREAMGIRLS:** Michael Bennett's whiz-bang and totally synthetic musical about show biz. The breeze is terrific. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 10,040 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **FOOL FOR LOVE:** Sam Shepard's play—mysterious, funny, and beautiful—is about two battling, loving lovers in a motel room at the edge of the Mojave Desert and about many other matters as well. Mr. Shepard directed. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Pleasantly old-fashioned choreography by the late Gower Champion and a few classic songs enliven an otherwise inert pastiche of the Warner Brothers movie that made Ruby Keeler a star. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS:** Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant, and it speaks and sings in the menacing baritone of Ron Taylor. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **MY ONE AND ONLY:** Tommy Tune and Twiggy make a pair of delightful lovers in a musical whose book, by Peter Stone and Timothy S. Mayer, succeeds in embracing half a dozen classic Gershwin songs. An irresistible show. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **TORCH SONG TRILOGY:** Three plays—humorous, sad, sentimental, and witty—by Harvey Fierstein, which star Jonathan Hadary as a Jewish homosexual hustler and drag queen. Philip Astor substitutes for Mr. Hadary at the matinée performances. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **TRUE WEST:** Sam Shepard's lively comedy about two rival brothers in California. Gary Sinise was the excellent director. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

Forbidden Broadway '84—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

Radio City Music Hall—A show called "Gotta Getaway!," starring Liliane Montevecchi, with the Rockettes. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Wednesday, June 13, at 2:30; thereafter, daily, except Thursdays, at 2:30 and 8.)

DANCE

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule of final performances of the season. Wednesday evening, June 13: "Stravinsky Violin Concerto," "Antique Epigraphs," "Tchaikovsky Pas de Deux," and "Brahms/Handel." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, June 14: "Mozartiana," "Ballade," "Concertino," and "Western Symphony." . . . ¶ Friday evening, June 15: "Raymonda Variations," "Antique Epigraphs," "Concertino," and "I'm Old Fashioned." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, June 16: "Mozartiana," "Concerto for Two Solo Pianos," and "Brahms/Handel." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, June 16: "Raymonda Variations," "Antique Epigraphs," "Concertino," and "Episodes." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, June 17: "Mozartiana," "Episodes," and "Brahms/Handel." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, June 17: "Episodes," "Afternoon of a Faun," "Ballade," and "Western Symphony." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, June 19: "Concerto for Two Solo Pianos," "Afternoon of a Faun," "Antique Epigraphs," and

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

"Brahms/Handel." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, June 20: "Mozartiana," "Stravinsky Violin Concerto," and "Western Symphony." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, June 21: "Episodes," "Afternoon of a Faun," "Antique Epigraphs," and "I'm Old Fashioned." . . . ¶ Friday evening, June 22: "Allegro Brillante," "Antique Epigraphs," "Concerto for Two Solo Pianos," and "I'm Old Fashioned." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, June 23: "Mozartiana," "Episodes," and "Western Symphony." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, June 23: "Raymonda Variations," "Concerto for Two Solo Pianos," and "Western Symphony." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, June 24: "Raymonda Variations," "Concertino," "Ballade," and "I'm Old Fashioned." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, June 24: "Mozartiana," "Afternoon of a Faun," "Ballade," and "Brahms/Handel." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8 and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 1.)

American Ballet Theatre—Final performances—Wednesday matinée and evening, June 13: "Swan Lake." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, June 14: "Les Sylphides," "Les Noces," and "Graduation Ball." . . . ¶ Friday evening, June 15: "La Sonnambula," "Les Noces," and "Graduation Ball." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, June 16: "La Sonnambula," "In a Country Garden," "Other Dances," and "Bach Partita." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, June 16: "Raymonda," "Amnon V'Tamar," and "Graduation Ball." (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

Ballet-Theatre Joseph Russillo—Three full-evening works—Wednesday through Friday, June 13-15, at 8, and Saturday, June 16, at 2: "Requiem Maledictions et Lumières." . . . ¶ Saturday, June 16, at 8: "Court-Metrage." . . . ¶ Sunday, June 17, at 2 and 7:30: "Shakespeare." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800.)

Dianne McIntyre's Sounds in Motion—"Take-Off from a Forced Landing," a new full-evening work, with jazz accompaniment by the Butch Morris Ensemble. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Tuesday, June 19, at 7:30, and Wednesday through Saturday, June 20-23, at 8, and Sunday, June 24, at 3 and 8.)

Pina Bausch Wuppertaler Tanztheater—Wednesday, June 13, and Saturday, June 23, at 8, and Sunday, June 24, at 2: "Café Müller" and "The Rite of Spring." . . . ¶ Thursday through Saturday, June 14-16, at 8, and Sunday, June 17, at 2: "Bluebeard." . . . ¶ Tuesday through Friday, June 19-22, at 8: "1980." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

James Cunningham and the Acme Dance Company—"Secrets of Flowers" and "A Crack on the Ceiling." (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave., at 10th St. Thursday through Sunday, June 14-17, at 8. For information about tickets, call 924-0077.)

U.S. Terpsichore—Programs of contemporary ballet. (The Space, City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Tuesday through Friday, June 19-22, at 8, and Saturday, June 23, at 2 and 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**STEVE ROSS** sings songs from the era when melodies were melodies and lyrics were lyrics. He's at the piano in the Oak Room Wednesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty and in the Rose Room Sundays from five-thirty. Dining.

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—Jazz in a lively Chelsea bar and restaurant bedecked with nautical stuff. Friday and Saturday, June 15-16, the **WALTER BISHOP, JR.,** trio will be aboard, and on Friday and Saturday, June 22-23, the **ANDY LAVERNE** trio will perform. Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.

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Bitter End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—A small, famous, formerly just-folkies club where now you can hear occasional jazz and large helpings of rock. The current roster: Wednesday, June 13, Lewis Robinson & Voices, Y Fly to London, and Nekron 99; Thursday, June 14, Essra Mohawk & E-Turn, Wired, Day One, and Gyros; Friday, June 15, Troia/Greer, Earthrise, and Yahoo Yahoots; Saturday, June 16, the Igloos, Murch, and Piledriver; Sunday and Monday, June 17-18, accordionist **QUEEN IDA** and her **BON TEMPS ZYDECO BAND**, a Cajun group; Wednesday, June 20, Dessert, Bob Miles, Broken Promises, and *the Toasters; Thursday, June 21, the Dads,* R. Stevie Moore, and Starchild; Friday, June 22, the Tapes, Kevin Sullivan, and Hard Facts; and Saturday, June 23, Sweetwater, Movemint Cream, and the Shane Gang. Shows start at ten and twelve-thirty weeknights and at nine on Sundays. Dining and dancing.

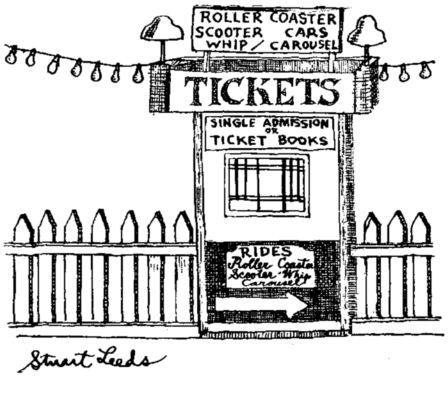
Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A dark, large, carpeted club with deep-blue tablecloths and a curvy bar. Congaist and conductor **RAY BARRETTO** is here with his Latin-jazz outfit, along with flutist **HERBIE MANN** through Saturday, June 16; on Sunday, June 17, there will be a tribute to Roy Eldridge; on Monday, June 18, the Patricia Laing quintet will trade sets with the Chip White ditto; and on Tuesday, June 19, singers **CARMEN MC RAE** and **JACKIE & ROY** will all move in. Sets begin after ten. And trumpeter **TED CURSON** leads after-hours (way past two in the morning) jam sessions every night but Monday.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The varied lineup: Frank Ferrucci's quintet on Thursday, June 14; Friday and Saturday, June 15-16, pianist **LONNIE LISTON SMITH;** and Thursday and Friday, June 21-22, folk and blues singer **TAJ MAHAL.** Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A sophisticated New York bar; it has dark wood panelling, driven conversationalists, and some very good musicians. The very good musicians are pianists and bassists: **RICHIE BEIRACH** and **EDDIE GOMEZ** through Saturday, June 16; **TONY LEE** and **GEORGE MRAZ** on Sunday, June 17; and **JOHN O'NEAL** and **RAY DRUMMOND** starting Monday, June 18. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

Broadway Joe's, 315 W. 46th St., near Eighth Ave. (246-6513)—Pianist **JIMMY LYON** performs after ten-thirty in this theatre-district bar and restaurant at a teeny, white pocket-size Kawai that sounds pretty darn good. Mr. Lyon can be heard on Fridays and Saturdays.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—**BOBBY SHORT** is back in the saddle in the Café Carlyle with his trusty aides, **BEVERLY PEER** and **ROBBIE SCOTT,** and with his repertoire of twentieth-century high popular art. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining. . . . ¶ Pianist **BARBARA CARROLL** is at work in the Bemelmans Bar from nine every night but Sunday.



Carnegie Tavern, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—**ADAM MAKOWICZ,** the Polish jazz pianist who was influenced by Chopin and Tatum, holds forth nightly, except Sundays, from nine to midnight. Dining.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Exposed rafters, weathered, splintery wood posts, decrepit neon beer signs, and a general ramshackle feel. All this and rock and roll, too: Wednesday, June 13, Strate A's, Vertical, and Johnny Sparrow; Thursday, June 14, Anomy, Baby Boom, and Chemical Wedding; Friday, June 15, Ned Sublette, Regressive Aid, and Bop Apocalypse; Saturday, June 16, Holly Beth Vincent, the New Deloreans, and Boys' Life; Sunday, June 17, Lonesome Val & the Cheating Hearts and Rhythm & Romance; and Tuesday, June 19, Voodoo Quartet and O Boy. *Monday is showcase night. Shows nightly* from long after nine-thirty.

Eagle Tavern, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—Non-designer jeans and T-shirts and bluegrass, old-time, and Irish music predominate in this rustic corner of the city. Wednesday, June 13, Pat Hardiman and Tom Donohue; Saturday, June 16, Diamonds in the Rough; Wednesday, June 20, Liz Carroll; Saturday, June 23, fiddlers **MATT GLASER** and **KEN KOSEK.** There is Irish music on Mondays and Fridays. Music from eight on Wednesdays and from nine Mondays, Fridays, and Saturdays.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The tradition-minded house sextet goes to work Wednesdays through Saturdays. On Sunday, June 17, Danny D'Imperio & the Metropolitan Bopera House will be here. On Mondays and Tuesdays, Ed Polcer's band has the floor. Music from eight-thirty. On Wednesdays the Bill Simon and George Simon quintet plays from five-thirty to eight-thirty; and on Fridays from five-thirty to eight-thirty Danny D'Imperio's trio can be heard. Dining.

Edwardian Room, in the Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (759-3000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI,** who occasionally lets loose with hot-chord solos on his resonant seven-string guitar, guides a trio Fridays and Saturdays from ten-thirty until one-thirty. Dining and dancing.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A velvet-and-mirror-walled belowstairs jazz stars' room. **BETTY CARTER,** a risk taker of a jazz singer, is here with her trio through Sunday, June 17. Carter's vocals dip, soar, go seemingly far afield, and (in the case of novice Carter listeners) probably cause a good deal of anxiety: Will her chute open? Where's the melody? On Tuesday, June 19, arranger **DON SEBESKY** will arrive with his fourteen-piece big band. Mondays are reserved for guitarist **LES PAUL'S** trio. Sets begin after eight-thirty. Dining.

Folk City, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—Wednesday, June 13, the Cucumbers and the Red Buckets, at nine and eleven; Friday, June 15, **ALLEN GINSBERG,** at eight and eleven; Saturday, June 16, John Stewart, with Chuck McDermott, at eight and eleven; Wednesday, June 20, Mark Johnson and Tish & Snooky, at nine and eleven; Friday, June 22, the Irish group **TOUCHSTONE,** at eight and eleven; and Saturday, June 23, **MICK MOLONEY, ROBBIE O'CONNELL, JIMMY KEANE & DONNY GOLDEN** with more Irish music, at eight and eleven. Sundays are comedy nights, and Mondays are hootenanny nights.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—A big, echoing, soundstage-size space that presents music to dine to. The roster: Wednesday, June 13, pianist **BROSS TOWNSEND;** Thursday through Saturday, June 14-16, pianist **HAROLD MABERN** and bassist **JAMIL NASSER;** Sunday and Monday, June 17-18, Don Jay; Tuesday through Thursday, June 19-21, pianist **HILTON RUIZ;** and Friday and Saturday, June 22-23, singers Marion Cowings and Kim Shaw. Music Mondays through Thursdays at eight-thirty, ten, and eleven-thirty; Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, eleven, and one; and Sundays at seven, eight-thirty, and ten.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Singer Joe Derise and Frank Tate

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

play piano-bass duets Wednesdays through Sundays; Mondays singer and pianist BROOKS KERR works with bassist John Belzaguy; and Tuesdays CHUCK WAYNE, a swing-street veteran whose guitar solos are still bebop fast, leads a trio. All these groups begin at about ten. Mondays through Fridays from five to ten, pianist Don Golson is present, and the same hours on Sundays belong to Mr. Kerr.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—The East Side twin—it's actually a little fancier—of a West Side hangout. This one attracts neatly dressed couples and hires jazz pianists. (The other attracts some of the West Side literati and plugs in a jukebox.) DAVE MC KENNA, a pumping, swirling time-warp of a pianist—he plays stride with his left hand and bebop with his right—performs Tuesdays through Saturdays. Sundays and Mondays are in the hands of JIMMY LYON, whose magical touch is smooth and cushioned and whose timing is unassailable. Music Sundays through Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine. Dining.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A bustling corner bar and restaurant that is often crowded—but, fortunately, crowded with good listeners. Some real strong piano-bass duos make up the current roster: JOHN BUNCH and PHIL FLANIGAN through Saturday, June 16, and ROLAND HANNA and RON CARTER beginning Tuesday, June 19. Music from about ten. No music Sundays and Mondays.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—No, this isn't the Department of Rockabilly at the New School. It's a degentrified Schrafft's where the authentic Texas ambience is more representative of Austin than of Dallas. Wednesday, June 13, soul survivor WILSON PICKETT; Thursday, June 14, folkies Livingston Taylor and Aztec Two-Step; Sunday, June 17, Skip Castro and the Freelance Vandals; and Monday, June 18, the Iron City Houserockers. Music from about eight-thirty nightly. Dining.

Lush Life, 184 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (228-3788)—A nice, comfortable, unpretentious jazz club. Singer ABBEY LINCOLN is here with her backing crew until Sunday, June 17; on Tuesday, June 19, pianist DENNY ZEITLIN, bassist CHARLIE HADEN, guitarist JOHN ABERCROMBIE, and drummer PETER DONALD will team up for six nights. Monday's feature is the TOSHIKO AKIYOSHI–LEW TABACKIN Big Band. Sets begin at eight-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—DICK HYMAN and ROGER KELLAWAY are seated at the twin honky-tonk pianos through Saturday, June 16. On Tuesday, June 19, "Bittersuite," a revue, with singers Claudine Cassan, Leilani Mickey, Anthony Mucci, and Richard Roemer, will commence. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. On Monday nights from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen is likely to show up to play celebrity clarinet with a New Orleans-style sextet. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A well-attended, well-run upper West Side night club that brings in jazz, rhythm-and-blues, and funk bands. The lineup: Wednesday, June 13, French hornist JOHN CLARK; Thursday, June 14, Mirage; Friday and Saturday, June 15-16, MONGO SANTAMARIA; Monday, June 18, Jump Street; Tuesday, June 19, Nelson Rangell; Wednesday, June 20, saxophonist BILL SAXTON'S quartet; Thursday, June 21, a combo headed by saxophonist LOU MARINI and trumpeter LEW SOLOFF; and Friday and Saturday, June 22-23, soul and gospel singer CISSY HOUSTON. Music from ten until two. Dining.

Peppermint Lounge, 100 Fifth Ave., at 15th St. (989-9505)—Rock and roll into the night. Friday, June 15, Kristi Rose; Saturday, June 16, the RAYBEATS. Live music from after eleven-thirty. Dancing.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—Such a nice view from the sixty-fifth floor, unless you're socked in by clouds or a fog bank. Drummer PANAMA FRANCIS, whose stirring band sounds good on any floor, salutes Chick Webb and the Harlem bands with ex-Ellington vocalist HERB JEFFRIES through Sunday, June 17, and with MAXINE SULLIVAN beginning Tuesday, June 19. Music Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one; Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two; and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

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Red Blazer Too, 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—A large, busy establishment that has a slightly touristy feel to it. Traditional jazz is presented from about nine every night but Sunday, when it begins at seven. Dining.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—The rock-and-roll roster: Wednesday, June 13, a benefit for the St. Mark's Poetry Project, with Lenny Kaye, Jim Carroll, and others; Thursday, June 14, the Washington Squares; Saturday, June 16, Ebn-Ozn; Wednesday, June 20, Rick Derringer; Thursday, June 21, rock-and-roll veteran JOHN CALE; and Saturday, June 23, MODERN ENGLISH. Shows usually begin after midnight. Dancing.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—Jazz and jazz-rock on the second floor. The players: Wednesday, June 13, guitarist Ronaldo and his Brazilian hard-rock quartet; Thursday through Sunday, June 14-17, PAQUITO D'RIVERA, a fiery alto saxophonist, and his flamboyant, macho Latin-jazz quintet; and Tuesday through Saturday, June 19-23, Noel Pointer, an electronic, rhapsodic violinist. Music from nine-thirty.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A great place to listen to Brazilian music—Brazilian-jazz groups, samba bands, and all-percussion ensembles that perform *carnaval* music—and it tends to be swirling, heady, wonderful stuff. On its busy weekends, the club feels like the rush hour in Rio. Wednesday, June 13, DANIEL PONCÉ; Thursday, June 14, the African Heritage Dancers & Drummers; Friday and Saturday, June 15-16, LOREMIL MACHADO & THE SARAVA BAHIA BAND; Tuesday, June 19, Jim Pepper; Wednesday, June 20, LLOYD MC NEILL & THE AFRO-BRAZILIAN SEXTET; Thursday, June 21, Talking Drums; and Friday and Saturday, June 22-23, PÉ-DE-BOI and LOREMIL MACHADO. Music from ten. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—This knotty-pine night club keeps bringing in proven jazz players, and the place keeps on being crowded. Wailing tenor saxophonist and occasional vocalist PHAROAH SANDERS, who sounds real good whether he's playing mystical spiritual-enlightenment music or good old regular hard bop, leads his quartet through Sunday, June 17. On Tuesday, June 19, alto saxophonist ARTHUR BLYTHE, whose lush, full-but-not-too-filling tone should be heard in a live performance, will bring in his quartet. Mondays belong to tenor saxophonist-composer DAVID MURRAY, whose bands tend to be all-out, let-'em-rip aggregations. Mr. Murray said recently, "For the last two years, all the bands, even the avant-garde bands, have started to swing. . . . It's like during the Depression—Count Basie saved a lot of people. He was able to keep them happy by swinging." The Murray BIG BAND swings. Shows from ten. Dining.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—Your simple, basic blues and R. & B. hangout. The roster: Wednesdays, rock singer and guitarist ELLIOTT MURPHY; Thursday through Saturday, June 14-16, Buster Poindexter & the Banshees of Blue; Sundays, the Delancey Street Hawaiians; Monday, June 18, Loup Gurou; and Tuesday, June 19, the Drivers. Music after ten.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—In the big downstairs room, Mondays after nine are salsa nights. On June 18, the ADALBERTO SANTIAGO orchestra, JOE QUIJANO'S orchestra, with CHARLIE PALMIERI, and guest jazz soloist, trumpeter LEW SOLOFF, will all be onstage. On Friday, June 15, the TOSHIKO AKIYOSHI–LEW TABACKIN BIG BAND will be present, as will jazz yodeller LEON THOMAS; and on Friday, June 22, FRANK FOSTER and his band, the LOUD MINORITY, will share the bandstand with the CEDAR WALTON–CURTIS FULLER–GEORGE COLEMAN All-Stars. . . . ¶ And meanwhile, out on the Terrace after nine-thirty, pianist RAY BRYANT and bassist JIMMY ROWSER perform every night but Monday. And, in addition, each Tuesday jazz harpist DAPHNE HELLMAN plays with her combo.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Perhaps the most famous basement in the world. Pianist STEVE KUHN, bassist RON CARTER, and drummer AL FOSTER join their considerable forces through Sunday, June 17; on Tuesday, June 19, pianist MICHEL PETRUCCIANI will arrive with his trio. Mondays are MEL LEWIS big-band nights. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—A surprising number of people know about this cozy little place situated just north of scores of meat-packing plants and truck docks—the live-in lofts of tomorrow. The pianists: Samir Safwat Mondays through Wednesdays, and Ted Chavis Thursdays through Sundays. Music from eight-thirty until two. Dining.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A loose and informal Columbia University neighborhood hangout for swing-and-bebop admirers and players. Wednesday and Thursday, June 13-14, and Monday through Wednesday, June 18-20, the DIZZY GILLESPIE QUINTET comes to the upper West Side; Friday through Sunday, June 15-17, the Victor Lesser band will be here; and starting Thursday, June 21, the COUNTSMEN, the Basie alumni band headed up by saxophonist-singer EARLE WARREN, will take charge. Music from nine.

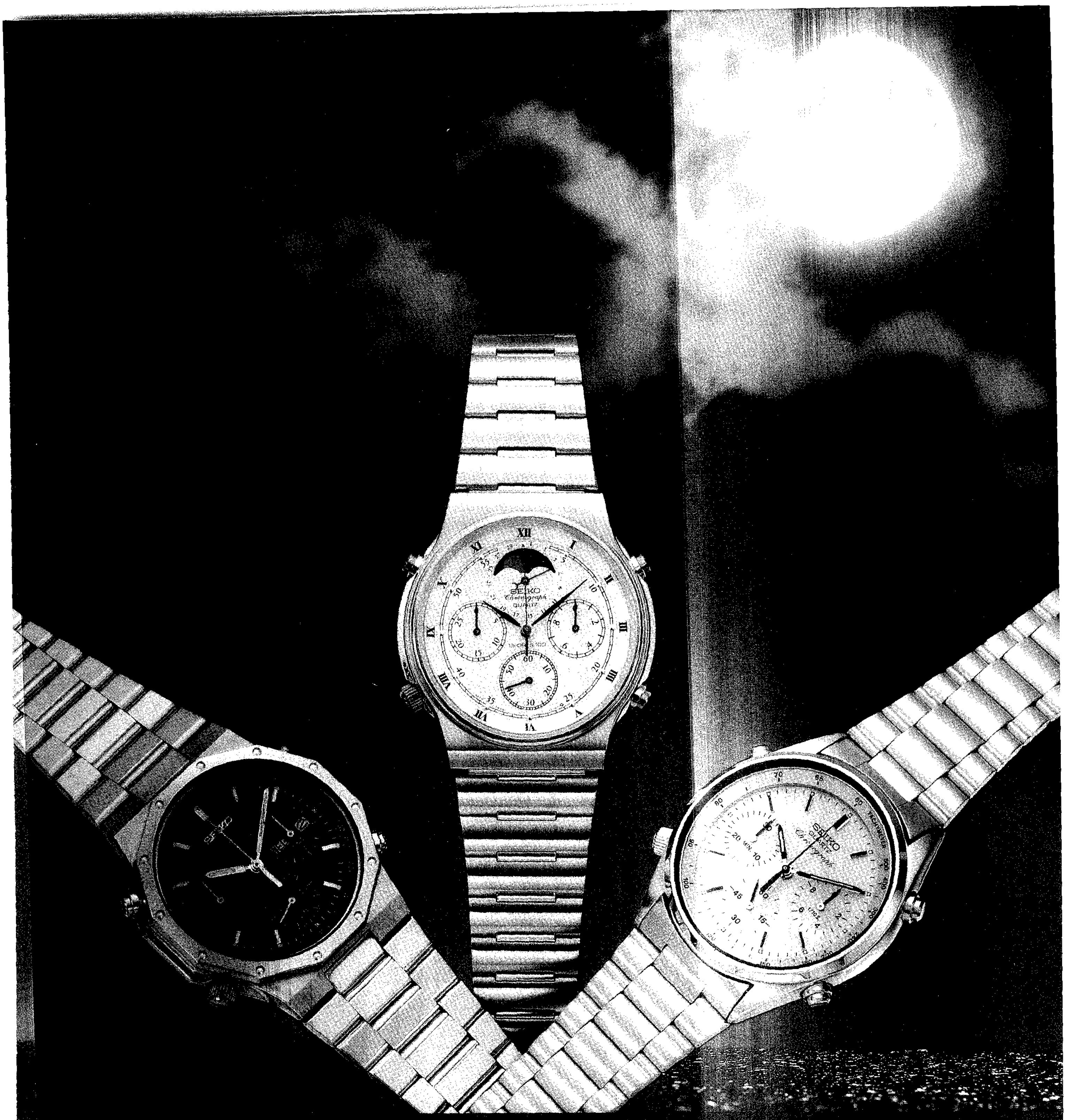
Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A speak-easy in the twenties, Reno Sweeney in the seventies, this ground-floor town-house space is now a SoHo-sleek and spacious bar and restaurant with a musical passageway between them. The current roster: Jane Jarvis and Milt Hinton through Saturday, June 16, and starting Tuesday, June 19, guitarist GENE BERTONCINI and bassist MICHAEL MOORE. Jim Roberts can be found at the piano on Mondays. Music from eight. Closed Sundays.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Frank Sinatra—With Buddy Rich and his band. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Wednesday through Sunday, June 13-17, at 8.)

Engelbert Humperdinck—Gershwin Theatre, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Wednesday through Friday, June 13-15, at 8; Saturday, June 16, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, June 17, at 3 and 7:30.

New York Women's Jazz Festival—Wednesday, June 13, at 9: Mr. Spats. . . . ¶ Friday, June 15, at 9 and 10:30: Carmen Lundy. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 16, at 9:30 and 11: Deuce. . . . ¶ Tuesday, June 19, at 9 and 10:30: The Carol Sudhalter quartet, with Hiroko Kokubu. . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 20, at 9 and 10:30: The Carol Chaikin–Laura Dreyer quintet. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 21, at 9 and 10:30: The Haruko Yoshizawa quintet, with Clifford Jordan. . . . ¶ Friday, June 22, at 9 and 10:30: Laura Theodore. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 23, at 9: Sharon Freeman & Company in a tribute to Mary Lou Williams. (Jazz Center of New



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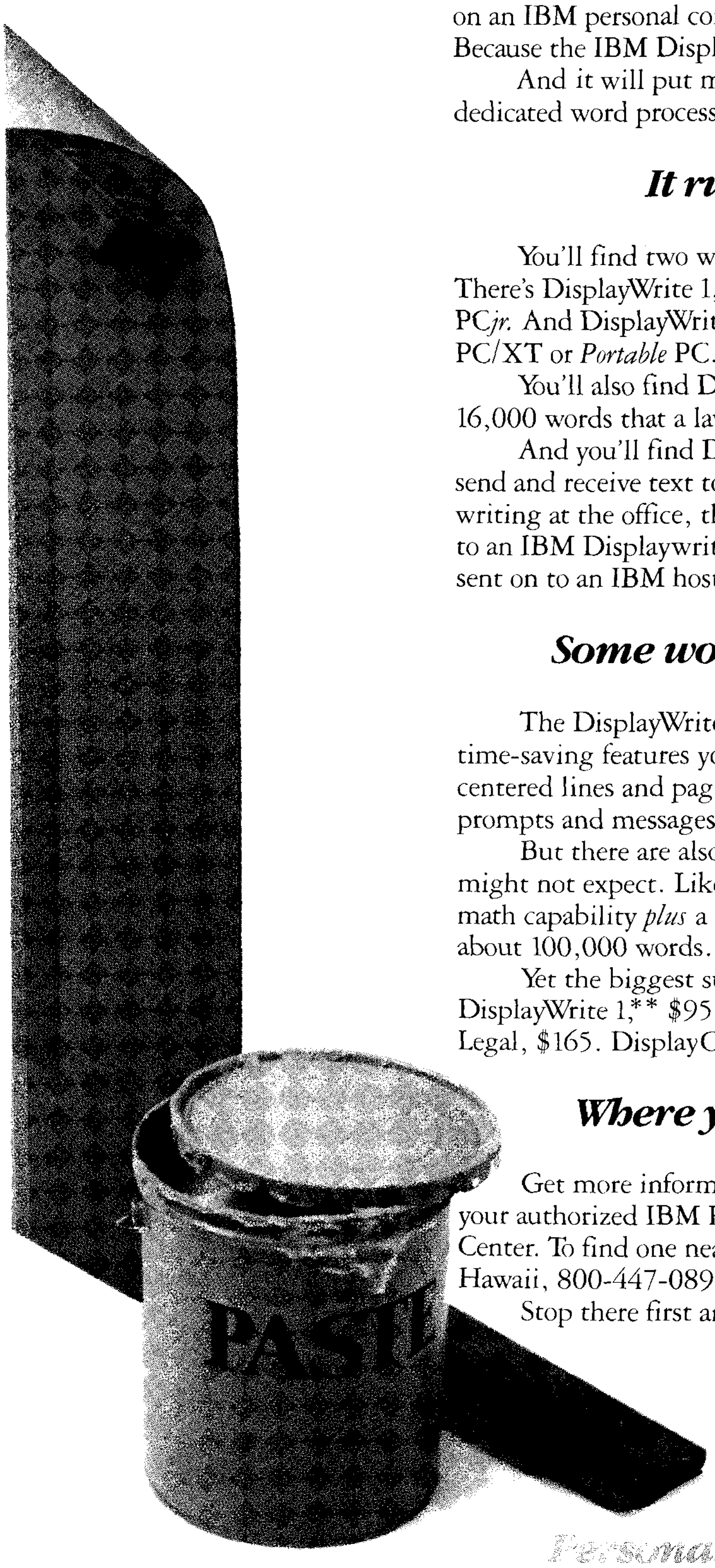

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Mixed Bag—Kate and Anna McGarrigle, Janis Ian, Maria Muldaur, and Suzanne Vega. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Saturday, June 16, at 8.)

Judas Priest—With Great White. (Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Monday, June 18, at 7:30.)

Joe Jackson—With Ruben Blades. (Madison Square Garden. Thursday, June 21, at 8.)

Kool Jazz Festival—Opening performances in a ten-day series that will be taking place in various halls around the city; on a Staten Island Ferry; in Waterloo Village, Stanhope, N.J.; and at the Performing Arts Center in Saratoga Springs. For information about tickets to anything, anywhere, call 787-2020. First out of the starting gate on Friday, June 22, at 5: Kenny Barron, solo piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall.) . . . ¶ Friday, June 22, at 7 and 11: The Miles Davis band and the Gil Evans orchestra. (Avery Fisher Hall.) . . . ¶ Friday, June 22, at 8: A Salute to Django Reinhardt, with Stéphane Grappelli, Bireli Lagrene, Charlie Byrd, Herb Ellis, Barney Kessel, and others. (Carnegie Hall.) . . . ¶ Friday, June 22, at 8: The Anthony Braxton quartet and John Zorn's Pentathlon. (Irving Plaza, Irving Pl., at 15th St.) . . . ¶ Saturday, June 23, from 4 to 10: Piano Spectacular, with Dick Hyman, Dick Wellstood, Judy Carmichael, Roger Kellaway, and others. (Waterloo Village.) . . . ¶ Saturday, June 23, at 5:30: Walter Davis, Jr., solo piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall.) . . . ¶ Saturday, June 23, at 7 and 11: Spyro Gyra and Bob James. (Avery Fisher Hall.) . . . ¶ Saturday, June 23, at 8: Sarah Vaughan, Joe Williams, and Michel Petrucciani. (Carnegie Hall.) . . . ¶ Saturday, June 23, at 8: The Marilyn Crispell quartet and Michel Camilo's Undercover. (Irving Plaza.) Once again, for information about tickets to any of the above, call 787-2020.

Billy Joel—In the first two of seven performances. (Madison Square Garden. Saturday and Sunday, June 23-24, at 8.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Alexander Calder (1898-1976)—Nearly a dozen small sculptures executed in Venezuela in 1955, and on view here for the first time. Through Saturday, June 16. (Rachel Adler, 58 E. 79th St.) . . . ¶ The Whitney Museum has mounted some Calder pieces, at 120 Park Ave., at 42nd St.

Willem de Kooning—New paintings, charcoal drawings, and enlargements of his bronze sculptures. Through Saturday, June 23. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

Kazuko Inoue—Recent abstract paintings. Through July 2. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Walt Kuhn (1877-1949)—Still-lifes, landscapes, and even a couple of abstract paintings, but most of all his cool-eyed circus women in their showy uniforms. Through June 30. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Gerry Nichols—Relief constructions made of wood and plastics and based on other art work—Winslow Homer's painting of a fox hunt, for instance. Through July 7. (Steinbaum, 903 Madison Ave., at 72nd St.)

John Wesley—Recent gouaches and acrylics. Through Saturday, June 23. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Tod Wizon—Surrealist landscapes. Through June 27. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

Jean Xceron (1890-1967)—A retrospective of paintings in oil and watercolor. Through July 14. (Kouros, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

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Group Shows—At the **CDS GALLERY,** 13 E. 75th St.: An artists-choose-artists exercise involving fourteen painters and sculptors, two works by each. Susan Rothenberg chose Albert York, for instance, and Jedd Garet chose Lucas Samaras. Through June 30. (Open Mondays.) . . . **CORDIER & EKSTROM,** 417 E. 75th St.: Paintings, sculptures, and collages by gallery artists Howard Newman, Robert Ohnigian, Romare Bearden, and others. Through July 13. . . . **DIAMOND,** 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: About sixty Americans (abstractionists, chiefly), among them George Ault, Elsie Driggs, I. Rice Pereira, and William Zorach, are represented by paintings and sculptures. Through Saturday, June 16. . . . **LEFEBRE,** 47 E. 77th St.: Paintings by the artists who make up the gallery's stable. Through June 29. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **MATHES,** 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.: Mother Nature was the common denominator in this selection of paintings by a half-dozen artists, among them Michael Mazur and Ree Morton, whose treatments range from the representational to the abstract. Through July 25. . . . **PERLS,** 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: A tender Modigliani portrait of a young woman, several pen-and-ink sketches by Matisse, and a vintage Utrillo are included in an all-star show. Through June 29. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **SAIDENBERG,** 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Works by early twentieth-century artists, including oils by Georges Braque and György Kepes, and drawings by Picasso. Through July 27. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **SCHLESINGER-BOISANTÉ,** 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Peter Heineman, Bruce Kurland, and Paul Resika are among the eight artists whose paintings are on view. Through Saturday, June 23. . . . **SPANIERMAN,** 50 E. 78th St.: The painting of Posilipo harbor that was Childe Hassam's entry in the 1913 Armory Show, a glowing still-life by Thomas Hart Benton, and New York City scenes in the twenties by Guy Wiggins are in the current exhibition. Through June 29. (Open Mondays; closes at 3 on Fridays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **WEINTRAUB,** 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Another offering of twentieth-century work—paintings and sculptures by Botero, Klee, Magritte, Archipenko, Marini and others. Through Sept. 29.

Sculpture—Works in stone by Max Bill, Anna and Wolfgang Kubach-Wilmsen, and Masayuki Nagare. Through July 13. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

Alice Dalton Brown—Realist paintings of country porches, a couple of them with the flag hung out between the pillars ready for the Fourth of July. Through June 27. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Anthony Caro—The artist's sixtieth birthday is the occasion for a two-gallery exhibit of his recent output. Massive steel sculptures and small painted-lead-and-wood table pieces. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . ¶ Large-scale free-standing bronzes, plus smaller works in steel. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) Both shows through June 29.

Franco Ciarlo—Figurative works in mixed mediums. Through June 30. (Iolas-Jackson, 52 E. 57th St.)

Rainer Fetting—Seventeen recent oils on canvas-and-wood painted in New York, by a German Neo-Expressionist. Through July 6. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Cecily Barth Firestein—Large-scale abstract monotypes. Through June 30. (Phoenix, 30 W. 57th St.)

Trudi Frank—Watercolors of flowers, with attractive oddments in the background. Through June 30. (Siegel, 24 W. 57th St.)

Alexander Hollweg and Hitch Lyman—Watercolors by both artists—the English countryside, mostly, by the former, and gardens in Spain by the latter. Through July 6. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

Joan Miró (1893-1983)—Sculptures (ceramic and cast bronze) executed between 1949 and 1981. Through June 29. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Richard Mock—Large, vigorous Expressionist paintings with a wild variety of themes—African music, duck hunting, Mickey Mouse, and so on. Through Saturday, June 16. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St.)

Yvonne Muller / Fairfield Porter (1907-75)—Abstractions in acrylic and gel laid onto the canvas with a squeegee. / Paintings and drawings (landscapes, seascapes, interiors, portraits) in a show that coincides with the Porter retrospective at the Whitney Museum. Through Wednesday, June 20. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

John Sloan (1871-1951)—Landscapes, street scenes, and portraits (paintings, chiefly) done in Santa Fe during the summers the artist spent there from 1916 to 1947. Through Friday, June 22. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Joseph Stella (1877-1946)—Among the works on paper are studies for a project he left unfinished called "The Underground Cathedral." Through Friday, June 15. (Schoelkopf, 50 W. 57th St.)

Antoni Tàpies—New abstract paintings in which varnish is a principal medium. Through Friday, June 15. (Galerie Maeght Lelong, 9 W. 57th St.)

Jakob Weidemann—Large canvases by a senior Norwegian abstractionist. Through June 30. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

Thornton Willis—A dozen watercolors in a group succinctly entitled the Zigzag series. Through Saturday, June 23. (Oscarsson Hood, 41 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At **PAM ADLER,** 37 W. 57th St.: Representative works by gallery artists Sarah Canright, Jonathan Santlofer, Jeff Way, and others. Through July 27. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **BLUM HELMAN,** 20 W. 57th St.: Paintings by David Salle, pastels by Francesco Clemente, and sculptures by Bryan Hunt. Through July 27. . . . **BORGENICHT,** 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: An invitational exhibit of works by seven artists, including a diving figure by Scott Richter, made largely of beeswax, wire, and foam; and abstractions in raw sanded wood by John Monti. Through Friday, June 22. . . . **DEUTSCH,** 20 W. 57th St.: Paintings by American abstractionists, primarily from the first half of the twentieth century, among them O'Keeffe, Bolotowsky, Diller, and Gorky. Through July 18. . . . **FRENCH,** 41 W. 57th St.: Representational landscape, figure, and still-life paintings by Robert Birmelin, William L. Haney, Ida Kohlmeyer, and others. There are also a couple of abstract wall pieces thrown in for contrast. Through Aug. 31. (Open Mondays.) . . . **GALERIE ST. ETIENNE,** 24 W. 57th St.: Paintings by Ammi Phillips, John Kane, Grandma Moses, and others, gathered for a show entitled "American Folk Art: People, Places & Things." Through Sept. 14. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **HABER THEODORE,** 24 W. 57th St.: Works on paper by Harry Koursaros, Richard McKown, Andrew Tavarelli, and Joyce Weinstein. Through July 7. . . . **HERSTAND,** 24 W. 57th St.: Drawings by Surrealist and Surrealist-influenced artists, in-

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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cluding Ernst, Magritte, Man Ray, and Motherwell. Through June 30. . . . **KENNEDY,** 40 W. 57th St.: Nineteenth-century landscape paintings of the American West, by Albert Bierstadt, Samuel Colman, Sanford R. Gifford, and others. Through July 6. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **PEARL,** 38 E. 57th St.: Paintings and drawings, dated 1945 to 1984, by American artists whose compositional themes centered on color and geometry. Ad Reinhardt, Joseph Albers, Sol LeWitt, Charmion von Wiegand, and others. Through July 27. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **HOLLY SOLOMON,** 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Unconventional landscapes by sixty artists, among them Claes Oldenburg, Judy Pfaff, Saul Steinberg, and David Hockney. Through June 30. (Open Mondays.) . . . **TILTON,** 24 W. 57th St.: Four new painters—Stano Filko from Czechoslovakia, Guy Goodwin from Alabama, Stefan Triffa from Romania, and Margrit Lewczuk, a local. Through June 30. . . . **WUNDERLICH,** 41 E. 57th St.: Another exhibit dealing with the American West, this one with paintings and bronzes by Thomas Moran, Charles M. Russell, Frederic Remington, and others. Through Aug. 15. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Sculpture—Peter Agostini, Lee Bontecou, Raoul Hague, Reuben Nakian, Richard Stankiewicz, and George Sugarman in a show of works and related drawings, all executed in the nineteen-sixties. Through July 20. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

J. J. C. Andrews / Allan Adams—Photographs of eccentric roadside enterprises shaped like, say, an elephant or a whale or a hot dog or an artichoke. / Exact reproductions in carved and painted wood of shovels, a marble nude, an anvil, among other things. Through Saturday, June 23. (O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.) . . . ¶ In other rooms, paintings by Jan Hsia of blurred images suggesting movement, seen against stable cityscapes, and photographs by Walter Winings Nelson.

James Biederman—Colorful drawings by this Constructivist sculptor, vestiges of whose three-dimensional work can be seen collaged onto a couple of the drawings. Through Saturday, June 16. (Weber, 142 Greene St.)

Marcel Broodthaers (1924-76)—This conceptual artist's installation "La Salle Blanche" is set up at the Boone gallery precisely as it was when it was first shown in Paris in 1975. *Through June 30. (417 West Broadway.)* . . . ¶ Also works on paper by Fischl, Salle, Baselitz, Penck, Clemente, and others.

Joseph Cals—Abstractions of the color field variety, these based on doors, windows, corridors. Through Saturday, June 23. (Germans van Eck, 420 West Broadway.)

Phyllis Gaughran / Martha Bjoza Reinken—Abstract paintings and collages on paper pairing simple forms and warm and cool colors. / Large-scale collages incorporating calligraphy. Through Sunday, June 17. (Pindar, 127 Greene St. Opens Sundays at 1.)

Jacqueline Gourevitch—Pencil drawings of nature sketched out-of-doors. Through June 30. (Condeso-Lawler, 76 Greene St.)

Kathryn Halbower—Paintings in which simplified athletic figures are shown adapting themselves to a given space—a cube, say, or a circular float in a swimming pool. Through Saturday, June 16. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

Richard McDermott Miller—Nudes in cast bronze, plus maquettes. Through July 1. (Artists' Choice, 394 West Broadway. Open Sundays.)

Yhuda Porbochrai—Paintings of New Image figures seen in environments where conventionalized fish and flowers abound. Through July 13. (Concord, 451 Broome St.)

Halina Rusak—Acrylic paintings interpreting rugs and other textiles of Byelorussia. Through Wednesday, June 20. (SoHo 20, at 469 Broome St. Opens at noon.)

Dario Villalba / Peter Alexander—Large paintings made up of disparate elements—painted abstractions, for instance, juxtaposed with vastly enlarged photographs of a couple of fingers or a bundle of clothes. / Fiery sunsets in acrylics and oils on canvas. Through June 30. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.) . . . ¶ In *the rear gallery, bats, frogs, dogs, and other* animals are seen in etchings and lithographs by Nino Longobardi, an Italian artist.

Grace Bakst Wapner / Sharon Gold—An eight-panel teak-and-copper screen. / Abstract paintings and works on paper. Through Saturday, June 16. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

Joan Witek—Elegant, formal repeat patterns applied to raw canvas with black oil stick and rubbed-in graphite; the works seem to take Minimalism into new territory. Through Saturday, June 23. (Esman, 121 Spring St.)

Handmade Furniture—Some shows by contemporary artisans who make furniture. At **HENOCH,** 80 Wooster St.: David Ebner, John Dunnigan, and Richard Scott Newman. Through Sunday, June 17. (Opens Sundays at 1.) . . . **MEISEL,** 141 Prince St.: Eleven practitioners, including Judy Lictenstein, Andy Pawlan, and Dakota Jackson. Through Saturday, June 16. . . . **MILLIKEN,** 98 Prince St.: Wendell Castle, Wendy Stayman, and others. Through July 6.

Group Shows—At the **BONNIER,** 420 West Broadway: James Rosenquist, Jim Dine, Christo, and Julian Schnabel are among the thirteen artists represented by paintings. Through July 28. . . . **BRYERS,** 111 Greene St.: Paintings by Arnold Fern, Jon Genkin, Julian Jackson, and Ada Whitney. Through June *26. . . .* ***THE DRAWING CENTER,*** *137 Greene St.:* A hundred and twenty-one drawings from the Victoria and Albert Museum in a selection that systematically covers practically every aspect of the art, with examples from Tiepolo and Dürer to LeWitt and Hockney. Through July 28. (Open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **ENO,** 164 Mercer St.: Recent paintings, *sculptures, collages, photographs, you-name-*it, by gallery members Constance Dodge, Joyce Sills, Gary Rauchbach, and others. Through July 5. (Opens at noon; open Sundays.) . . . **KIND,** 136 Greene St.: The one permanent fixture in an otherwise revolving summer show of gallery regulars is a wall covered with seventy-two paintings on seventy-two different subjects by the painter and sculptor Martin Johnson. Through July 27. . . . **NOSEI,** 100 Prince St.: A sort of yearbook show, featuring painters who are alumni of this gallery's past season—David Bowes, K. H. Hödicke, and Sabina Mirri among them. Through July 31. . . . **SOHO CENTER FOR VISUAL ARTISTS,** 114 Prince St.: Paintings by Mark Kostabi, Bruce Wall, Joel Handorff, and Rick Prol. Through July 21. (Opens at noon.) . . . **SONNABEND,** 420 West Broadway: One new work each by such artists as Robert Rauschenberg, Mel Bochner, Robert Morris, and Barry Le Va. Through June 30. . . . **SPERONE WESTWATER,** 142 Greene St.: A summer offering of paintings and drawings by gallery artists, including Sandro Chia, Enzo Cucchi, Mimmo Paladino, and others. Through June 29. . . . **THORP,** 103 Prince St.: New paintings by David True, David Deutsch, and Anton van Dalen, including, respectively, a precariously balanced landscape with an overturned car, a menacing cloudscape, and a Silver Wyandotte hen of enormous dignity. Through Saturday, June 16.

Sculpture—At the **COOPER,** 155 Wooster St.: Three artists: Donald Judd has a row of stainless-steel boxes lined with amber Plexiglas; Carl Andre a row of copper plates about twenty-eight feet long laid out on the floor; and Tony Smith a grouping of nineteen black rectangular wood forms which looks like a city skyline. Through Friday, June 22. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **MANHATTAN ART,** 81 Greene St.: Another triad of sculptors: Jeffrey Plate's wall pieces done in various carved woods and slate, Arden Scott's trim marble posts standing in a bed of glass shards, and Jim Raglione's skeletal chairs and chaises made of pipe and meant to be hooked up to the hot or cold water supply. Through July 13.

OTHER GALLERIES

Clyde Connell—Sculptures, drawings, and paintings. Through Saturday, June 23. (Delahunty, 291 Church St., two blocks below Canal St.)

Guy Goodwin—Drawings and paintings in which cityscapes are compacted into abstractions. Through July 6. (Area X, 200 E. 10th St. Opens at noon Mondays through Fridays.)

Robert Loughlin and Austé—Portraits of tough-looking guys by the former and paintings and drawings of fanciful, frilly dolls by the latter. Through Saturday, June 23. (Garet, 204 E. 10th St. Opens Sundays at 1.)

Ted Rosenthal / Gregory Botts—Painted-steel sculptures. / Paintings. Through June 29. (Ala, 32 W. 20th St.)

Ursula von Rydingsvärd / Georgia Marsh—Recent large-scale architectural sculptures in cedar. / Bannerlike abstract gouaches. Through June 30. (Stoler, 13 White St.)

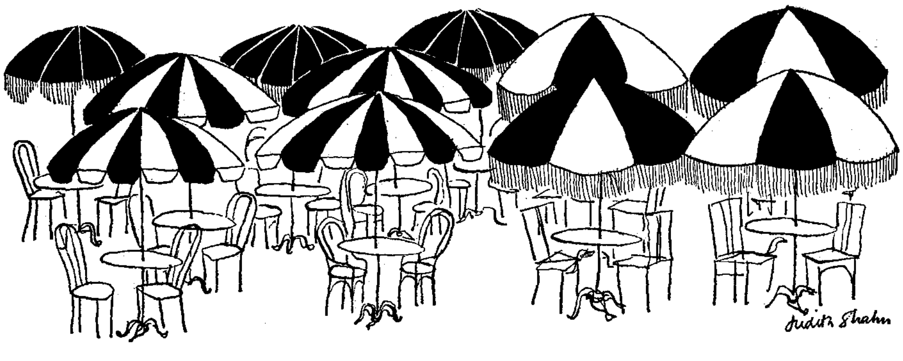
Group Shows—At the **ARTISTS SPACE,** 105 Hudson St., at Franklin St., and a new, additional location, at 223 West Broadway: This enterprise is giving itself a pat on the back on its tenth anniversary with a show of sixty-five artists who got a start here. Each painter and sculptor is represented by an early piece and a recent one. Troy Brauntuch, Stephen Frailey, Rebecca Howland, Tom Otterness, Christy Rupp, and others. Through June 30. . . . **BOUCKAERT,** 100 Hudson St.: Artifacts by tribal West Africans mixed with paintings and sculptures by an indigenous downtown tribe; among the latter artists are Alex McFarlane and Gilles Jean Giuntini. Through Saturday, June 16. . . . **CITY GALLERY,** 2 Columbus Circle: Recent works (primarily paintings) by artists who worked for the W.P.A., including Chaim Gross, Peter Agostini, and Alice Neel. Through June 29. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.). . . **OIL & STEEL,** 157 Chambers St.: Drawings and a painting completed in the early seventies by Alfred Leslie, four charcoal drawings by Myron Stout, and a single sculpture in steel by Mark di Suvero. Through Saturday, June 16.

PHOTOGRAPHY

William Clift—Landscapes, portraits, and still-lifes by a photographer from Santa Fe; first one-man show in New York. Through June 30. (Harder, 37 W. 57th St.)

Eileen Cowin—The photographer and her family pose in various attitudes in a large black-and-white mural and other prints. Through June 30. (Manès, 177 Prince St.)

Walker Evans (1903-75)—Photographs that appeared in *Fortune* or in the Museum of Modern Art publication "American Photographs," including many of the original exhibition prints made by Evans. Through July 4. (Pace-MacGill, 11 E. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)



Lotte Jacobi / Tom Baril—Photographs of Germany between the wars. / Prints of local diners. Through Saturday, June 23. (Ledel, 168 Mercer St. Opens at noon.)

György Kepes / Lewis W. Hine (1874-1940)—A full-scale retrospective by a photographer-painter usually identified with experimental work in light and abstraction; large-scale Polaroids made this spring are his latest contribution. / Photographs from a 1936-37 W.P.A. project, which studied working conditions in factories and mines. Through July 8. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Sheila Metzner—Color portraits and still-lifes that have been seen on the pages of, for instance, *Vogue* and *House & Garden*. Through June 29. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Judy Seigel—Tourist-type photographs (views from the World Trade Center, or in Monet's garden at Giverny) developed in such a way that some sections have an iridescent, metallic quality. Through June 29. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Ted Victoria—Eye-level frames enclosing various objects that are reflected by a lens, light, and mirror system; also, a darkened-room installation on the same principle, only here viewers can walk around the objects. Through July 7. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Bruce Weber—Recent photographs of athletes at Olympic training camps in Texas and Los Angeles. Through June 30. (Robert Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Marion Post Wolcott / Sonia Gechtoff—A selection of F.S.A. prints (some vintage, some recently reproduced by the photographer). / This artist professes an affinity for the old buildings near her lower Manhattan studio, and that interest is evident in most of these new colored drawings, done from her photographs. Through June 30. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An exhibit commemorating the fiftieth anniversary of the Cranbrook Academy of Art. Furniture, objects, and drawings by first-generation faculty and students, including Eliel Saarinen, Charles and Ray Eames, Knoll, and Bertoia. There is also an assortment of sculptures, paintings, and textiles. Through Sunday, June 17. . . . ¶ Shows of two nineteenth-century French artists—Delacroix (represented by lithographs, drawings, and etchings) and Antoine-Louis Barye (gouaches and bronze plaques), noted for his animal forms. Through July 15. . . . ¶ The Costume Institute's twelfth annual revel is devoted to the designs of Yves Saint Laurent. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—The inaugural exhibition in the expanded galleries is entitled "An International Survey of Recent Painting and Sculpture." Recent with a capital "R": the nearly two hundred works are by artists who were selected because they have become prominent only in the past decade. Through Aug. 28. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Works of a social and political nature by Robert Adams, Jim Goldberg, and Joel Sternfeld have been mounted in the department's new home on the second floor. Through July 31. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A retrospective of the works of Spanish Cubist Juan Gris has more than eighty paintings, drawings, and collages from throughout the artist's brief career. Through July 8. . . . ¶ Complementing the Gris show is "Painting in Paris 1909-27," which has thirty-six works (from the museum's collection) by some of his School of Paris contemporaries—Braque, Picasso, Léger, and others. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A retrospective of the paintings of Fairfield Porter, a realist who had his first one-man show at the age of forty-four, in 1951, at the Tibor De Nagy Gallery, 29 W. 57th St., where a complementary exhibit (ending Wednesday, June 20) of paintings and drawings is currently on view. Through Aug. 19. . . . ¶ An exhibit of paintings by five contemporaneous New York artists—Brad Davis, Bill Jensen, Elizabeth Murray, Gary Stephan, and John Torreano. Through Sunday, June 17. . . . ¶ Fifteen illuminated sculptures by R. M. Fischer, constructed from found objects and industrial materials, are aglow in the lobby gallery and lower gallery. Through July 22. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Picasso's "Parade," the fifty-seven-foot painted curtain executed in 1917 for use on the set of the Cocteau-Satie-Massine ballet of the same name, has been mounted in the fifth-floor rotunda. Through July 15. . . . ¶ American watercolors and pastels from the permanent collection, which boasts a number by Homer and Sargent, and includes Cassatt, Demuth, Hopper, O'Keeffe, and others. Through July 29. . . . ¶ A show of Jim Dine's intaglio print series "Nancy Outside in July." Through July 1. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—An exhibition of more than fifty human and pre-human fossils. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—An architectural exhibit that reviews the changes in skyscraper design in Manhattan between the world wars, and specifically the impact of the 1916 "setback" zoning law on the city's skyline. The Empire State Building, Rockefeller Center, and the Waldorf-Astoria are a few of the projects considered in original drawings, models, and photographs. . . . ¶ A show, organized by the Denver Art Museum, that examines the predominance of the circle as a motif in the designs of the Plains Indians for their tepees, toys, beaded saddle blankets, and other social and domestic necessities. Through July 15. . . . ¶ Silver jewelry (primarily Navajo) from the Southwest, 1860 to the present. Through July 8. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—A show of terra-cotta sculptures by the eighteenth-century French artist called Clodion (Claude Michel) which evoke the pagan world and ancient Rome. All but two of the fifteen pieces are on loan. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Japan House, 333 E. 47th St.—An exhibition of robes worn by ladies of the Japanese aristocracy, sixteenth century to nineteenth. Through Sunday, June 17. (Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 5, and Friday evenings until 7:30.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"The Precious Legacy: Judaic Treasures from the Czechoslovak State Collections," a display of approximately three hundred religious and domestic objects, such as Torah ornaments, synagogue furnishings, and cooking utensils. Through Aug. 26. (Open daily except Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5:30, and Tuesday evenings until 9; Fridays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Two anniversary exhibits (it's the library's sixtieth) from the collections: French drawings, 1550 to 1825, by Poussin, Claude, Watteau, Ingres, Delacroix, and others; and illuminated manuscripts and autograph manuscripts ranging from a Dutch "Hours of Catherine of Cleves" to Steinbeck's yellow-pad manuscript of "Travels with Charley." Through July 31. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, in temporary quarters at 125 W. 55th St.—Among the textiles, domestic objects, and artifacts on display from the collection of Mr. and Mrs. James O. Keene are an 1850 Baltimore album quilt and ten carved-wood pieces by Wilhelm Schimmel. Through Sunday, June

YACHTING. AS DEFINED BY PIMM'S.

KEEL HAULER. Always preceded by Pimm's, i.e., Pimm's Keel Hauler. A refreshing beverage served both on board and off. This Keel Hauler is its own reward.

THE STARTING APPROACH. Line up 2 oz. Pimm's, a generous helping of soda, ice, and a wedge of lime. When the wind is calm, go for it.

WATERLINE. The point to which you should fill your cup. a.k.a. SODALINE.

FORE AND AFT. How you'll pace in anticipation of your host serving Pimm's.

TAKING A SOUNDING. Inquiring as to who's ready for another Pimm's Keel Hauler.

CHRISTENING THE BOAT. Never, ever, waste a bottle of Pimm's on this activity. That's what champagne is for.

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17. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10:30 to 8, with no admission charge after 5:30; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A display of eighty original *New Yorker* covers that were inspired by—or at least reflect—the seasons of the year. Through July 31. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

The New Museum, 583 Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts.—In this show the emphasis is on contemporary artists from all over the country who have had little exposure in New York until now. Each of the painters and sculptors (there is also one photographer) is represented by a number of works, and there are fourteen artists all told. Through July 15. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, noon to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 8, when there is no admission fee after 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—The Gottesman Exhibition Hall has opened with "Censorship: 500 Years of Conflict," an inquiry whose materials include Calvin's "Religious Institutes," Daumier's "Liberty of the Press . . . ," Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin," Sanger's "The Woman Rebel," and Orwell's "1984"—each of them once anathema to somebody. First editions, autograph copies, original manuscripts, prints. (Open daily, except Sundays, 10 to 6.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—Faith Ringgold's twenty-year retrospective contains more than a hundred paintings and sculptures. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Recital Hall is 247-7459 and for Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

English National Opera—Opening performances of a two-week engagement by this company, appearing here for the first time, that will run through Saturday, June 30. Wednesday, June 20, at 7:30, and Friday, June 22, at 8: Verdi's "Rigoletto" (in English), with Valerie Masterson, Jean Rigby, Dennis O'Neill, and John Rawnsley; conducted by Mark Elder. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 21, at 8, and Saturday, June 23, at 2: Gilbert and Sullivan's "Patience," with Patricia O'Neill, Anne Collins, and Derek Hammond-Stroud; Victor Morris. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 23, at 8: Britten's "Gloriana," with Sarah Walker, Elizabeth Vaughan, Arthur Davies, and Richard Van Allan; Mark Elder. (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000.)

Peter Corey—Classical guitarist. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, June 13, at 8.)

Reibo Aoki—Shakuhachi, in a program of Japanese music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, June 13, at 8.)

Festival of the American New Music Consortium—A series of concerts that will run through Friday, June 29. At **CHRIST AND ST. STEPHEN'S CHURCH.** Thursday, June 14: The North Texas State University Contemporary Trio at 7, and North/South Consonance at 8. (120 W. 69th St.) . . . **EISNER AND LUBIN AUDITORIUM,** Loeb Student Center. Friday, June 15: A program of electro-acoustic music, with a soprano and dancers, at 8. . . . ¶ Tuesday June 19: Meyer Kupferman, clarinet, and Linda Eckard, mezzo-soprano, with assisting artists, at 6, and the Society for New Music, in a program of music from Australia, at 7. . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 20: János Négyesi, violin, and the One Plus One Quartet at 6, and the North Carolina Consortium for New Music and Mr. Kupferman at 7. (Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl.) . . . **SYMPHONY SPACE.** Monday, June 18: The Brooklyn College Contemporary Players, the New Repertory Ensemble, the Composers Guild of New Jersey, and others, at 7. (Broadway at 95th St.) Tickets at the door on the nights of the concerts.

New York Saxophone Quartet—Chamber music. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Thursday, June 14, at 8.)

Thomas Bogdan—Tenor, with assisting artists. (St. James Chapel, Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Friday, June 15, at 7:30. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Martha Toney—Soprano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Tuesday, June 19, at 8.)

Wiener Gittarenduo—Heinz Wallisch and Jurg Kammermann, classical guitarists, in their first appearance here. (CAMI Hall, 165 W. 57th St. Wednesday, June 20, at 8. For tickets, call 757-3255.)

Mary Findley—Violin. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, June 21, at 8.)

Western Wind—An a-cappella vocal sextet. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Thursday, June 21, at 8.)

New York City Gay Men's Chorus—Gary Miller directing two performances of the same program, with the Gay Men's Chorus of Washington, D.C. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Thursday, June 21, and Saturday, June 23, at 8.)

Note—Sarah Walker, mezzo-soprano, and Roger Vignoles, piano, will give the second of two recitals at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Wednesday, June 27, at 5:30. Free tickets, limited to two per applicant, will be issued starting Monday, June 18, in the order that written applications are received on that day (not before). A self-addressed envelope should be enclosed.

IN THE COUNTRY

Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival—The season of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing will open with a one-week engagement by the Martha Graham Dance Company. (Lee, Mass. Tuesday through Thursday, June 19-21, at 8; Friday, June 22, at 8:30; and Saturday, June 23, at 2 and a benefit performance at 8:30. For information about tickets, call 1-413 243-0745.)

SPORTS

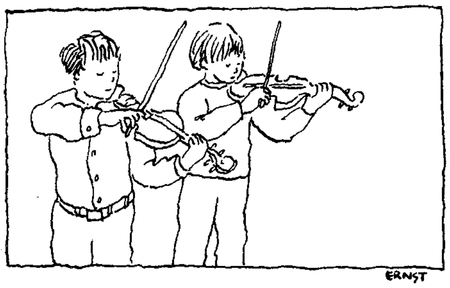
Baseball—**METS** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Pittsburgh, Wednesday, June 13, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Philadelphia, Tuesday and Wednesday, June 19-20, at 7:35, and Thursday, June 21, at 1:35. . . . ¶ Montreal, Friday, June 22, at 8:05, and Saturday, June 23, at 1:35. . . . **YANKEES** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Baltimore, Friday, June 15, at 8; Saturday, June 16, at 4; and Sunday, June 17, at 2.

Golf—U.S.G.A. Open Championship. (Winged Foot Golf Club, Mamaroneck. Thursday through Sunday, June 14-17.)

Racing—At **BELMONT:** Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 1, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, July 30. The Mother Goose, Saturday, June 16; the Bowling Green Handicap, Sunday, June 17; the Juvenile, Wednesday, June 20; and the New York Handicap, Saturday, June 23. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1:10, and Saturdays and Sundays between 11 and 1:15.) . . . **MONMOUTH PARK,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Sept. 1. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Saturdays at 11:30.) . . . **ATLANTIC CITY,** Mays Landing, N.J.: Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30; through Saturday, Sept. 1. . . . **BOWIE,** Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Tuesday, July 24.

Soccer—Cosmos vs. Toronto. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. Sunday, June 17, at 3. For information about tickets, call 265-8600.)

Trotting—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY,** Westbury: Nightly at 8; through Saturday, June 16. . . . **YONKERS RACEWAY:** Weeknights at 8, from Monday, June 18, through Saturday, Aug. 4. . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY,** Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Nov. 17. . . . **MEADOWLANDS:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 18.



Yachting—Start of the Newport-to-Bermuda race, Friday, June 22.

ET ALIA

Poetry and Prose Readings—"Bloomsday on Broadway III," a sixteen-hour-long event, including readings from "Ulysses" by Estelle Parsons, Michael Moriarty, Maria Tucci, Barnard Hughes, and others; readings from "Finnegans Wake" by Brian O'Doherty and others; and a dramatization of Joyce's story "Ivy Day in the Committee Room." (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Saturday, June 16, from 8 A.M. until midnight. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Frederick Morgan reading from his own poetry and fables, and Paula Deitz reading from her own essays. (Lucky Strike, 16 Stuyvesant St. Tuesday, June 19, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the reading.)

Auctions—At **SOTHEBY'S,** York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 9:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Thursday, June 14, at 10:15 and 2: Jewelry. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 16, at 10:15 and 2: International porcelain, furniture, and decorations—all from the Victorian era. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 16, at 2: French and other Continental furniture. . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 20, at 10:15 and 2, and Thursday, June 21, at 10:15: Russian works of art, *objets de vertu*, and Russian and Greek icons. Exhibition starts Thursday, June 14. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 21, at 2: English and Continental silver. Exhibition starts Saturday, June 16. . . . **CHRISTIE'S,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Saturday, June 16, at 10 and 2: American furniture, silver, and decorative arts. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 16, at about 3: American furniture, from the collection of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh B. Cox.

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

Metropolitan Opera, Concert Productions—**CENTRAL PARK'S GREAT LAWN:** Tuesday, June 19, at 8:30 (rain date, June 21), "Rinaldo," with Marilyn Horne, Edda Moser, Benita Valente, Dano Raffanti, and Samuel Ramey; conducted by Mario Bernardi. . . . **PROSPECT PARK,** Brooklyn: Wednesday, June 20, at 8:30 (rain date, June 21), "Ernani," with Aprile Millo, Ermanno Mauro, Louis Quilico, and Paul Plishka; Thomas Fulton. . . . **CUNNINGHAM PARK,** Queens: Friday, June 22, at 8:30 (rain date, June 24), "Rinaldo," with Ewa Podles, Eleanor Bergquist, Gail Robinson, John Alexander, and Terry Cook; Mario Bernardi. . . . **BOTANICAL GARDEN,** the Bronx: Saturday, June 23, at 8:30 (rain date, June 24), "Ernani," with the same cast as June 20, except that Pablo Elvira will replace Mr. Quilico.

Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center—Dino Anagnost directing the Metropolitan Singers/The Greek Choral Society and Orchestra in a Rodgers and Hammerstein program. (Friday, June 15, at 8.) . . . ¶ Jens Nygaard conducting the Naumburg Orchestra, with Benny Kim, violin; Laura Gilbert, flute; and Mary Alderdice, harpsichord. (Saturday, June 16, at 8.) . . . ¶ Ainslee Cox conducting the Goldman Memorial Band in this summer's series of concerts, which will run through Sunday, Aug. 12. (First concert on Wednesday, June 20—in the event of rain, next evening—at 8; thereafter, Wednesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8.)

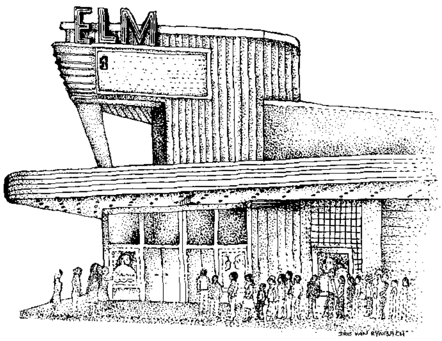
South Street Seaport Museum—Free concerts on Pier 16. Thursday, June 21, at 8: The James Moody quartet. . . . ¶ Friday, June 22, at 8: The NatWest Jazz Band. (East River at Fulton St.)

Walking Tours—Conducted tours of the Queensborough Bridge, sponsored by the Municipal Art Society. Saturday and Sunday, June 16-17, starting at the entrance to the Roosevelt Island Tramway, Second Ave. and 59th St., at 1. (For information about tickets, call 935-3960.)

Brooklyn Botanic Garden—The Cranford Rose Garden is open for the season, with more than five thousand rosebushes representing nine hundred varieties. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 9 to 4:30; Saturdays and Sundays, 10:30 to 4:30.)

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 19.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
Through June 14: "Les Parents Terribles" (†); and "La Princesse de Cleves" (1961; directed by Jean Delannoy; in French), with Jean Marais and Marina Vlady.
June 15-17: "The Eagle with Two Heads" (†); and "Thomas the Imposter" (1965; Georges Franju; in French).
June 19-21: "Ruy Blas" (1948; Jean Cocteau; in French), with Danielle Darrieux, Jean Marais, and Josette Day.
From June 22: "The Phantom Baron" (†) and "The Eternal Return" (†).

R.K.O. Century Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
"Romancing the Stone" (†).

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through June 14: "Terms of Endearment" (†) and "An Officer and a Gentleman" (†).
June 15-21: "Police Academy" (Hugh Wilson), with Steve Guttenberg and Kim Cattrall; and "Never Say Never Again" (Irvin Kershner), with Sean Connery.
From June 22: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through June 14: "Streets of Fire" (Walter Hill), with Michael Paré and Diane Lane.
From June 15: To be announced.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Gremlins" (Joe Dante), with Zach Galligan.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Once Upon a Time in America" (Sergio Leone), with Robert De Niro and James Woods.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Ghostbusters" (Ivan Reitman), with Bill Murray and Dan Aykroyd.
Theatre 2: "Star Trek III: The Search for Spock" (Leonard Nimoy), with William Shatner and DeForest Kelley.
Theatre 3: "Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom" (†).

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"The Natural" (†).

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Splash" (†).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"The Natural" (†).

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Romancing the Stone" (†).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Gabriela" (Bruno Barreto; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese), with Sonia Braga and Marcello Mastroianni.

Manhattan I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Gremlins" (Joe Dante), with Zach Galligan.
Theatre 2: "Gremlins."

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: Through June 21: "Diva" (†). From June 22: "The Karate Kid" (John G. Avildsen), with Ralph Macchio and Noriyuki (Pat) Morita.
Theatre 2: Through June 14: "Ragtime" (†). June 15-19: "The Dead Zone" (David Cronenberg), with Christopher Walken and Brooke Adams. June 20-21: Theatre closed. From June 22: "Rhinestone" (Bob Clark), with Sylvester Stallone and Dolly Parton.

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Rope" (1948; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, John Dall, and Farley Granger.

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "Under the Volcano" (John Huston), with Albert Finney and Jacqueline Bisset.
Theatre 2: "Privates on Parade" (Michael Blakemore), with John Cleese and Denis Quilley.

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: Through June 14: "Streets of Fire" (Walter Hill), with Michael Paré and Diane Lane. June 15-21: "Moscow on the Hudson". From June 22: "Class of 84;" and "Sleepaway Camp" (Robert Hiltzik), with Mike Kellin.
Theatre 2: "Beat Street" (Stan Lathan).

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Once Upon a Time in America" (Sergio Leone), with Robert De Niro and James Woods.

Loews New York Twin I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Ghostbusters" (Ivan Reitman), with Bill Murray and Dan Aykroyd.
Theatre 2: "Ghostbusters."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
Through June 14: "El Norte" (†).
From June 15: "Les Compères" (Francis Véber; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Pierre Richard.

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Moscow on the Hudson" (†). No performances on Tuesday, June 19.

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through June 14: "Greystoke: The Legend of Tarzan, Lord of the Apes" (†).
From June 15: To be announced.

U. A. 85th St. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Romancing the Stone" (†).

Loews Orpheum I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom" (†).
Theatre 2: "Star Trek III: The Search for Spock" (Leonard Nimoy), with William Shatner and DeForest Kelley.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through June 14: "Streets of Fire" (Walter Hill), with Michael Paré and Diane Lane.
From June 15: "Girls Night Out."

R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "Gremlins" (Joe Dante), with Zach Galligan.
Theatre 2: "Gremlins."

WEST SIDE

Film Forum I and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: Through June 19: "The Guest" (1977; directed by Ross Devenish), with Athol Fugard. From June 20: "Marigolds in August" (1979; Ross Devenish), with Winston Ntshona, John Kani, and Athol Fugard.
Theatre 2: Through June 19: "El Norte" (†). From June 20: "My Night at Maud's" (†).

Vandam, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Tibet: A Buddhist Trilogy" (1980; Graham Coleman), a four-hour film.

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: Through June 21: "Greystoke: The Legend of Tarzan, Lord of the Apes" (†). From June 22: "Le Dernier Combat" (Luc Besson; a French film, without dialogue).
Theatre 2: "Ghostbusters" (Ivan Reitman), with Bill Murray and Dan Aykroyd.

Greenwich Playhouse I and 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Moscow on the Hudson" (†).
Theatre 2: "Beat Street" (Stan Lathan).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Rope" (1948; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, John Dall, and Farley Granger.
Theatre 2: Through June 21: "The Man Who Knew Too Much" (1956; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart and Doris Day. From June 22 (tentative): "Irezumi" (Yoichi Takabayashi; in Japanese).
Theatre 3: "Splash" (†).
Theatre 4: Through June 14: "Le Bal" (Ettore Scola). From June 15: "Les Compères" (Francis Véber; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Pierre Richard.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
A program of Donald Duck cartoons.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"Moscow on the Hudson" (†).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Edith and Marcel" (Claude Lelouch; in French), with Evelyne Bouix and Marcel Cerdan, Jr.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
Through June 14: "Les Compères" (Francis Véber; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Pierre Richard.
From June 15: "Careful He Might Hear You" (Carl Schultz; an Australian film), with Wendy Hughes and Robyn Nevin.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Heat of Desire" (Luc Béraud; in French), with Patrick Dewaere.

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"The Bounty" (†). No performances on Monday, June 18.

Lincoln Plaza I, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Eréndira" (†).
Theatre 2: "Sugar Cane Alley" (Euzhan Palcy; in French).
Theatre 3: Through June 20: "Irezumi" (Yoichi Takabayashi; in Japanese). From June 21: "After the Rehearsal" (Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Erland Josephson and Ingrid Thulin.

Cinema Studio I and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Entre Nous" (†).
Theatre 2: "Rope" (1948; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, John Dall, and Farley Granger.

Embassy 72nd St. I and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "El Norte" (†).
Theatre 2: Through June 14: "Tomorrow" (†). From June 15: "Blood Wedding" (1981; Carlos Saura; in Spanish), with Antonio Gades.

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Ghostbusters" (Ivan Reitman), with Bill Murray and Dan Aykroyd.
Theatre 2: "The Natural" (†).
Theatre 3: "Beat Street" (Stan Lathan).
Theatre 4: "Ghostbusters."

New Yorker I and 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Theatre 1: Through June 14: "Streets of Fire" (Walter Hill), with Michael Paré and Diane Lane. From June 15: "Romancing the Stone" (†).
Theatre 2: "Gremlins" (Joe Dante), with Zach Galligan.

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: Through June 14: "Greystoke: The Legend of Tarzan, Lord of the Apes" (†). From June 15: "Racing with the Moon" (†); and "Baby, It's You" (1983; John Sayles), with Rosanna Arquette and Vincent Spano.
Theatre 2: "Beat Street" (Stan Lathan).
Theatre 3: Through June 14: "Breakin' " (Joel Silberg), with Lucinda Dickey. From June 15: "Police Academy" (Hugh Wilson), with Steve Guttenberg and Kim Cattrall; and "Risky Business" (†).
Theatre 4: "Moscow on the Hudson" (†).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "Romancing the Stone" (†).
Theatre 2: "Once Upon a Time in America"

(directed by Sergio Leone), with Robert De Niro and James Woods.
Theatre 3: "Scarface" (†).
Theatre 4: "Greystoke: The Legend of Tarzan, Lord of the Apes" (†).
Theatre 5: "Sixteen Candles" (†).
Theatre 6: Through June 14: "Alphabet City" (Amos Poe), with Vincent Spano. From June 15: "Firestarter" (Mark L. Lester), with David Keith and Drew Barrymore.

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
Through June 21: "Splash" (†).
From June 22: "Top Secret" (Jim Abrahams, David Zucker, and Jerry Zucker), with Val Kilmer.

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: Through June 21: "Breakin' " (Joel Silberg), with Lucinda Dickey. From June 22: "Top Secret" (Jim Abrahams, David Zucker, and Jerry Zucker), with Val Kilmer.
Theatre 3: "Moscow on the Hudson" (†).
Theatre 4: Through June 14: "Ragtime" (†). June 15-21: "The Dead Zone" (David Cronenberg), with Christopher Walken and Brooke Adams. From June 22: "Breakin' " (Joel Silberg), with Lucinda Dickey.

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom" (†).

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
Theatre 1: "Star Trek III: The Search for Spock" (Leonard Nimoy), with William Shatner and DeForest Kelley.
Theatre 2: "Ghostbusters" (Ivan Reitman), with Bill Murray and Dan Aykroyd.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"Police Academy" (Hugh Wilson), with Steve Guttenberg and Kim Cattrall.

New Embassy 49th Street, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)
"Footloose" (†).

Rivoli 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Theatre 1: "Beat Street" (Stan Lathan).
Theatre 2: Through June 14: "Beat Street." June 15-21: "Girls Night Out." From June 22: "Class of 84;" and "Sleepaway Camp" (Robert Hiltzik), with Mike Kellin.

R.K.O. Century National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Streets of Fire" (Walter Hill), with Michael Paré and Diane Lane.
Theatre 2: "The Natural" (†).

R.K.O. Century Warner Twin, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
Theatre 1: "Gremlins" (Joe Dante), with Zach Galligan.
Theatre 2: "Gremlins."

REVIVAL HOUSES

Agee Room, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560; on Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"In Our Hands" (1984), filmed at the June 12, 1982, Central Park peace rally.

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560; on Mondays through Thursdays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"The Mission" (1983; Parviz Sayyad; in Farsi).

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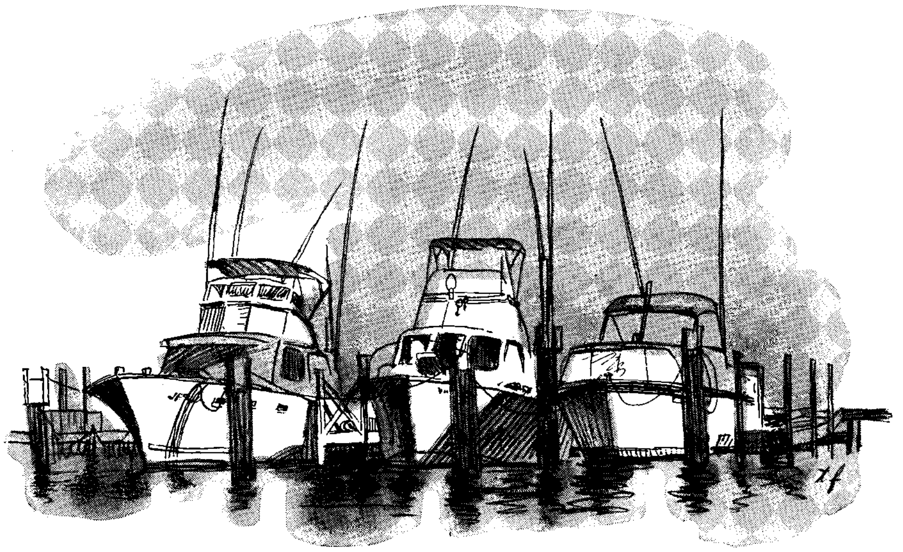
Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
"Beyond Good and Evil" (1984; Liliana Cavani; in Italian), with Erland Josephson.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through June 14: "The Devil in Miss Jones, Part II" and "Insatiable." Both X-rated.
June 15-16: "Caligula" (1980), with Malcolm McDowell.
June 17-19: "The Leopard" (1963; Luchino Visconti; in Italian), with Burt Lancaster, Alain Delon, and Claudia Cardinale.
June 20-21: "The Seventh Seal" (†); and "Smiles of a Summer Night" (1955; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Ulla Jacobsson, Eva Dahlbeck, Gunnar Björnstrand, and Jarl Kulle.
June 22-23: "Mr. and Mrs Smith" (1941; Alfred Hitchcock), with Carole Lombard, Robert Montgomery, and Gene Raymond; and "Suspicion" (1941; Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant and Joan Fontaine.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through June 14: "The Girl Can't Help It" (1957; Frank Tashlin), with Tom Ewell, Jayne Mansfield, and Edmond O'Brien; and a program of Warner Brothers cartoons.
June 15-16: "Yojimbo" (1961; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese) and "Sanjuro" (1963; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), both films with Toshiro Mifune.
June 17-18: "Harakiri" (1962; Masaki Kobayashi; in Japanese), with Tatsuya Nakadai; and "Rebellion" (1967; Masaki Kobayashi; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune.
June 19-21: "The Samurai Trilogy" (1954-56; Hiroshi Inagaki; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune.
June 22-23: "Harakiri" and "Rebellion."

Hollywood Twin Cinema 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
June 13: "Monty Python and the Holy Grail" (1975), performed by the BBC-TV Python team; and "Jabberwocky" (1977; Terry Gilliam), with Michael Palin.
June 14-16: "Tender Mercies" (1983; Bruce Beresford), with Robert Duvall, Tess Harper, Ellen Barkin, and Betty Buckley; and "Local Hero" (1983; Bill Forsyth), with Peter Riegert, Denis Lawson, and Fulton MacKay.
June 17-18: "Way Out West" (†); "The Flying Deuces" (1939; Edward Sutherland), with Laurel & Hardy; and "The Bohemian Girl" (1936; James Horne and Charles Rogers), with Laurel & Hardy.
June 19-20: "Octopussy" (†); and "Casino Royale" (1967), with Peter Sellers, Ursula Andress, David Niven, and Woody Allen.
June 21-23: "Breaker Morant" (1980; Bruce Beresford; an Australian film), with Edward Woodward; and "Gallipoli" (1981; Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Mel Gibson, Mark Lee, and Bill Kerr.



Hollywood Twin Cinema 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Through June 14: "Heart Like a Wheel" (1983; Jonathan Kaplan), with Bonnie Bedelia and Beau Bridges; and "An Unmarried Woman" (1978; Paul Mazursky), with Jill Clayburgh, Alan Bates, and Michael Murphy.
June 15-16: "Pink Floyd, The Wall" (1982; Alan Parker); and "Tommy" (1975; Ken Russell), with Ann-Margret, Oliver Reed, and Roger Daltrey.
June 17: "Around the World in 80 Days" (1956; Michael Anderson), with David Niven and Cantinflas.
June 18-19: "Piranha" (1978; Joe Dante), with Bradford Dillman; "Rabid" (1977; David Cronenberg), with Marilyn Chambers and Frank Moore; and "They Came from Within" (1976; David Cronenberg), with Paul Hampton.
June 20-21: "The Boys in the Band" (1970; William Friedkin), with Frederick Combs; and "Something for Everyone" (1970; Harold Prince), with Angela Lansbury and Michael York.
June 22-23: "Tootsie" (1982; Sydney Pollack), with Dustin Hoffman, Jessica Lange, and Teri Garr; and "Victor/Victoria" (1982; Blake Edwards), with Julie Andrews, James Garner, Robert Preston, Lesley Ann Warren, and Alex Karras.

Metro Cinema, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Through June 14: "A Woman Without Love" (1951; Luis Buñuel; a Mexican film, in Spanish), with Rosario Granados and Julio Villareal; and "El" ("This Strange Passion;" 1952; Luis Buñuel; a Mexican film, in Spanish), with Arturo de Cordova.
June 15-18: "Aguirre, the Wrath of God" (1972; Werner Herzog; in German).
June 19: "Badlands" (1973; Terrence Malick), with Martin Sheen and Sissy Spacek; and "Thieves Like Us" (1974; Robert Altman), with Keith Carradine, Shelley Duvall, John Schuck, and Bert Remsen.
June 20-21: "Susana" (1951; Luis Buñuel; a Mexican film, in Spanish); and "Viridiana" (†).
June 22: "The Seduction of Mimi" (1972; Lina Wertmüller; in Italian) and "Love and Anarchy" (1973; Lina Wertmüller; in Italian), both films with Giancarlo Giannini.
June 23: "La Grande Illusion" (1937; Jean Renoir; in French), with Erich von Stroheim, Jean Gabin, Pierre Fresnay, and Marcel Dalio; and "The Rules of the Game" (†).

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
June 13: "Executive Suite" (1954; Robert Wise), with William Holden, June Allyson, Barbara Stanwyck, and Fredric March; and "The Bad and the Beautiful" (1953; Vincente Minnelli), with Lana Turner, Kirk Douglas, Dick Powell, and Gloria Grahame.
June 14-16: "Pat and Mike" (1952; George Cukor), with Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn, and Aldo Ray; and "The Shop Around the Corner" (1940; Ernst Lubitsch), with Margaret Sullavan and James Stewart.
June 17-18: "A Tale of Two Cities" (1935; Jack Conway), with Ronald Colman, Edna May Oliver, and Blanche Yurka; and "David Copperfield" (1935; George Cukor), with W. C. Fields, Roland Young, Freddie Bartholomew, Edna May Oliver, and Basil Rathbone.
June 19-20: "Fame" (1980; Alan Parker), with Maureen Tefy, Gene Anthony Ray, and Paul McCrane; and "Diner" (1982; Barry Levinson), with Daniel Stern, Steve Guttenberg, Mickey Rourke, and Ellen Barkin.
June 21-23: "Easter Parade" (†) and "That's Entertainment" (†).

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
June 13: "Diary of a Country Priest" (1950;

Robert Bresson; in French), with Claude Laydu and Nicole Maurey; and "Au Hasard, Balthazar" (1966; Robert Bresson; in French).

June 14: "Madame Bovary" (1934; Jean Renoir; in French), with Valentine Tessier and Pierre Renoir; and "La Chienne" (1931; Jean Renoir; in French), with Michel Simon.

June 15: "That Obscure Object of Desire" (1977; Luis Buñuel; in French), with Fernando Rey, Carole Bouquet, and Angela Molina; and "Le Fantôme de la Liberté" (1974; Luis Buñuel; in French), with Jean-Claude Brialy, Monica Vitti, and Adriana Asti.

June 16: "The Magic Flute" (1975; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish); and "Smiles of a Summer Night" (1955; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Ulla Jacobsson, Eva Dahlbeck, Gunnar Björnstrand, and Jarl Kulle.

June 17: "A Streetcar Named Desire" (1951; Elia Kazan), with Vivien Leigh, Marlon Brando, Kim Hunter, and Karl Malden; and "Pretty Baby" (1978; Louis Malle), with Keith Carradine, Susan Sarandon, Brooke Shields, and Antonio Fargas.

June 18: A program of cartoons by Frank Tashlin and a program of cartoons from the Van Beuren studio.

June 19: "Ciao! Manhattan" (1973; John Palmer and David Weisman), with Edie Sedgwick and Andy Warhol; and "Underground, U.S.A." (1980; Eric Mitchell), with Patti Astor.

June 20: "Detour" (1945; Edgar G. Ulmer), with Ann Savage and Tom Neal; "Bluebeard" (1945; Edgar G. Ulmer), with John Carradine and Jean Parker; and "The Black Cat" (1934 †).

June 21: "La Marseillaise" (1938; Jean Renoir; in French), with Pierre Renoir and Louis Jouvet; "Le Tournoi dans la Cité" (1928; Jean Renoir; a French silent film); and "The Little Match Girl" (1928; Jean Renoir; a French silent film).

June 22: "Unfaithfully Yours" (1948; Preston Sturges), with Rex Harrison, Linda Darnell, and Edgar Kennedy; and "Remember the Night" (1940; Mitchell Leisen), with Barbara Stanwyck and Fred MacMurray.

June 23: "Dreams That Money Can Buy" (1948), a Hans Richter Surrealist film; "8 × 8" (1957), a Hans Richter Surrealist film; and "The Blood of a Poet" (1930; Jean Cocteau; in French).

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

June 13: "In a Lonely Place" (1950; Nicholas Ray), with Humphrey Bogart and Gloria Grahame; and "Knock on Any Door" (1949; Nicholas Ray), with Humphrey Bogart and John Derek.

June 14: "Dial M for Murder" (1954; Alfred Hitchcock), with Ray Milland, Grace Kelly, Robert Cummings, Anthony Dawson, and John Williams; and "I Confess" (1953; Alfred Hitchcock), with Montgomery Clift, Anne Baxter, Karl Malden, and Brian Aherne.

June 15-16: "Charlie Chan at Treasure Island" (1939; Norman Foster), with Sidney Toler as the detective; and "Charlie Chan at the Opera" (1936; Bruce Humberstone), with Warner Oland as the detective.

June 17: "The Petrified Forest" (1936; Archie Mayo), with Leslie Howard, Bette Davis, and Humphrey Bogart; and "The Man Who Came to Dinner" (†).

June 18: "A Man and a Woman" (†) and "Live for Life" (†).

June 19: "Stella Dallas" (1937 †) and "Ball of Fire" (†).

June 20: "Dirigible" (†); and "Flight" (1929; Frank Capra), with Jack Holt.

June 21: "No Way to Treat a Lady" (1968; Jack Smight), with Rod Steiger, Lee Remick, and George Segal; and "The Sergeant" (1968; John Flynn), with Rod Steiger and John Phillip Law.

June 22-23: "The Man Who Knew Too Much" (1934; Alfred Hitchcock), with Leslie Banks, Edna Best, Pierre Fresnay, and Peter Lorre; and "Secret Agent" (†).

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium 2, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490)—June 14 at 2:30 and 6: "Ordinary Tenderness" (1973; directed by Jacques Leduc; a Canadian film, in English), with Esther Auger, Jocelyn Berube, and Luce Guilbeault. . . . ¶ June 15 at 2:30: "The Wind" (1928; Victor Seastrom; a silent film), with Lillian Gish, Lars Hanson, and Montagu Love. . . . ¶ June 15 at 6: "Way Down East" (1920; D. W. Griffith; a silent film), with Lillian Gish, Richard Barthelmess, and Lowell Sherman. . . . ¶ June 16 at 2:30: "When the Clouds Roll By" (1919; Victor Fleming; a silent film), with Douglas Fairbanks. . . . ¶ June 16 at 5: "Duel in the Sun" (1947; King Vidor), with Jennifer Jones, Joseph Cotten, Gregory Peck, and Lillian Gish. . . . ¶ June 17 at 2:30: "The Thief of Bagdad" (1924; Raoul Walsh; a silent film), with Douglas Fairbanks. . . . ¶ June 17 at 5: A program of short films from Biograph, made by D. W. Griffith, 1909-10. . . . ¶ June 18 at 2:30: "Wild Strawberries" (1957; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish, with English subtitles), with Victor Sjöström, Bibi Andersson, and Ingrid Thulin. . . . ¶ June 18 at 6: "The Wind." . . . ¶ June 19 at 2: "Way Down East." . . . ¶ June 19 at 6: "Man's Castle" (1933; Frank Borzage), with Spencer Tracy, Loretta Young, Glenda Farrell, and Walter Connolly. . . . ¶ June 21 at 2:30 and 6: "Nightshift" (1981; Robina Rose), with Jordan, Anne Rees-Mogg, Mitch Davies, and Heathcote Williams. . . . ¶ June 22 at 2:30: "The Thief of Bagdad." . . . ¶ June 22 at 6: "L'Avventura" (1960; Michelangelo Antonioni; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Monica Vitti, Gabriele Ferzetti, and Lea Massari. . . . ¶ June 23 at 2:30: "Citizens Band" ("Handle with Care;" 1977; Jonathan Demme), with Paul Le Mat, Candy Clark, Ann Wedgeworth, and Marcia Rodd. . . . ¶ June 23 at 5: "The Conversation" (1974; Francis Ford Coppola), with Gene Hackman. (A limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—American video, 1967-80; showings at noon, 1:30, 3, and 4:30 (and Tuesday evenings at 6:30). Closed Mondays.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS. IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Ball of Fire (1942)—The romantic collision of Sugarpuss O'Shea, a burlesque dancer (Barbara Stanwyck), and Bertram Potts, a fuddy-duddy professor (Gary Cooper), is played as if it were terribly bright, but it's rather shrill and tiresome. Howard Hawks directed, but Brackett and Wilder did the script, and Wilder's influence seems strong. The professor's colleagues have corny cute names and carry on like people left over from a stock-company Viennese operetta. The cast includes Dana Andrews, Dan Duryea, and Allen Jenkins, and, as the professors, Oscar Homolka, Henry Travers, S. Z. Sakall, Tully Marshall, Leonid Kinskey, Richard Haydn, and Aubrey Mather. Gene Krupa and his band are also on the screen. Gregg Toland was the cinematographer for this expensive Samuel Goldwyn production. (Remade in 1948, as "A Song Is Born.") (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 19.)

The Black Cat (1934)—Boris Karloff and Bela Lugosi were fated to meet; the encounter took place in this nutty, nightmarish mélange of Black Masses and chess games, shadows and dungeons, Satanism and necrophilia. (They actually stalk each other.) It's a crêpe-hangers' ball. Edgar G. Ulmer directed. With David Manners, being as ineffectual as ever, and Jacqueline Wells (later Julie Bishop). (Thalia; June 20.)

The Bounty—Based on a script condensed from Robert Bolt's scripts for two projected films, this misshapen movie about the 1789 mutiny doesn't work as an epic—it doesn't have the scope or the emotional surge of epic storytelling. It's certainly not boring, though. The director, Roger Donaldson, shoots very close in for dynamic power—you're thrust right in among the men on the crowded British naval vessel—and Anthony Hopkins, who plays Captain Bligh, gives his vocal cords a workout, ordering Fletcher Christian (Mel Gibson) to stop "mixing with the damned degenerate natives" and shouting that "the ship is filthy." In this version, Bligh is no worse than ambitious, repressed, and somewhat harsh, and Christian is an open-shirted man of impulse—a moody flower child who's drugged on love. Whether because of the condensing or cuts in the editing room or just plain miscalculation, Gibson's romanticism seems faintly absurd, or in his big scene—his emotional outburst during the mutiny—he seems to be having a nervous breakdown. With Wi Kuki Kaa as King Tynah, Tevaite Vernette as Princess Mauatua, skinny-faced Daniel Day-Lewis as Fryer, and, among the effete aristocrats who sit on the court-martial, Laurence Olivier and Edward Fox (who has this performance down pat by now—he lets his crooked front tooth do his acting for him). Adapted from Richard Hough's 1972 book "Captain Bligh and Mr. Christian;" the music is by Vangelis, who goes in for effects such as ominous boom-booms when Christian first touches Mauatua's hair. (Reviewed in our issue of 6/11/84.) (Loews Paramount. No performances on Monday, June 18.)

Dirigible (1931)—Popular, handsomely produced action film starring a team of he-man heroes—Jack Holt and Ralph Graves. This team appeared in "Submarine," "Flight," and, finally, "Dirigible"—all three directed by Frank Capra, and all three featuring enormous, photogenic disasters. The heroine of this one was the most disaster-prone of all the movie ladies—the screamer, Fay Wray. With Hobart Bosworth, Clarence Muse, and Roscoe Karns. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 20.)

Diva (1981)—A glittering toy of a movie, a romantic thriller from France, made by a new director, Jean-Jacques Beineix, who has a fabulous camera technique and understands the pleasures to be had from a picture that doesn't take itself too seriously—the whole high-tech incandescence of the film is played for humor. The diva is an awesomely beautiful black American soprano (Wilhelmenia Fernandez) who refuses to make recordings. Frédéric Andrei is the wide-eyed eighteen-year-old postal messenger who adores her; he sneaks his Nagra tape machine into her concert in Paris so he'll be able to listen to her at home—and all hell breaks loose around him. He's pursued by two baroque thugs: one is tall and Latin and chews gum with the jaws of a hippopotamus; the other is small, with spiky blond hair and sunglasses, and an ear-plug so he can listen to a transistor radio while he's on his murderous errands—he's so dissociated he's practically a mutant. The unfazable heroine (the fourteen-year-old Thuy An Luu) is a post-Godardian tootsie—in her short-short skirts and transparent plastic coat she's a lollipop wrapped in cellophane. A Mr. Cool in a white suit and a white Citroën comes to the aid of the besieged messenger. The film may remind you of Welles' "Touch of Evil;" it's Welles romanticized, packaged. It's a mixture of style and chic hanky-panky, but it's genuinely sparkling. In French. (Baronet; through June 21.)

The Eagle with Two Heads (1948)—The structure is similar to that of "Beauty and the Beast" but with inversions—this time it is the Queen (Edwige Feuillère) who is awakened from her trance by the revolutionary poet (Jean Marais), who has come to assassinate her. And, while the Beast addressed Beauty with only a few simple words, here the Queen dunks her Angel of Death in a torrent of elegant language. This is a sweepingly romantic picture—a beautiful trifle. Feuillère has a sense of gesture that almost any actress might envy, and Marais demonstrates once again that despite his almost comical square-headed handsomeness he can act. Jean Cocteau adapted his own play, and directed. It's the least known of the few films that he actually did direct; a dozen or so are falsely advertised as his. (Antonioni made a video color version of the play in 1979, under the title "The Oberwald Mystery.") In French. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; June 15-17.)

Easter Parade (1948)—There's not much comedy and not much invention in this oversize M-G-M musical, but Fred Astaire and Judy Garland finally get to their great number "A Couple of Swells." With Ann Miller and Peter Lawford; Lola Albright may be glimpsed as a hat model. Charles Walters directed; the score, by Irving Berlin, includes "It Only Happens When I Dance with You." (Regency; June 21-23.)

Entre Nous—The French actress-turned-filmmaker Diane Kurys tells the story of two young married women (Isabelle Huppert and Miou-Miou) who don't recognize how unfulfilled they have been in their marriages until they meet each other. The women are romanticized and politicized as soul mates; they're turned into feminist precursors, while the husbands (Guy Marchand and Jean-Pierre Bacri), who always seem to need a shave, are treated as lumps. Kurys tells us that the characters played by Huppert and Marchand are her parents, and Marchand, who plays his role superbly, is the only one a viewer is likely to have any feeling for. But Kurys has made a very peculiar kind of memory film: its psychology goes in one direction; its sexual politics take it in another. The picture keeps teetering on the verge of a seduction scene, and that teasing possibility gives many of the scenes their only tension. This is a movie about two women not having a lesbian affair. The only thing that's distinctive about it is its veneer of post-feminism. In French. (3/5/84) (Cinema Studio.)

Eréndira—A moderately amusing nothing in the surreal-picaresque mode, it was written by Gabriel García Márquez but seems more like the work of someone faking Gabriel García Márquez. The Brazilian director Ruy Guerra seems too earnest for the task at hand; he puts the García Márquez touches in place, but they have no hallucinatory tingle—the only resonance they have is that they remind us of García Márquez's other writing. A mad old witch (Irene Papas) forces her virginal fourteen-year-old granddaughter Eréndira (Claudia Ohana) to work for her as a whore. Dressed in the ensembles of a regal ragpicker, the witch is carried in a sedan chair as she and Eréndira travel through the desert (the film was made in Mexico), setting up shop wherever they go. And before long the witch is festooned in gold ingots. Little Claudia Ohana is lovely, and the scene of Eréndira's sexual initiation—by rape—is affecting in a semi-prurient way; the actress isn't particularly distinctive, but she's very convincing as a budding young girl. And Papas is marvellous; she isn't fake anything—she's an original. The old bawd blows out the candles on her birthday cake in one quick, impatient gust, sinks her hand into the cake (which is full of rat poison), eats it gluttonously, and burps with pleasure. Roaring with laughter and giggling on top of it, she survives one attempt on her life after another. Papas's merriment is gargantuan; she could play a female Falstaff. (This is not a suggestion.) With Michel Lonsdale, Rufus, Pierre Vaneck, and Oliver Wehe as the duped angel. In Spanish. (6/11/84) (Lincoln Plaza.)

The Eternal Return (1948)—Jean Delannoy directed Jean Cocteau's modern-dress adaptation of the Tristan and Isolde story. Jean Marais, in a celebrated medieval-looking sweater, and the straight-silk-haired, snow-blond Madeleine Sologne are absurdly glamorous lovers; though the film has the decorative look of ballet and is heavy and stilted, they became the rage of Paris. With Yvonne de Bray and the dwarf Piéral. Music by Georges Auric. In French. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; starting June 22.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23

Footloose—High-school kids in a mythical Midwestern community that bans rock 'n' roll and dancing. The movie has plot elements from "Rebel Without a Cause" and dance numbers chopped to pieces in the rock-video manner of "Flashdance." The director, Herbert Ross, and the writer, Dean Pitchford, exhaust one bad idea after another, and you don't get the climactic dance you expect. With Kevin Bacon as the new boy in town who challenges the bans and fights for the right of the students to have a senior prom; John Lithgow as the glum Reverend (of the town's only church); Lori Singer as the Reverend's spitfire daughter; Christopher Penn as a sluggish hayseed; and Jim Youngs, Sarah Jessica Parker, and Dianne Wiest. Despite the retrograde material, Lori Singer has a startling radiance, and Penn manages to be funny and appealing. Edited by Paul Hirsch. (3/5/84) (New Embassy 49th Street.)

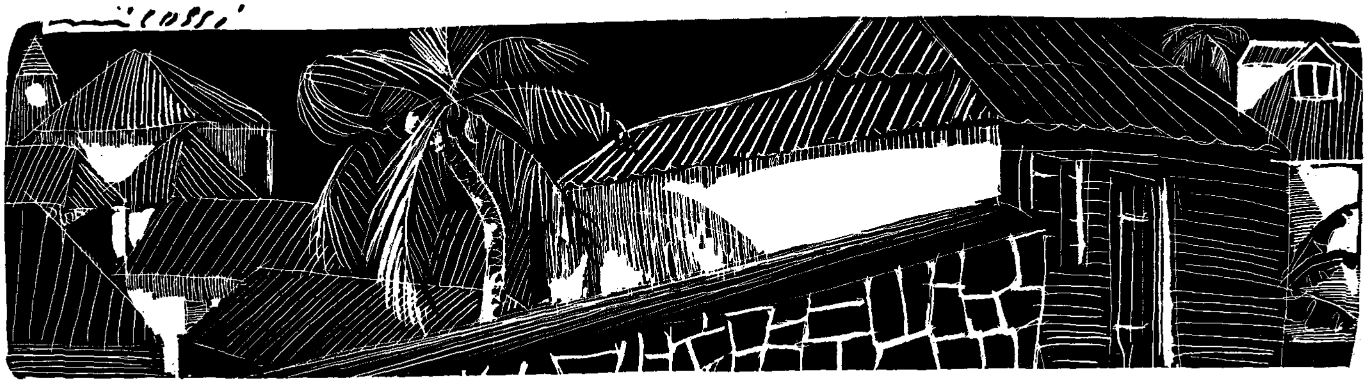
Greystoke: The Legend of Tarzan, Lord of the Apes—The director Hugh Hudson brings his unique mixture of pomposity and ineptitude to this expensively mounted version of the Edgar Rice Burroughs material. The first half, in the jungle, is fairly absorbing. But it's unlikely that anyone will ever congratulate Hudson for seamless moviemaking. When he sets something up, chances are there won't be any follow-through. After a while, you lose that sense of expectation which is one of the glories of big adventure films. And Hudson has his child Tarzan experiencing so much physical torment and humiliation that young kids are likely to be horrified. The young Frenchman Christopher Lambert, who plays the part, has a fine physique, but he's a charmless, unmagnetic Tarzan; he's never allowed to be playful. The only performer who clearly enjoys himself is that old prankster Ralph Richardson, in his last screen appearance; as Tarzan's grandfather, Lord Greystoke, he comes up with one emotional flourish after another. In the film's second half, Hudson twists the story into knots to deliver his "statement" that apes are more civilized than people; the movie simply loses its mind, and dribbles to a pathetically indecisive conclusion. With Andie MacDowell as a softly enticing Jane, Nigel Davenport, Ian Holm, James Fox, Ian Charleson, Paul Geoffrey, and Cheryl Campbell. The cinematography is by John Alcott; the script is by P. H. Vazak (Robert Towne) and Michael Austin. (4/2/84) (Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East, and Olympia Quad; through June 14. . . . ¶ Waverly; through June 21.)

Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom—This film directed by Steven Spielberg stands in relation to the previous Indiana Jones picture, "Raiders of the Lost Ark," as "The Godfather, Part II" stands to "The Godfather." Spielberg creates an atmosphere of happy disbelief: the more breathtaking and exhilarating the stunts are, the funnier they are. Nobody has ever fused thrills and laughter in quite the way that he does here. The subject of a movie can be momentum. It has often been the true—even if not fully acknowledged—subject of movies. Here it's not merely acknowledged, it's gloried in. The picture has an exuberant, hurtling-along spirit. Spielberg starts off at full charge in the opening sequence and just keeps going. There isn't a letdown anywhere in it. The whole movie is designed as a shoot-the-chutes, yet Spielberg seems relaxed, and he doesn't push things to frighten us. The movie relates to Americans' love of getting in the car and just taking off—it's a breeze. Harrison Ford is the adventurer-archeologist hero, Ke Huy Quan plays his child sidekick Short Round, and Kate Capshaw is the gold-digger heroine. The plot involves them with an odious boy maharajah and Mola Ram (an anagram for Malomar), the high priest of a cult of Kali worshippers—they come right out of the 1939 adventure comedy "Gunga Din." The film also has parody links to "The Wizard of Oz" and to Saturday-afternoon serials and the Hope-Crosby "Road" movies and more recent screen adventurers such as the cliff-hanger stunt in "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid." It's one of the most sheerly pleasurable physical comedies ever made. A Lucasfilm Production, from a story idea by George Lucas, and a script by Willard Huyck and Gloria Katz. The score by John Williams is too heavy for the tone of the film, and it's too loud. (6/11/84) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews Orpheum, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

Live for Life (1967)—Directed by Claude Lelouch, with Yves Montand as a television reporter who is about to ruin his marriage by having an affair with Candice Bergen but finally goes back to Annie Girardot. Quite good pulp, though not up to "A Man and a Woman" (see below) in terms of the soppy enjoyment. In French. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 18.)

A Man and a Woman (1966)—Probably the most efficacious make-out movie of the swinging sixties. The young cinematographer-director Claude Lelouch conveys tender love by cutting to gambolling lovers among gambolling horses and then lambs and then dogs. The characters have exciting, photogenic occupations: stunt man, script girl, racing-car driver. They take their kids on photogenic boats or for walks on wintry beaches. The actors don't have to do anything because the camera—shooting through rain and snow and ice and into sunsets—supplies the moods for them. Anouk Aimée is blankly mysterious and glamorous; Jean-Louis Trintignant and Pierre Barouh are like a teen-age girl's dream boyfriends—daredevils to the world but gentle and sweet with her. Lelouch blurs for romantic softness and he tints for mood and variety; he throws a nimbus of mist around everything. The score is by Francis Lai; the script is by Lelouch and Pierre Uytterhoeven. In French. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 18.)

The Man Who Came to Dinner (1942)—In the thirties, the unctuous, sentimental Alexander



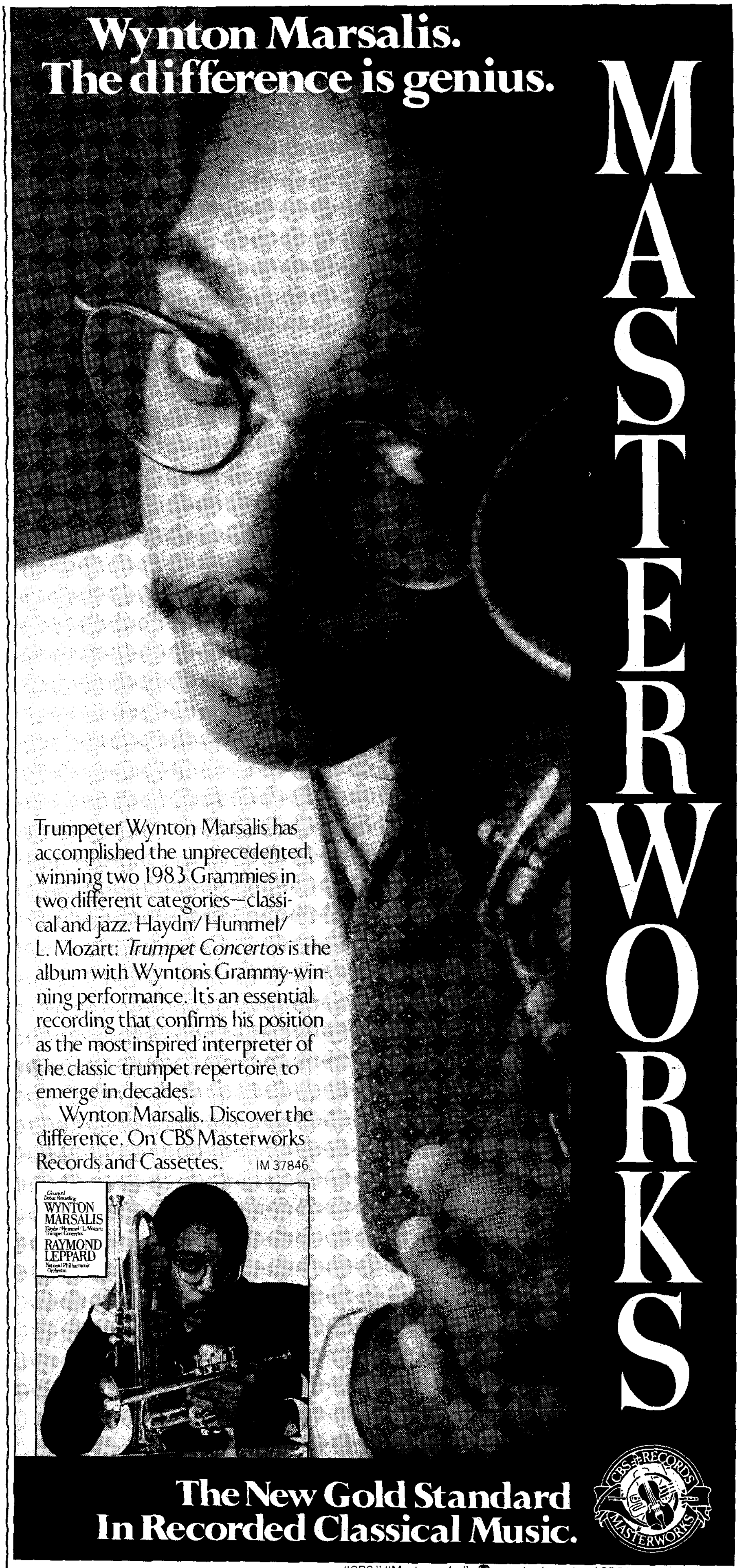
Woollcott was loved by millions of radio listeners; Woollcott the outrageous master of euphonious insults was loved and hated by a small circle. Two members of this circle, George S. Kaufman and Moss Hart, made him the hero and the target of their 1939 Broadway hit—a cheerful spoof on celebrity in that period. In this film version, the devastatingly adroit Monty Woolley (a former professor of drama at Yale) plays the arrogant, infantile Sheridan Whiteside, who goes on a lecture tour and breaks his hip while attending a dinner in his honor at the home of solid, boring fans. Stuck in that home until his hip mends, he takes it over and orders the adoring residents around. Woolley has a wonderful way of looking at these hick fans with compassionate contempt—he feels sorry for them because they're too obtuse to appreciate how brilliant he is. The play, however, was built on topical jokes and a series of vaudeville turns, and in this version the jokes are flat and the turns seemed forced and not very funny. With Bette Davis as Whiteside's secretary, Reginald Gardiner impersonating Noël Coward, Jimmy Durante in the role based on Harpo Marx, Ann Sheridan as the sexpot actress, and Billie Burke, Richard Travis, George Barbier, and Grant Mitchell. Directed by William Keighley; the script, by the Epstein brothers, changed only a few lines. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 17.)

Moscow on the Hudson—Robin Williams as a Russian sax player who defects, in Paul Mazursky's wonderful comedy about a tragedy—about going away forever, about never being able to go home. The defection takes place in Bloomingdale's, and it doesn't take long before the sax player discovers the isolation and paranoia of living in New York. Imaginative and mellow, this movie displays Mazursky's distinctive funky lyricism at its best. With Maria Conchita Alonso, a beauty who's an unself-conscious cutup, and Alejandro Rey, Cleavant Derricks, Elya Baskin, and Mazursky himself as a Florida tourist named Dave. The film's comic rhythm (though not its mood) falters in the last third. The script is by the director and Leon Capetanos; the cinematography is by Don McAlpine. (4/16/84) (Greenwich Playhouse, Festival, Olympia Quad, and Embassy. . . . ¶ Loews Tower East. No performances on Tuesday, June 19. . . . ¶ Gemini; June 15-21.)

My Night at Maud's (1970)—A fine film by Eric Rohmer, terrifically intelligent, quizzically sexy, with three droll grownups talking about—for once, in films—things that grownups do actually talk about. Rohmer has a better understanding than anyone else around of the way people listen. With Jean-Louis Trintignant. In French. (Film Forum; starting June 20.)

The Natural—Robert Redford as Roy Hobbs, who feels he has it in him to be the greatest baseball player there ever was. With the forces of evil (Kim Basinger) and good (Glenn Close) contending for his soul, this inspirational fantasy asks: Will Redford hold on to his dream, will he be strong enough to triumph? Directed by Barry Levinson, the movie turns its source material—Bernard Malamud's lively, magical first novel—into primordial hokum. A few performers—Barbara Hershey, Joe Don Baker, and John Finnegan—stand apart from the sludge of moral uplift; the cast also includes Robert Duvall, Wilford Brimley, Richard Farnsworth, Robert Prosky, Darren McGavin, Michael Madsen, and George Wilkosz as the batboy. The cinematography is by Caleb Deschanel; the music is by Randy Newman; the script is by Roger Towne, with a credit also to Phil Dusenberry, who wrote an earlier version. (5/28/84) (34th St. East, Sutton, Loews 83rd Quad, and R.K.O. Century National Twin.)

El Norte—An independently made epic about the flight of two oppressed, terrorized young Guatemalans—Rosa (Zaide Silvia Gutierrez) and her brother Enrique (David Villalpando)—who travel from their Mayan village in the highlands to modern Los Angeles, where they pass themselves off as Mexicans and become part of the Hispanic cheap-labor force. Written by the director, Gregory Nava, and his wife, Anna Thomas, who was the producer, the film tries to cover all the bases—the typical difficult, wrenching experiences of Central American refugees. It's uninspired, but the subject has so much resonance that the picture doesn't leave you feeling quite as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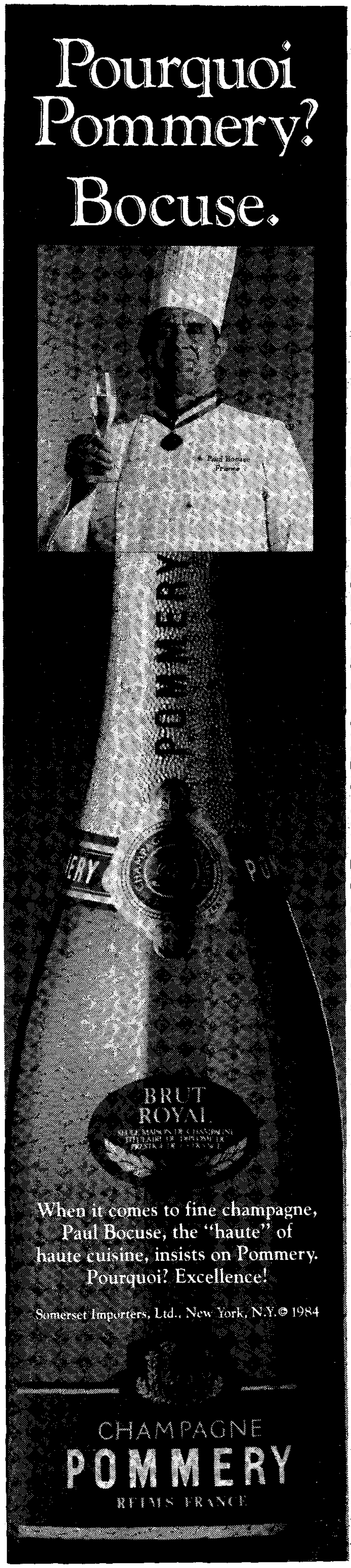
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CHAMPAGNE POMMERY REIMS FRANCE

empty as an ordinary mediocre movie does. With Stella Quan, Trinidad Silva, and Lupe Ontiveros. In Spanish. (2/20/84) (Embassy 72nd St. . . . ¶ 68th St. Playhouse; through June 14. . . . ¶ Film Forum; through June 19.)

Octopussy (1983)—This is probably the most casual of the James Bond series, and in some ways it's more like the Bob Hope and Bing Crosby "Road" comedies than it is like the Bonds. It features a chase sequence in a crowded marketplace, with a great camera angle on a camel looking up and doing a double take as an automobile flies over its head. And among the disguises that Bond—Roger Moore—uses are a gorilla suit and an alligator outfit that doubles as a boat. Moore gets most of his effects here by the spark in his worried, squinched-up eyes; he may not be heroic, but he's game. This fourteenth in the Bond series (or thirteenth, if you don't include the spoof "Casino Royale") is set against a tourist-paradise India. It's not the latest-model Cadillac, it's a beat-out old Cadillac, kept running with junkyard parts. But it rattles along agreeably, even though the director, John Glen, seems to lose track of the story, and neither he nor the writers (George MacDonald Fraser, with Richard Maibaum and Michael G. Wilson) appear to have thought out the women's roles. The picture doesn't deliver on the chic perversities suggested by the inelegant title (and some of the décor). As Octopussy, the beautiful amazon Maud Adams is disappointingly warm and maternal—she's rather mooshy. (At one moment, she's a leader, and the next moment she's a dupe who doesn't know what's going on around her.) With Kristina Wayborn as the tall greasy-lipped blonde, and Louis Jourdan, Kabir Bedi, Steven Berkoff, Vijay Amritraj, and David and Tony Meyer as the knife-throwing twins. (6/27/83) (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; June 19-20.)

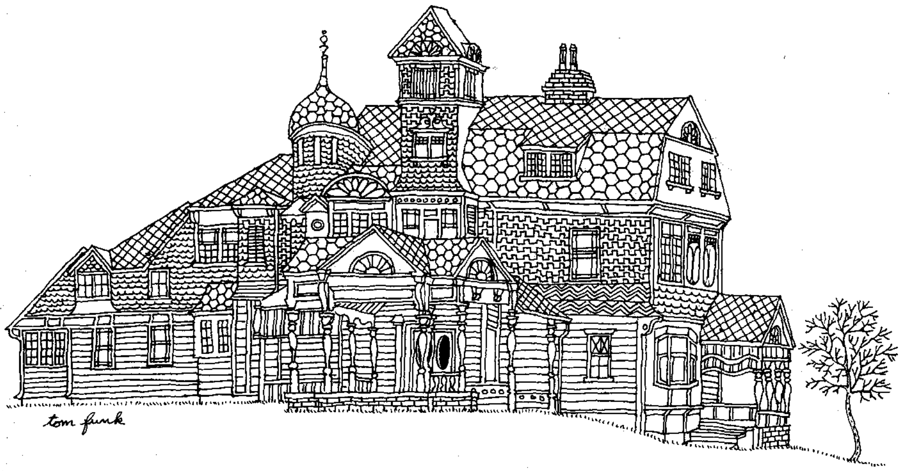
An Officer and a Gentleman (1982)—This formula romantic melodrama, which involves the regenerative moral powers of military discipline, seems to come out of a time warp, but the director, Taylor Hackford, has done a smashing job of making the retrograde love story whiz by. He has a headlong style; he gives the picture so much propulsion that it gains a momentum of its own. It's crap, but *crap on a motorcycle*. Richard Gere is the tightly wound-up loner who is determined to become a flier; the movie centers on his thirteen-week basic-training ordeal at the Naval Aviation Officer Candidate School in the Northwest, near Puget Sound. Gere pushes himself to go as far as he can, and he has a striking moment when the character cracks, after the tough drill sergeant (Louis Gossett, Jr.) has caught him in some petty chiselling and punished him. But after he has broken down—when you expect him to be emotionally transfigured—he's still Richard Gere, lost in his own placid beauty. As the millworker heroine, Debra Winger brings the film sultriness; you pull for this heroine because her tough-chick little-girl insolence plays off the avid look in her eyes that tells you she longs to make human contact. Winger convinces you that this girl really believes her life would be empty if she didn't share it with the hero. Gossett plays the sergeant bonehard; it's a beautifully hammy austere performance. There are also impressive characterizations by David Keith as the hero's friend and Robert Loggia as his father, and there are entertaining flashes of Tony Plana as an officer candidate with a Mohawk haircut and Lisa Eilbacher as a woman candidate. They all work under a handicap: the script, by Douglas Day Stewart, is schematic in the manner of TV drama, circa 1955. (8/23/82) (St. Marks Cinema; through June 14.)

Les Parents Terribles (1949; also known as "The Storm Within")—One of Cocteau's two or three greatest films, and one of the finest examples of group acting ever photographed. He took his play about the disorderly, unpredictable parents (Marcel André and Yvonne de Bray) who cannot accept the fact that their son (Jean Marais) is growing up and re-created it for the screen with such skill that a true claustrophobic family atmosphere is achieved. In structure, this is a coincidence-ridden boulevard comedy, but Cocteau has lifted it to the realm of tragicomic Oedipal fable. The mother screams for the police when she learns that her son has a girl; Yvonne de Bray's performance is so magically convincing that Marais's actual mother is said to have developed a jealous hatred of her. Gabrielle Dorziat plays the boy's aunt, and Josette Day his girl. Designed by Christian Bérard; the score is by Georges Auric. In French. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; through June 14.)

The Phantom Baron (1943)—Somehow or other, Cocteau got involved in writing the script for this silly romantic adventure, which was directed by Serge de Poligny and has little connection to Cocteau's own screen work. Set in the early nineteenth century, it's about a hidden treasure. Cocteau played the title role; possibly he inveigled Gabrielle Dorziat into appearing in it also; in any case, she looks as if she's not sure what she's doing here. With Alain Cuny and Jany Holt. In French. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; starting June 22.)

Racing with the Moon—It's Christmas, 1942, and Sean Penn and Nicolas Cage are two Northern California small-town boys who are due to report to the Marines in six weeks; Penn falls in love with a new girl in town (Elizabeth McGovern), and Cage gets a girl pregnant. That's the whole movie. Penn brings to his role emotional crosscurrents and creates a young lived-in character; you see the full person, with nothing closed off. Richard Benjamin directs all three of them lovingly, so that the nuances they bring to their roles sustain our interest. But the picture isn't enough of anything; there isn't a thing in it that you can get excited about or quarrel with. The script, written by Steven Kloves (when he was twenty-two), is a reminiscence based on earlier reminiscences. (4/2/84) (Olympia Quad; starting June 15.)

Ragtime (1981)—The movie doesn't have an impudent slapstick vision, isn't a pop epic or even a satiric fling. It's limp—it always seems to be aiming about halfway toward the effects that E. L. Doctorow achieved in his literary extravaganza. Is it possible that the



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director, Miloš Forman, thought that if he didn't go for razzle-dazzle what was left would be "truth"? If so, he started from the wrong book. He has made a seriously intended eccentric movie about a black piano player (Howard E. Rollins, Jr.) who demands redress for an insult. (Dog excrement has been put on the seat of his shiny new Model T Ford.) When the piano player can't find a legal remedy, he becomes a bomb-planting terrorist. But the picture isn't even socially conscious: this character is so totally, aberrantly unbelievable that there's no social milieu that could account for him, and we don't know on what conceivable basis he could have recruited his band of urban guerrillas. Forman is not—to put it courteously—strongly visual. His extras are generally posed frozen-faced in a row in the background—they look exactly like extras. The narrative shifts are jerky; the film seems chewed up rather than edited. With James Cagney as the New York Police Commissioner; returning to the screen after a twenty-year retirement, Cagney has the faint, satisfied smile of an old tiger. Also with Pat O'Brien, Donald O'Connor, Norman Mailer, Elizabeth McGovern, Mary Steenburgen, Mandy Patinkin, Kenneth McMillan, Moses Gunn, Brad Dourif, Robert Joy, and James Olson. Script by Michael Weller. (Coronet, and Embassy; through June 14.)

Risky Business—At seventeen, the high-school-boy hero (Tom Cruise) is equally worried about what college he'll get into and when and how he'll make out with a girl. When his parents go off on a week's vacation and he's left alone in their expensive ersatz-Colonial house on the North Shore of Chicago, he phones for the services of a call girl named Lana (Rebecca De Mornay). Up until her arrival, he is desperate, horny, and ingratiating; imagining himself a rock star dancing, he's a charmingly clunky dynamo. But once Lana glides in, the picture shifts into an enamelled dreamtime; it gets a vacuous soft-core porno look, and everything is dark and slightly unreal. The movie aims to be hypnotically sexy while satirizing the materialistic values of the affluent. The boy grows up sexually, and financially, too, when the purringly seductive Lana turns him into a pimp and his home into a bordello. There's a stale cuteness in the idea; it's like a George Bernard Shaw play rewritten for a cast of ducks and geese. Directing his first feature, the screenwriter Paul Brickman is overdeliberate, and his control is so tight that there are no incidental pleasures—there's nothing but the one thin situation. With jangling electronic mood music by Tangerine Dream. (9/5/83) (Olympia Quad; starting June 15.)

Romancing the Stone—This slapstick adventure comedy is in the commercial genre of "Raiders of the Lost Ark," but it's a simpler, more likable entertainment. Kathleen Turner plays the timid, pleasantly slobby author of best-seller romances who is thrust into the kind of perils she has dreamed up for her books. The picture has a bravura opening and a jolly kind of movement, but it becomes too slam-bang. Still, the director, Robert Zemeckis, sustains the carefree tone; and the wide-screen imagery, which is stunning at the start, is always good to look at. (Dean Cundey was the cinematographer.) As Zolo the knifer, Manuel Ojeda is a terrific swinish villain, and Alfonso Arau has an affable spaciness as a Colombian drug-trade chieftain who's hooked on the heroine's novels. It's too bad that the hero is Michael Douglas, the producer of the film, who isn't a comedian and tries too hard. His face exaggerates everything and registers nothing, and no matter how fast he moves he seems to slow down whatever is going on around him. Written by Diane Thomas. With Danny DeVito, Zack Norman, Holland Taylor, and Mary Ellen Trainor. (4/30/84) (R.K.O. Century Art, Gotham Cinema, U. A. 85th St. East, and Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ New Yorker; starting June 15.)

The Rules of the Game (1939)—Perhaps the most influential of all French films, and one of the most richly entertaining. Jean Renoir's legendary butchered and then restored masterpiece is a farce about a large houseparty, gathered for a hunt, where the servants and masters begin to chase and shoot each other. The party at the country château is a tragicomic world in motion; ironically, once the whole mechanism is spinning the man who begins at the center of it—the romantic aviator (Roland Toulain)—is flicked off. With

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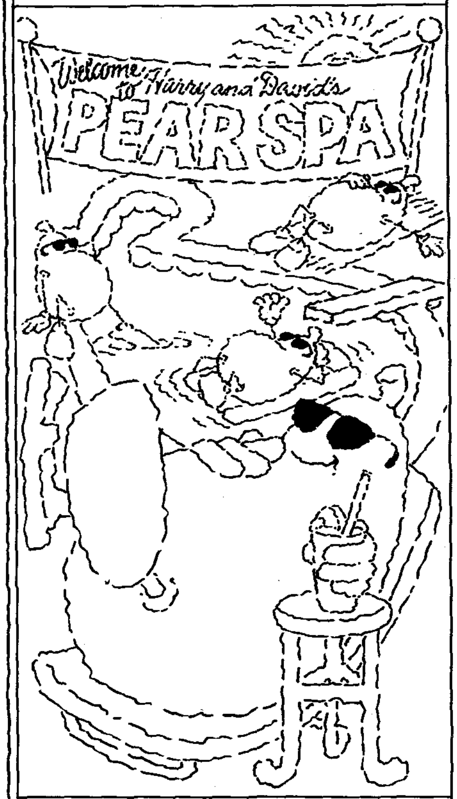
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Marcel Dalio as the Marquis, Julien Carette as the poacher, Gaston Modot as the gamekeeper, Nora Gregor as Christine, Mila Parely as Geneviève, Paulette Dubost as Lisette, and Renoir as Octave. The script, by Renoir, assisted by Carl Koch, was derived from Alfred de Musset's "Les Caprices de Marianne." Cinematography by Jean Bachelet and J. P. Alphen; costumes by Chanel; Cartier-Bresson served as an assistant director. Released in Paris in 1939 after being cut by the distributors; cut again after violent audience reactions; banned as demoralizing by the Vichy government; and then banned by the Nazis. The original negative was destroyed when the Allies bombed the studios at Boulogne; the picture was reassembled (from 200 cans of film and bits of soundtrack) and restored in the late fifties. Selected by the 1962 international poll of critics as the third-greatest film ever made. In French. (Metro Cinema; June 23.)

Scarface—Directed by Brian De Palma from a script by Oliver Stone, this two-hour-and-forty-nine-minute remake of the 1932 "Scarface" has the length of an epic but not the texture of an epic. Al Pacino's Tony Montana, a Cuban who scrambles to the top of the Miami drug world, is just starting to learn the ropes and then, sated with wealth and dope, he's moldy. The picture is peddling macho primitivism and at the same time making it absurd. It's a druggy spectacle—manic yet exhausted, with De Palma entering into the derangement and trying to bring something larger than life out of Tony's debauchery. This may be the only action picture that turns into an allegory of impotence. With F. Murray Abraham, Steven Bauer, Robert Loggia, Michelle Pfeiffer, Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio, Paul Shenar, Harris Yulin, Arnaldo Santana, Richard Belzer, and Miriam Colon. Cinematography by John A. Alonzo; the designer Ferdinando Scarfiotti served as visual consultant; the score is by Giorgio Moroder. (12/26/83) (Criterion Theatres.)

Secret Agent (1936)—Not altogether successful Hitchcock version of Somerset Maugham's spy thriller "Ashenden," but it has a bright, quick, fresh touch, and it's fixating, partly because the two male leads, John Gielgud and Peter Lorre, are so ill-used. Gielgud looks like a tailor's dummy for Leslie Howard, and Lorre plays a cheerful little killer who speaks with a Mexican accent and wears a single earring. With Madeleine Carroll, Robert Young, and Lilli Palmer. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 22-23.)

The Seventh Seal (1956)—Ingmar Bergman's medieval morality play about man in search of the meaning of life is set in fourteenth-century Sweden. But it's a magically powerful film—the story seems to be playing itself out in a medieval present. A knight (Max von Sydow), tormented and doubting, returns from ten wasted years on the Crusades, and Death (Bengt Ekerot) comes to claim him. Hoping to gain some revelation or obtain some knowledge before he dies, the knight challenges Death to a game of chess. As they play, the knight observes scenes of cruelty, rot, and suffering that suggest the tortures and iniquity that Ivan Karamazov described to Alyosha. In the end, the knight tricks Death in order to save a family of strolling players—a visionary, innocent, natural man, Joseph (Nils Poppe), his wife (Bibi Andersson), and their infant son. The knight, a sane modern man, asking to believe despite all the evidence of his senses, is childlike compared with his carnal atheist squire (Gunnar Björnstrand). The images and omens are medieval, but the modern erotic and psychological insights add tension, and in some cases—as in the burning of the child-witch (Maud Hansson)—excruciation. The actors' faces, the aura of magic, the ambiguities, and the riddle at the heart of the film all contribute to its stature. In Swedish. (Cinema Village; June 20-21.)

Sixteen Candles—Samantha (Molly Ringwald), a high-school sophomore, is having her sixteenth birthday, and, in the midst of preparations for her older sister's wedding, the whole family has forgotten about it. When she goes to a school dance and longs to be noticed by the handsome senior (Michael Schoeffling) who's the man of her dreams, she's subjected to the humiliating attentions of a scrawny freshman (Anthony Michael Hall), who's known as Geek. Less raucous than the usual eighties pictures about teen-agers, this comedy by the young writer-director John Hughes is closer in tone to the gentle English comedies of the forties and fifties. Molly Ringwald has a lovely, offbeat candor, and Hall's Geek, with his pitchman's hard sell, is a truly weird creation. With Paul Dooley, Carlin Glynn, Blanche Baker, Justin Henry, Gedde Watanabe, and Haviland Morris. (5/28/84) (Criterion Theatres.)

Splash—This romantic comedy-fantasy about a mermaid (Daryl Hannah) who falls in love with a New Yorker (Tom Hanks) has a friendly, tantalizing magic. Hannah has the look of a beatifically sexy Nordic goddess, yet her flashing tail and fins are like a butterfly's wings—they're her most ravishing feature. The director, Ron Howard, has a knack for bringing the sweetness out of his performers without lingering on it. He's also the first film director who has let John Candy loose. As the hero's debonair playboy brother, he's a mountainous lollipop of a man, and preposterously lovable. The picture is frequently on the verge of being more wonderful than it is—more lyrical, a little wilder. That verge isn't a bad place to be, though. With Eugene Levy as a nuthead scientist. Written by the team of Lowell Ganz and Babaloo Mandel, along with Bruce Jay Friedman. (3/19/84) (Eastside Cinema, and Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ Embassy 1; through June 21.)

Stella Dallas (1937)—A celebrated tearjerker of the stage and screen, particularly effective in this version, starring Barbara Stanwyck and directed by King Vidor. Stanwyck plays the uncouth, down-to-earth young woman who can't live up to the socially prominent fellow (John Boles) she marries; they separate. Stella is loud and overdressed, but she's also sensitive, and when she realizes that she's an embarrassment to the daughter she loves (Anne Shirley), she gives her up to the husband. Tim Holt, Marjorie Main, Alan Hale, and Barbara O'Neil are also in the cast, but the picture is all Stanwyck's and worth seeing for her brassy, touching, all-out performance (possibly her greatest), even if pictures about maternal love and self-sacrifice give you the heebie-jeebies. Also with Nella Walker, Ann Shoemaker, and, in a bit at a soda fountain, Laraine Day. Adapted from the novel by Olive Higgins Prouty and also from a theatre version; screenplay by Sarah Y. Mason and Victor Heerman. Cinematography by Rudolph Maté. Produced by Samuel Goldwyn, who had also produced the 1925 silent version, with Belle Bennett. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 19.)

Terms of Endearment—Retro-forties virtue piled on the cartoon underpinnings of TV comedy shows. The movie is a Freudian story of role reversals between mother (Shirley MacLaine) and daughter (Debra Winger), told in a slaphappy style. Adapted (from Larry McMurtry's novel) and directed by James L. Brooks, this is the kind of bogus picture that gets people to say, "I saw myself in those characters." Of course they see themselves in it; Brooks guides the actors with both his eyes on the audience. The mother is a TV-museum piece, like the characters in "Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman" or "Soap;" she's warped. And so is the pie-eyed lecher who's her next-door neighbor—a former astronaut, played by Jack Nicholson. At the end, the picture says, "You can go home now—you've laughed, you've cried." What's infuriating about it is its calculated humanity. What makes it tolerable are the performers. Debra Winger is incredibly vivid; Nicholson is alert and polished. And the cast includes John Lithgow, Jeff Daniels, Troy Bishop, and Huckleberry Fox. (12/12/83). (St. Marks Cinema; through June 14.)

That's Entertainment! (1974)—An invigorating movie made up of clips from old M-G-M musicals. The linking commentary sounds a bit like an Oscar evening promoting M-G-M (the comperes include the present-day Mickey Rooney, James Stewart, Frank Sinatra, and Liza Minnelli), but the things that are linked together are terrific, especially the clips of Gene Kelly in the incomparable Comden and Green movie "Singin' in the Rain;" the melting featherweight Fred Astaire; Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy; and Esther Williams swimming in larger and larger pools, and rising from the chlorinated M-G-M water regally wet. (Regency; June 21-23.)

Tomorrow (1972)—Soberly made film by Joseph Anthony, based on a Faulkner short story from "Knight's Gambit." Horton Foote's screenplay disentangles the skein of Faulkner's storytelling as if literature were something to be straightened out, and the result is rather plodding, but the acting is fine, especially Robert Duvall's as a post-Civil War poor workhand with an amazing sweetness of character who takes on a burned-out woman—Olga Bellin—and then, after she dies, her child, bumping the baby around on his back in a homemade satchel where it sleeps bolt upright. (Embassy 72nd St.; through June 14.)

Viridiana (1961)—Luis Buñuel's account of the havoc wreaked by a virtuous girl who seeks to do God's bidding among His beloved poor. In Spanish. (Metro Cinema; June 20-21.)

Way Out West (1937)—This satire of Westerns is probably Laurel and Hardy's most comically sustained feature, and it shows off their vaudeville skills in a couple of musical interludes. They do a classic soft-shoe shuffle outside a saloon; Hardy's lolling elephantine grace has never been more ingratiating. And they sing "In the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia." As Mickey Finn, the villain in love with his own villainy, James Finlayson is practically a co-star, and Sharon Lynne is the voluptuous blond saloon girl. The film is leisurely in the best sense; you adjust to a different rhythm and come out feeling relaxed, as if you'd had a vacation. James Horne directed. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; June 17-18.)

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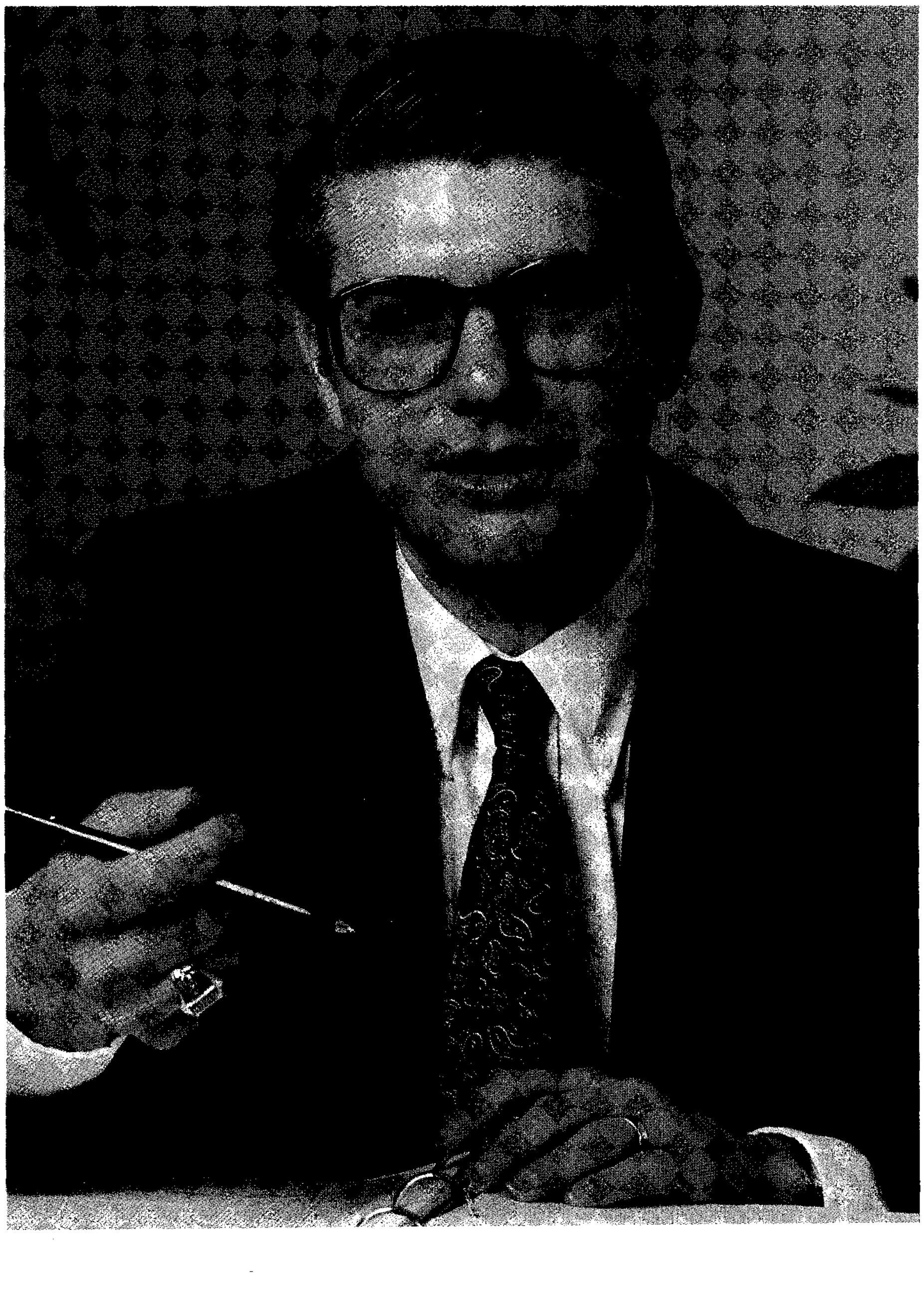

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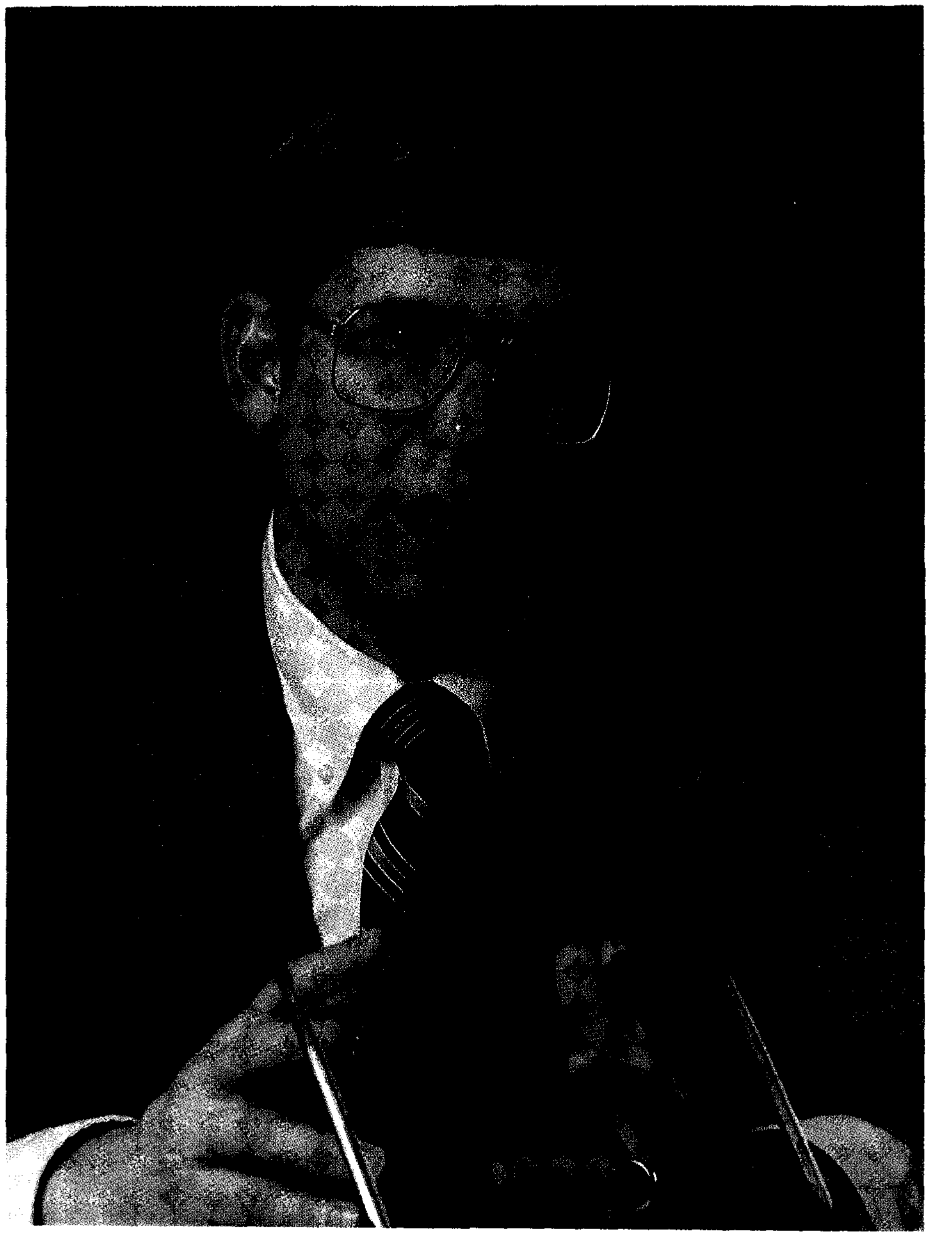

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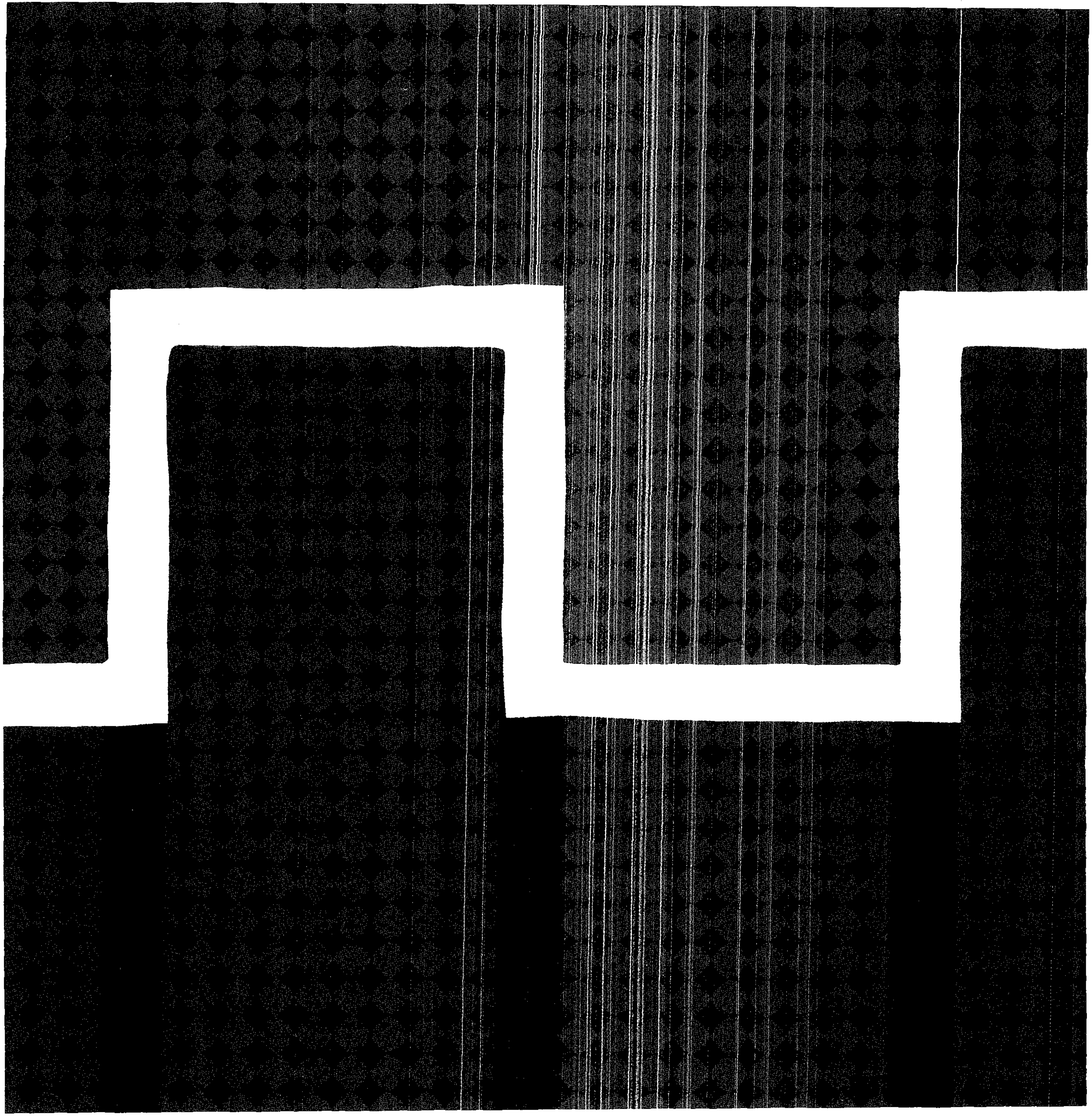

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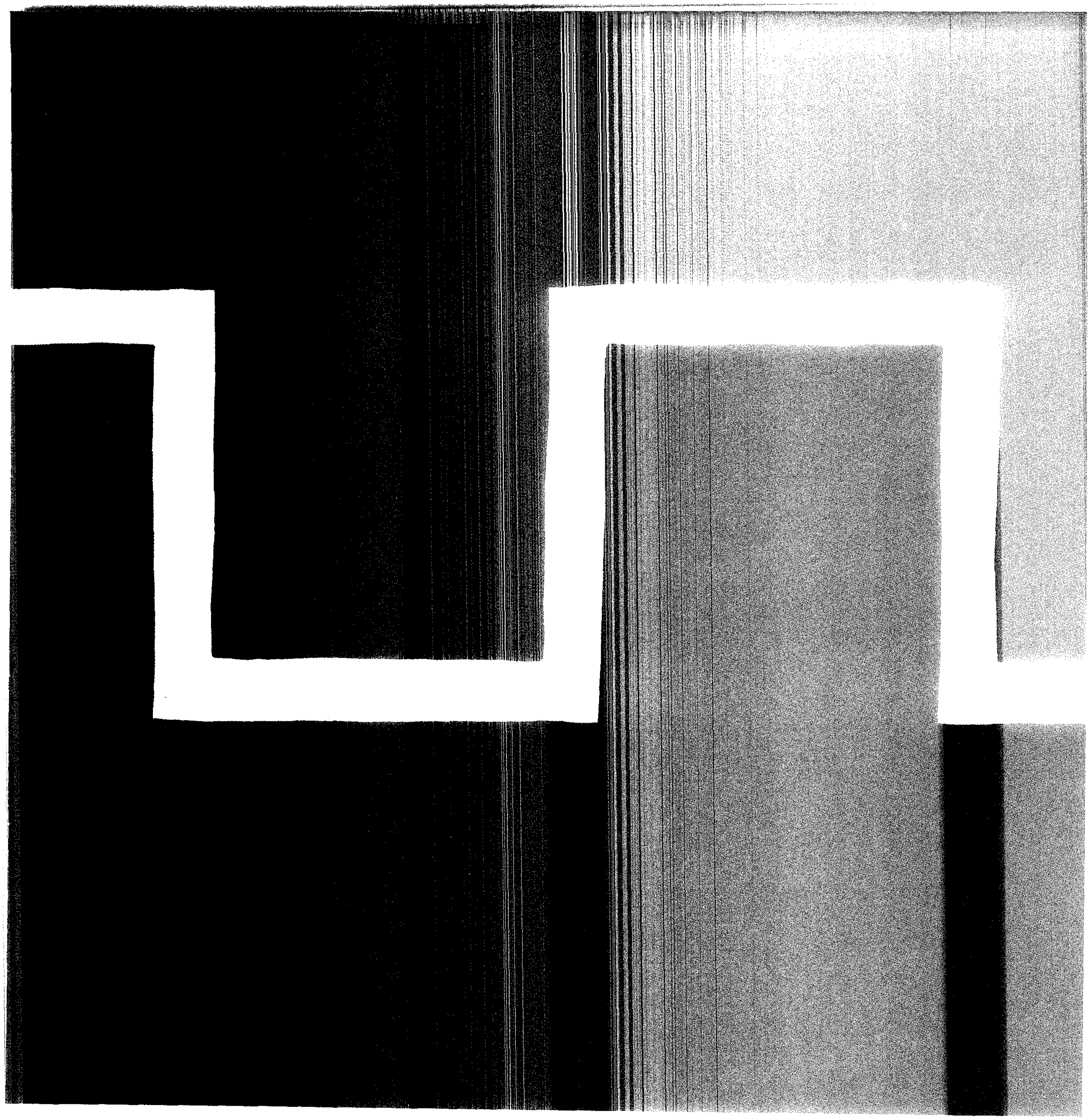

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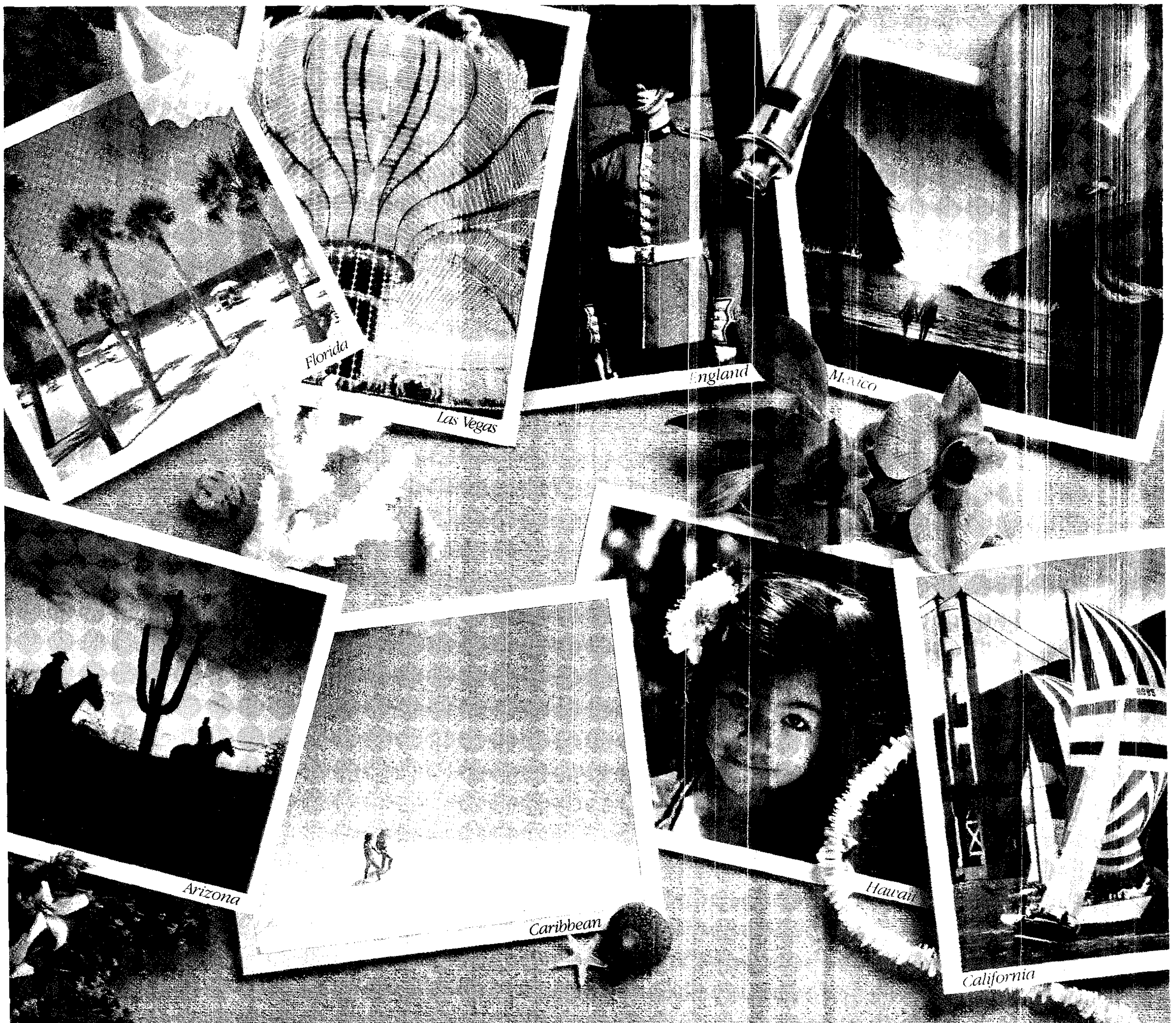
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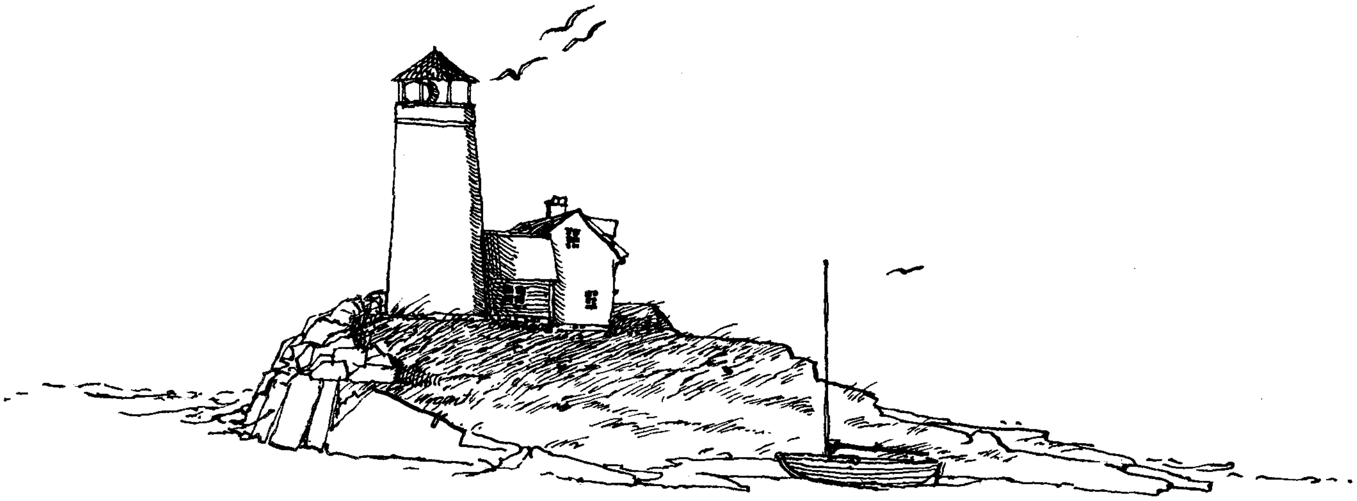
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THERE is a striking—and, to some, an infuriating—disparity between the reaction of public opinion to the United States' intervention in Central America and the reaction to the Soviet Union's intervention in Afghanistan. If President Reagan tries to send more than a few score advisers to El Salvador or a few tens of millions of dollars to the pro-American Nicaraguan rebels, he provokes a storm of outrage in Congress and in the public at large—not to mention demonstrations and protests in other countries. When he visits the Irish Parliament, members walk out, and nuns take to the streets against him. But when the Soviet Union invades Afghanistan with some hundred thousand troops, and proceeds, over a period of almost half a decade, to tear that backward country to pieces, there is relative quiet in the world. In the Soviet Union, of course, there is complete quiet, since all political protest (except that directed against other countries) is forbidden. But even outside it the protest is somehow tepid. There are no demonstrations, for example, on the scale of the ones that occurred around the world to protest the American intervention in Vietnam. It seems that there is a double standard in operation. If there is, however, it is a double standard that we invented, and invited the world to apply. And—what is at times even more annoying—we find that we, too, must continue to apply it, and measure ourselves by it. To hold ourselves to a high standard is to invite judgment by others according to that same standard—that is the price that anyone pays who wants to uphold any standard whatever. In this case, the standard is a standard of liberty. We cannot really expect the Soviets to offer the Afghans a liberty that they withhold from their own people. But we can and do expect our government to refrain from imposing repression on others which we would find hateful at home.

Moreover, quite apart from ethical considerations, we find that repression abroad is eventually inimical to liberty at home. In the long run, either the repression abroad or the liberty at home must give way. This is the dilemma the United States found itself in in Vietnam. The United States had the military resources to stay in Vietnam more or less indefinitely, but its spiritual and political resources were finite. The war and the division caused by the war plunged the country into the constitutional crisis of Watergate, which was not resolved until the country had left Vietnam and President Nixon had been driven from office in midterm. The Soviets face no such contradictions. A comment that a Soviet official in Afghanistan made to a *Newsweek* reporter went to the very heart of the difference. Apparently acknowledging the contempt in which the Afghan people now hold the Soviets, the official coolly observed, "Time changes everything. In another ten or twenty years, the new generations of Afghans will view our presence differently." No pressure of public opinion or looming constitutional crisis places any time limit on the Soviets' venture in Afghanistan. They can stay there as long as they want. They are thus free to loftily reckon time in generations—looking right over the heads of the whole present suffering and dying generation of Afghans, in the expectation of a more pliant future generation. Yet in fact that latitude may not be the advantage that they seem to think it is; it may be only the latitude to persist ignorantly in error, to compound mistakes. The

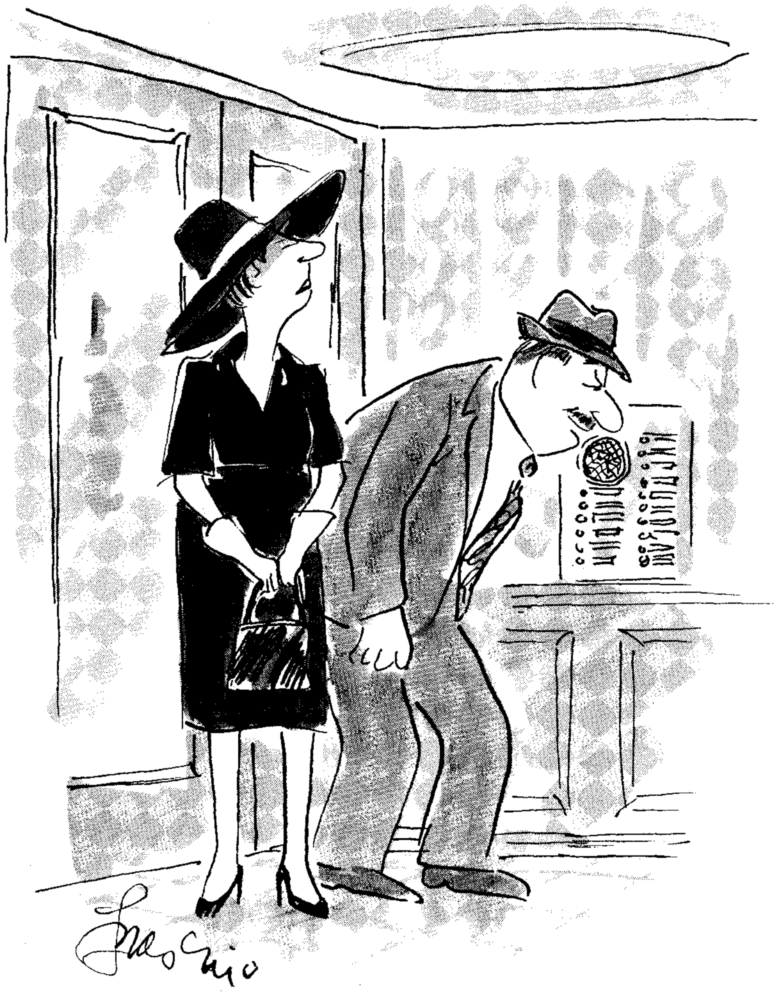


passage of time—even the passage of generations—has not brought acceptance of their domination of other countries. Not in Poland, for example. The short-term advantage conceals a deeper, cumulative weakness. Our short-term "weakness," on the other hand—often misread these days as a "lack of resolve"—is our long-term strength. And we vitiate that strength when we engage in repression. We placed our bet on freedom at the foundation of our republic, and it's too late to go back on it now.

•

A FRIEND writes:

I woke up the other morning, early, in a country house in Fife, on the east coast of Scotland, amid neatly plowed expanses of oatmeal-colored farmland and an almost audible underground hum of growing. I walked out early on the lawn, encircled by great oaks and a majestic sequoia. The early sun was silvering the thick dew, and there was not a soul in sight or earshot. Scotland moved in the slow, green seep of spring, with pockets of warm air among the colder, and the trees a filigree of light green—not full-leaved, as they would be later. I ate herrings fried in oatmeal for breakfast, and then, to catch the plane to New York, drove clear across Scotland to Prestwick, on the west coast, along the well-kempt motorways that have made it a smaller country than it was—two hours coast to coast. The central plain looked as well groomed as a garden, but then the Scots, almost to a man, are garden-minded: strict orderers of the soil. Toward the west, which was once grimed over by heavy industry, grass had put a soft green head of hair on the slag heaps. From Prestwick we took off in the middle of the day, over a shimmer of sea—first on a short hop to Shannon, where we lounged among the cashmeres, looking out on the green of Ireland, positively luminous under a slate-dark, rain-promising sky. Up we went again, droning backward through the time zones, on what felt like a long, cushioned subway ride, lasting almost a book length, until, in the late afternoon, we came down in the predictable anthill of Kennedy. I arrowed—or, rather, burrowed—my way into Manhattan, and, walking to my office first, to open the mail, was struck every few yards by the variety of human shapes and faces on the street. The people I had said goodbye to in Fife had all been cast roughly in the same mold: kind, fresh-faced, big-boned, but taciturn and undemonstrative, their terse, stone-scripted conversation stark against the abundance of the landscape. The various human exuberances of Forty-second Street would have been out of their range. Looking uptown from my office window, I must have been encompassing with my eyes well over a million people, and yet to offset them I could count on, if I craned my neck, only a small scatter of trees in the International Paper Plaza, between Forty-fifth and Forty-sixth Streets—mere microdots of green. The proportions made me uneasy. I unloaded the cumbersome British coins from my pocket, put my passport away in a drawer, and made a couple of phone calls, feeling the douce atmosphere of Fife dwindle down to a name. I felt singularly displaced, for I felt I had slipped off one existence and slipped on another as easily as changing clothes, or switching the coins in my pocket. I felt I had been deprived of the appropriate awe, for my transition had been made sleek, the surprise combed out of it. I wanted to resist taking it as a matter of course, so I observed my moment of awe, and meditated for a moment on a globe I keep at hand—which, however, reduces Scotland to the size of a herring's eye—before going out to Fifth Avenue. To compound my confusion, my ears pricked up at once to the uncertain sound of bagpipes, but I could not see where it originated, for the dark had at last come down.



"It's Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom."

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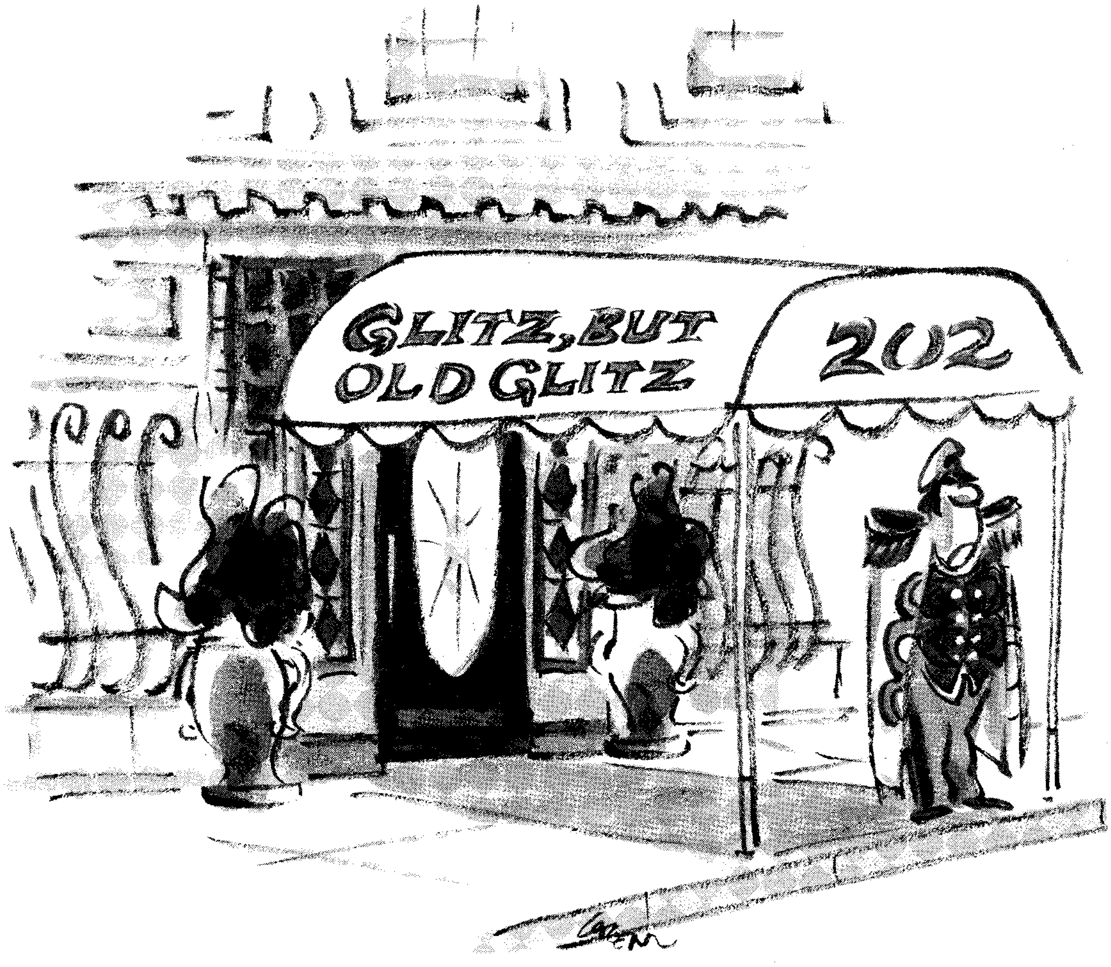
Involved

IT had to do with a grant from the National Endowment for the Arts, and a General Electric GEMLINK microwave system, and some fibre-optic cable, and the interface equipment, but mostly it had to do with interaction. "It's all about interaction," Wendy Clarke told us last Wednesday when we arrived at the plaza of the Harlem State Office Building to see the official opening of her new video sculpture, "The Link." We could have gone to the World Trade Center, too, because the sculpture is there as well—that's really the point. There's a video camera at each site, and people—even you, if you want—perform in front of the cameras. (By "perform" we



mean do what you want, like maybe just wave or walk around.) The pictures from the two sites are electronically superimposed and the resulting image is shown on TV monitors at each site. "It's interactivity carried to a very great degree," Leanne Mella, Miss Clarke's co-producer, or co-sculptor, told us. "People can't be passive with it. People have to be involved."

However, it was all broken. Noon came and went without the ribbon-cutting. Technicians stripped cable and talked about sending a "black burst" through the system to wake up the machinery; Miss Clarke and Miss Mella looked a little down. Still, even though the system wasn't working, it sort of was. The equipment drew a crowd. A woman was reading the sign describing the project, and her little girl was putting her hands on the sign, and the mother was saying, "I'm not going to tell you again to stop that," and the girl was keeping right on, and then the woman was smacking her one. This all took place in one space—neither the woman nor the little girl was at the World Trade Center.

Pretty soon, after a security guard had stopped a guy and asked to see what was in his laundry bag (laundry, it turned out), Russell the Clown came by. Russell, who works a lot of birthday parties, is known in the neighborhood. "Hey, Russ! Make way for Russell!" people shouted. Russell makes balloon sculptures.

"Make me a gun," said a boy in a Michael Jackson T-shirt.

"There is no fun in a gun," Russell said solemnly, and then he had the boy repeat those words while he made him a giraffe.

A very little boy saw Russell, who had a big red nose and giant shoes, and he retreated into his mother's skirts. "He's scared," his mother said.

"Never say 'scared,' " Russell said. "Don't program him. Say he's 'amazed.' I'd be amazed, too, if I saw me." Then he made a poodle for the little guy, who slapped him five.

The first kid, the one with the giraffe, tugged on Russell's sleeve. "Clown, Clown, is Michael Jackson a chump? He says Michael's a chump," he said, pointing to his younger brother.

"He's no chump—he's rich," said Russell, and he started making a laser beam for the younger brother.

"My brother weighed ten pounds when he was born, so his name is Mr. Man," said the boy with the giraffe, which just at that moment popped but which was soon replaced.

No General Electric technology had been donated to this interchange, and the images of Russell and Mr. Man were not spinning slowly against a blue background.

Then one guy saw a certain girl, and started snapping his fingers at her and doing a little dance. "Why do you always do that when you see me?" the girl said. "You a fool," she added.

After a couple of hours, the equipment began to work, and a double-Dutch jump-rope team was superimposed on something from downtown that was maybe Ernesto the guitarist, and that was pretty cool, too.

D. of D.

WE have been to a party held *around* Her Grace the Duchess of Devonshire. The party wasn't given by Her Grace (it was given by B. Altman), and you couldn't say that the party was given just *for* her, either, because it was surrounded by furniture and the probability is that the hosts would have been disappointed if someone had looked only at the Duchess, and not at the furniture. But the movement of the party was around her, no doubt about that.

It isn't a good idea to go to this sort of party alone, so we took two friends: one actually English, the other American but *well versed*. Our English friend told us that the Duchess has been more in evidence than she was formerly, and that there is today a brand of tea called Duchess of Devonshire's. Our well-versed friend told us that a kind of slat-backed garden seat used at Chatsworth (Chatsworth is the principal seat of the Devonshires) is available in the English marketplace. "We ought to be on time. She will be," our English friend said.

We were on time. We walked through the cool, spacious ground floor of Altman's. Cosmetics were laid out, and handbags. We walked slowly. The ground floor of Altman's is unusual in its size and in its atmosphere. After hours (the party was held after store-closing), it is mysterious. This has to do with the things' not being for sale then. They are shiny, but they are not for sale. We went to an elevator. We were taken up by an attendant who was businesslike and made the ride up feel like a ride on a train. When we arrived at the party zone, we saw first a dominating color photograph of Chatsworth hanging on a wall. Then all kinds of furniture. The angle, or hook, of this furniture was that the originals from which these pieces had been copied were still in the possession of certain aristocratic English families. Our well-versed friend made a study of the labels on these pieces. Then he moved over to a chair that was not a part of the aristocratic line. "On the other hand, this is just a chair," he said. He reached under the seat and found a label. "It says here that the covering fabric and filling material are made in accordance with the U.F.A.C.," he told us. "And that construction criteria are designed to reduce, but not necessarily eliminate, ignition by a burning cigarette."

We walked toward the place where the Duchess was standing. "The Duchess is a very kind woman," our English friend said. "It is a recorded fact that when she and her sisters were still in the schoolroom they divided up the world. Her sister Jessica set out to be a Communist; Deborah said she was going to marry a duke. Deborah is the Duchess."

The Duchess was standing near a white platform, made not of plastic foam but not of anything much better—perhaps a kind of white construction board—upon which there was a small Plexiglas box containing a printed card that read "Inveraray Castle. His Grace the Duke of Argyll." Over the Plexiglas box stood a table—an Adam inlaid and cross-banded Pembroke table. "Wouldn't it be better to say 'From Inveraray Castle'?" our English friend asked.

The Duchess was wearing a polka-dot dress. She had shiny gray hair. Her shoes had bows. Her dress was girlish, in a certain way. People were introduced to her, and floated by her. One man was misintroduced. "Kick him," the Duchess said, referring to the man who had given the faulty introduction.

We thought that we might ask the Duchess about the tea and the slat-backed chair, but we didn't. *Self-explanatory*, we thought.

We went back downstairs. We thought, Maybe our era will be known as the era of parties in stores. The ground floor of Altman's seemed completely prosperous and happy. Everything was clean and shining.

Test

THE performers were getting the feel of the stage and the sound men were checking levels as Judy Jacksina, a tall woman with wiry red hair and the rare ability to make everything sound very urgent, was explaining to us why she had brought Dick Coulson and his band to Mount Vernon High School—not next century, *not next decade*, *not next year*, but right now, "before the image and the sound are solidified."

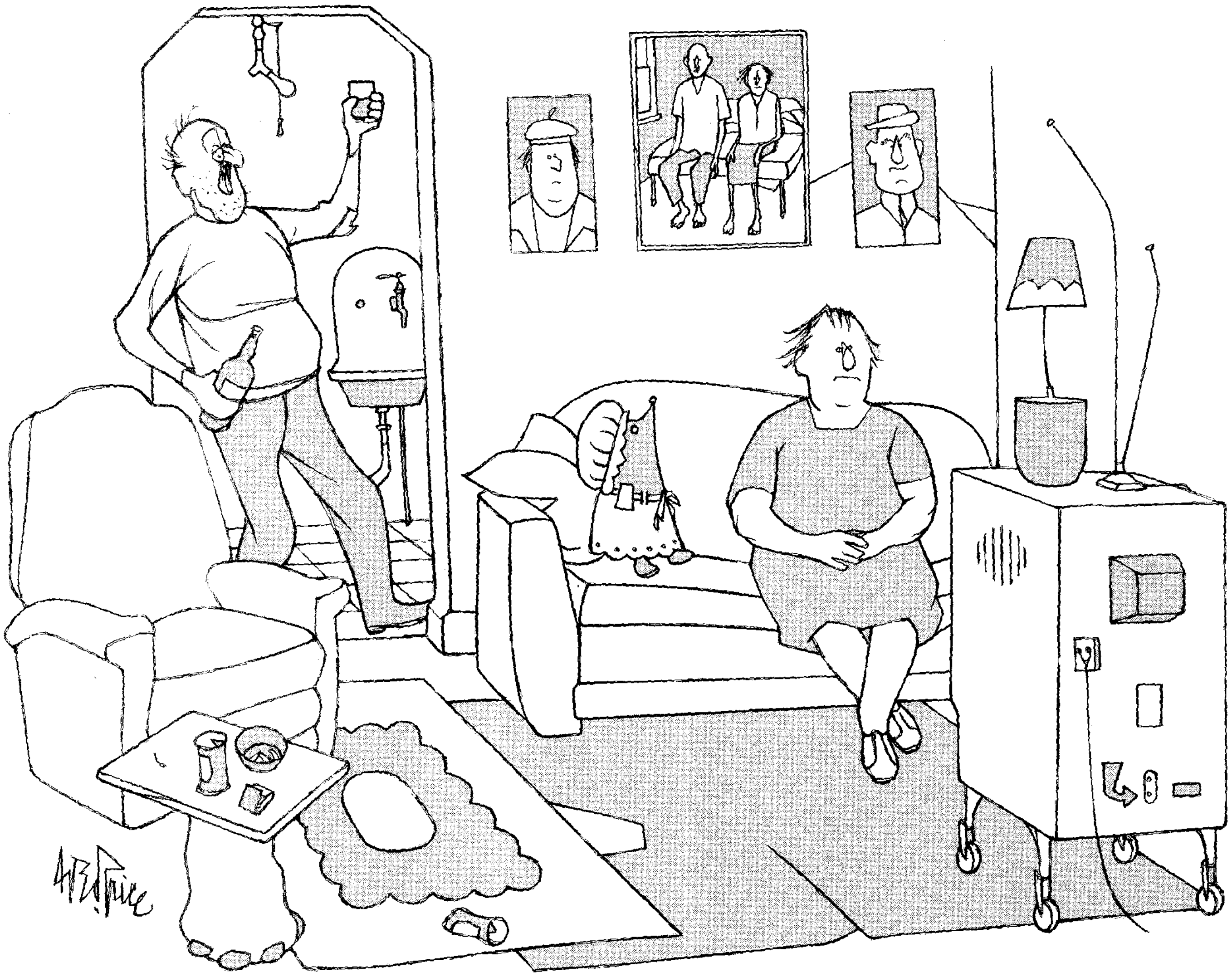
Miss Jacksina is a public-relations woman by profession, and her services had been engaged, she said, by Ivan Bloch, the co-producer of the current Broadway shows "The Real Thing" and "Baby," who was the sponsor of Mr. Coulson's quest for a record contract. But it had been Miss Jacksina's inspiration to pretest Mr. Coulson in his liquid or gaseous state rather than present him to the community of record moguls as a solid fait accompli. "See, I believe in kids," she said while downing a cup of coffee in the wings. "Because this is the age that buys the vinyl. And I think they know what they want. Sometimes I wonder if we"—she meant the adult, decision-making "we"—"really know what they want. Sometimes I wonder if we don't put the cart before the horse."

Miss Jacksina believes in kids and also in questionnaires. She had transported several hundred questionnaires to Mount Vernon, hoping to catch a sample of fourteen-to-eighteen-year-olds in the first flush of their reactions to Mr. Coulson's singing and query them on such points as "Is the name DICK COULSON a name you will remember?" and "Is DICK COULSON's image right for his music?" and "DICK COULSON is not British. He's American. Will that sell in today's market?" The results would then be fed into a computer and studied, and, in the words of the official announcement prepared by Miss Jacksina's firm, "appropriate artistic changes will be effected." "Fortunately," she told us, "Dick is willing to make some adjustments." Indeed, some had been made already, on the basis of three tryouts at high schools in New Jersey. His hair, for example, was shorter and blonder than it had been, "and at first we had him in kind of upper-West Side chic-y clothes—baggy pants and that kind of thing," she said. "But the kids didn't want that. They wanted the tight jeans and the distress T-shirts. They wanted him roughed up a little."

The bell sounded for the start of second period, and soon the auditorium was filling up with hundreds of boisterous young consumers, among whom we found a seat in time to be called to attention by the principal, Richard Capozzola. "Mount Vernon has a very special privilege this morning—to participate in a very special test-market research for a very special rock-music group," Mr. Capozzola announced. "I do ask two things of you. Do not open the questionnaire booklets until after the performance. And now I'd like to ask you to give a Mount Vernon welcome to Dick Coulson and his band!"

And out they came—two supporting guitarists, a drummer, and Dick Coulson himself, who (on this particular morning, anyway) appeared to be a male of about thirty with narrow, pleasant features and wavy blond hair. He was wearing the revised attire Miss Jacksina had described to us, topped off by a somewhat ravaged outer-layer black T-shirt slung low over his right shoulder, "Flashdance" style. The audience—mostly shipped in from Joyce Flanagan's humanities classes, and mostly without prior knowledge of Dick Coulson—let loose with the blend of shrieks and whistles that is de rigueur on such occasions, and the concert began.

For what took place during the next twenty minutes, we yield the floor to Chris Giles and Marni Presser, two ninth graders in front of and beside us, respectively.



"To your brother. And, this being the Year of the Rat, to rodents everywhere."

• •

"I compare him to Mick Jagger, because he looks like Mick Jagger," said Mr. Giles. "He has a lot of talent. He just needs to get a break. Also, I think he should have a video. If he had a video, more people would know about him." As we were thinking that Mr. Coulson and Miss Jacksina would find these sentiments encouraging, Mr. Giles added, "I don't happen to like this type of music—I prefer disco."

Miss Presser, meanwhile, had embarked on her questionnaire, according to which, we noted, Mr. Coulson *was* ready to do an album, his being American *would* sell in today's market, and the clothes *did* fit the man. But she had not yet checked either "Yes" or "No" next to a question about whether he was ready for a road tour. "Some of these questions are difficult," she said. "They don't let you say 'Sort of' anywhere."

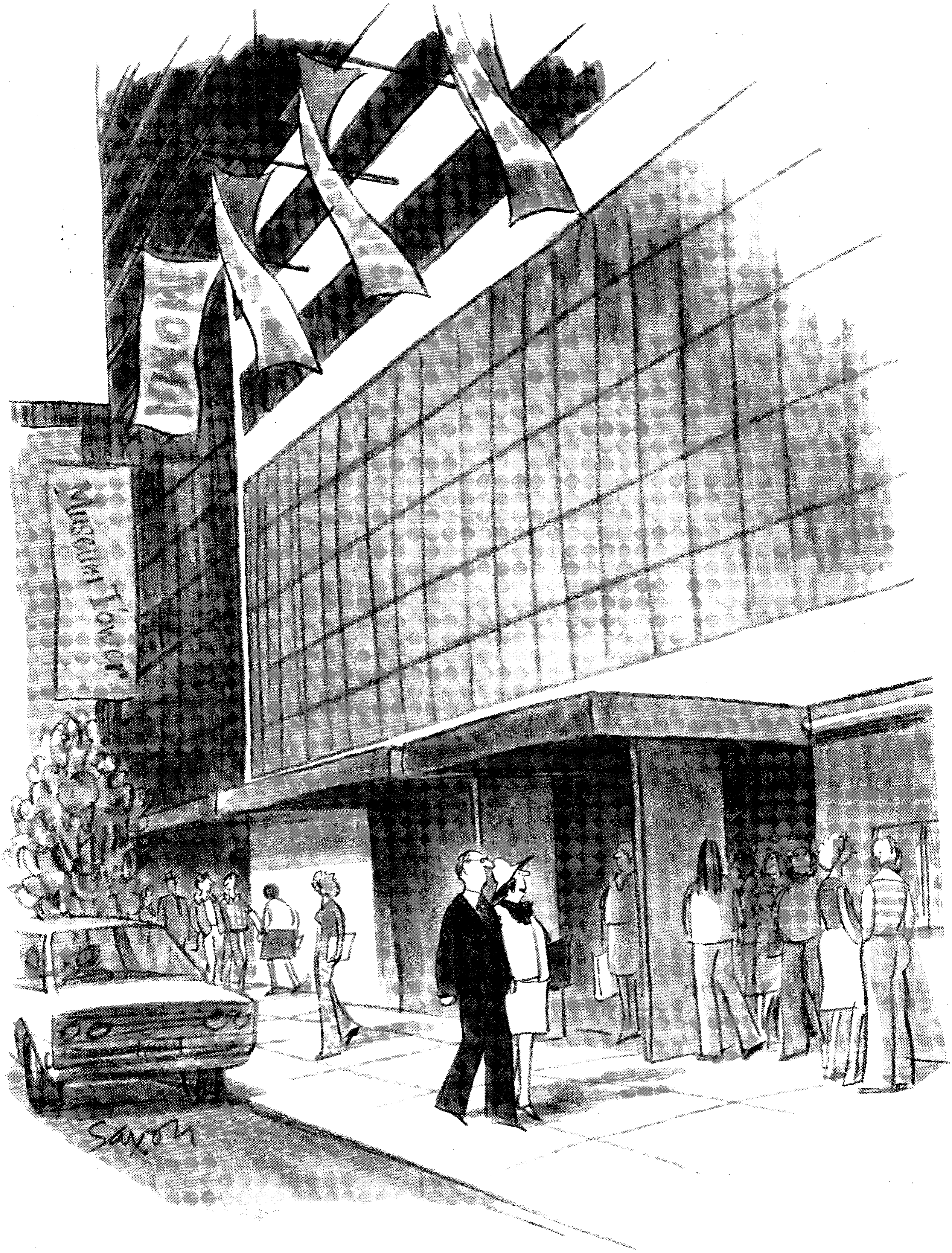
Mr. Giles and Miss Presser had to run off to their third-period classes, but several students lingered down in front in order to get Mr. Coulson's autograph and to offer their unmediated views.

"You know what I think?" Bridget Mellor was saying to Mr. Coulson as we approached. "I don't want to insult you. Your voice is really charismatic, and your music is good, but I think it should be more electronic. Five years ago, you could definitely have been a success. But most of the music that I listen to—that appeals to my age group—is electronic."

"Thank you," said Dick Coulson. "I'm not insulted."

Later, when the crowd had cleared, Mr. Coulson told us that he had grown up in Detroit and had been performing in night clubs and bars since his own high-school days. The idea of being pretested, he said, had seemed "completely ridiculous" at first, as had the prospect of playing at nine-fifteen in the morning. But he had been won over by the argument that this might be a way to get record-company executives to pay more attention—to pick Mr. Coulson's cassette out from among the mountains of them that jam their offices. "On the other hand," he said, "the music I can't change. The general message of what I'm doing is beyond my control."

Mr. Coulson struck us as a modest fellow. He didn't see himself as a trailblazer, he said, and who can predict posterity's assessment of the matter? But in years to come, when *we* look back in search of the history-making moment when test-marketing had sufficiently proved its worth with soft drinks and toothpastes to be applied to the selling of human beings, we will always think of Judy Jacksina, Dick Coulson, and Mount Vernon High School, and remember, with a tear in our eye, that we were there.


MOMA
Museum Tower
Saxon

"Why don't we take a look? It's twice as big, but you can leave when you've had enough."

GYPSIES

FRANKLIN PLACE, the street that ran like a vein through most of my dreams and nightmares, the stretch of territory I automatically envisioned when someone said "neighborhood," lay in a Philadelphia suburb. The town was green and pretty but had the constrained, slightly unreal atmosphere of a colony or a foreign enclave; that was because the people who owned the rambling houses behind the shrubbery were black. For them—doctors, ministers, teachers who had grown up in Philadelphia row houses—the lawns and tree-lined streets represented the fulfillment of a fantasy long deferred, and acted as a barrier against the predictable cruelty of the world.

Franklin Place began at the white stucco walls of the Swim Club, constructed by neighborhood parents for their children, who couldn't swim elsewhere, and it ran three tranquil blocks downhill to intersect the traffic of Marymount Lane, a road that travelled through Brandywine country into Delaware. Sometimes in summer, when I listened to the cicadas striking up from tree to tree, down the street and into the valley, I would imagine following that rasping chorus as it headed south, flying fast over shopping centers, split-level developments, cities, and farms until I reached the perilous region below the Mason-Dixon Line—the region my parents had told me held a sad and violent heritage for little girls like me. Beyond a self-conscious excitement when I heard this, I had no idea of what they meant. For as long as I could remember, the civil-rights movement had been unrolling like a dim frieze behind the small pleasures and defeats of my childhood; it seemed dull, a necessary burden on my conscience, like good grades, or hungry people in India. My occasional hair-raising reveries of venturing into the netherworld of Mississippi or Alabama only added a voluptuous edge to the pleasure of eating an ice-cream cone while seated on a shady curb of Franklin Place.

ONE July morning, my best friend, Lyn Yancy, and I were playing a great new game in the middle of our street. The game involved standing about twenty feet apart and whacking a large, bouncy red rubber ball back and forth with a pair of old golf irons that belonged to Dr. Yancy. Most of our time was spent chasing the red ball, which had an eccentric will of its own. Each retrieval was an adventure—from the stand of bamboo in the corner of Reverend Phipps' yard (counting my father, three ministers lived on the block); from the hazardous green slope in front of the Pinkstons' house, patrolled by a nasty little Scottie named Pattycake; from the pyracantha hedge in front of the house where the Tate twins lived, tough sixth-grade boys who sometimes extorted Sugar Babies from Lyn and me up at the Swim Club.

It was high midsummer, the season that is unimaginable when you are twining your ankles around the legs of a straight-backed chair in school. All that week the sky had been a fine clear blue, and the heat stopped you flat, like a wall, if you were coming out of a cool house. Back yards were redolent of the raw, troubling odor of tomato vines, and the colony of black ants among the dusty petunias on the slope near the train station had grown into an overcrowded pueblo. If you wore cotton socks with your sneakers and went around riding a bike and hanging from tree branches all day and you didn't go swimming, when you took off your clothes at night your legs would be coated with a layer of the outdoors that ended abruptly where your socks had been, and your mother would say, "Run a tepid bath and scrub those legs and show them to me before you even get near the sheets."

Lyn and I whacked the red ball and screeched at each other and danced up and down the street with the spidery gait of little girls who are rapidly growing taller. We were both seven years old, and looked enough like sisters to pretend it almost constantly—two light-bodied, light-skinned little colored girls, with our frizzy hair in braids that our mothers had bound into coronets because of the heat. It was fun to run on the broad, newly paved street that looked like a leafy tunnel crisscrossed with shafts of greenish sunlight. We were playing mainly in front of Lyn's house, which was big, made of stone with mica in it, and had a grape arbor and a fascinating garage that the previous owner had left filled with stacks of Scandinavian nudist magazines. Occasionally, we paused in our game as neighbors pulled in or out of their driveways. There was Judge Ramsgannett, plump, brown, and silver-haired in his big black car; Lyn's mother, the dreamy-eyed Mrs. Yancy, on her way to the A. & P. in a creaky yellow station wagon; Freddie Monroe, a college junior, in a little green sports car that seemed to Lyn and me to be the final word in sophistication.

After a while, wiping our sweaty faces, we sat down on the curb. We started talking about ponies, and about a scheme I had to package the mulberries that grew on a tree in my back yard and sell them to the patients at a nearby hospital. Lyn thought it was a great idea. "Charge ten cents a bag, and we'll get rich!" she said, and hitched up her shorts to scratch a mosquito bite on her thigh.

Down the street came Walter, Lyn's little brother, sucking on a blue Popsicle.

"Hey, Walter, where'd you get the Popsicle?" I called.

"Good Humor," murmured Walter, slurping. He was a sturdy-legged boy of five, who, with his bulging brow and protuberant light-brown eyes, looked a little like a baby dolphin. The Popsicle, dissolving in the heat, had left a trail of purple splotches down the front of his Woody Woodpecker T-shirt. He stopped and regarded us warily.

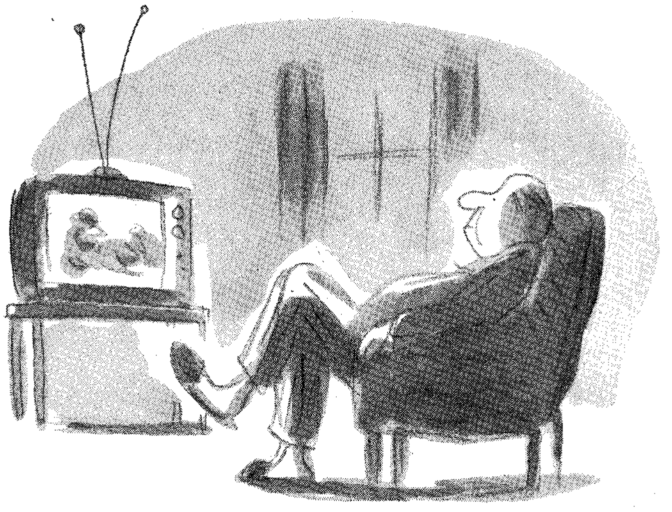
"Give us a bite," said Lyn.

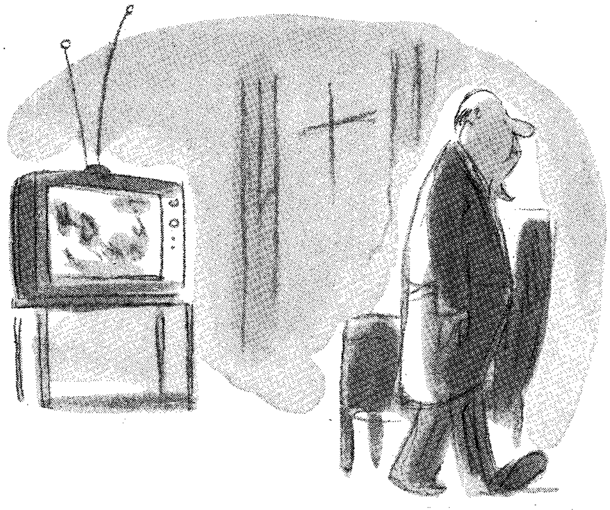
"No!" cried Walter, jumping as if he'd received an electric shock. He stuck out his bluish tongue at us and ran toward the house, hopping over the two bicycles that we'd left in the driveway.

"I'm gonna tell Mom you were eating before lunch! And don't you dare drink from the hose again!" Lyn shouted after him. "He drinks from the hose and gets his clothes disgustingly wet," she explained to me.

"Disgusting" was one of Lyn's favorite words; just saying it filled her with such glee that she lay back on the grass beside the curb and waved her thin legs in the air. I flopped back beside her and lay staring up into the branches of the big sugar maple that stood in the Yancys' front yard. It was almost noon, and the sun overhead struck straight down through the green maple leaves, making discs of light that the hot breeze shifted over our faces. In the treetops, the cicadas were going wild, stretching their harsh note up into the arid spaces unprotected by shade; around us, near and far, was the drone of a dozen lawnmowers.

I was thinking, with a savoring sort of delight, that soon it would be lunchtime—cream-cheese-and-jelly





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sandwiches, I hoped—and that in a few weeks my brother, mother, father, and I would leave for the cottage we rented every summer at the beach in New Jersey, and that sometime—not too soon—after that the leaves on the big maple would turn yellow, and Lyn and I could make a leaf fort, the way we had last fall. That was the best fun of all: the ring of leaves heaped up so high it seemed like a castle keep; the cold, brilliant sun of autumn overhead; the smell of smoke from leaf piles burning up and down Franklin Place; and the two of us giggling snug and protected in the center, our hair and clothes full of leaves.

JUST at that moment, a truck turned onto Franklin Place, and Lyn and I jumped up to get a look at it. Trucks were unusual on our street, and this was a large, battered red pickup, its dusty hood and fenders scarred with patches of rust. It carried in back a high, tangled mass of odd-looking furniture, which turned out to be tables and chairs knocked roughly together out of pine branches, the way Lyn and I sometimes made benches for our dolls.

The man behind the wheel had dark skin but was not a Negro; he looked a bit like one of the Indians we saw constantly defeated in TV Westerns. He wore a green plaid flannel shirt, his face was a weathered mass of cords and seams, and his oily black hair was slicked back from his forehead. Beside him was a woman with the same kind of ropy brown face, and in the back of the truck, perched in a kind of niche in the furniture, rode a black-haired boy of about fifteen. The truck slowed and stopped beside us.

"Little girls, do you live around here?" the man called out to us.

"Right down the street," I said, and Lyn pointed silently up her driveway.

The woman in the truck opened the door, climbed out, and came around to us. Up close, we could see that her black hair, pulled back in a rough ponytail, was dyed a dry red at the front. She wore a long, faded yellow skirt, rubber sandals, and a gray T-shirt with one of the joke mottoes you could get printed at the Atlantic City boardwalk. Hers read "Siberian Salt Mines," and under the loose gray fabric her long breasts swayed back and forth in a way in which our mothers' well-contained bosoms never did. There was something frightening and wild about the outfit, and about the woman herself. She grinned at us, and we saw that one of her front teeth was broken in half.

"Is this neighborhood all colored around here?" she asked, in a voice that had an accent, and also a tinge of complaint or lament.

"I guess so," said Lyn, almost whispering.

The woman gave a harsh chuckle. "It's a real crime for colored to live like this," she said, putting a hand on her hip and looking up and down the street with small dark eyes that had the same glistening brightness, the jumpy intensity, of the eyes of a crow that had once alighted for an instant on my bedroom windowsill. She said a rapid phrase in a foreign language to the man in the truck, and he scowled and spat heavily into the street. The boy in the back of the truck lifted his chin and stared at Lyn and me.

"You are very lucky little girls," continued the woman. "Very lucky, do you understand?"

"We understand," I said. At some point during this exchange, Lyn and I had arranged ourselves side by side and were holding hands tightly.

"When my son was your age, he never got to play like you girls do," said the woman. "He had to work hard; so do I. We get these trees from down in Jersey, and then we make the furniture. Two times, three times I almost lost a finger from the saw."

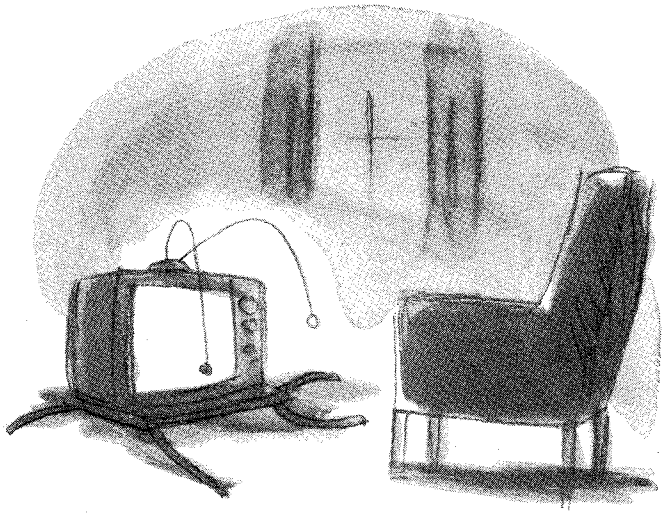
The man inside the truck said something sharp to her in the language they shared, and she quickly gave us a broad smile, though her eyes remained the same avid black points. "Do you girls think that your parents would like to buy some furniture?" she asked, changing her voice and waving her hand at the tangle of pine in the back of the truck. "It's for the lawn."

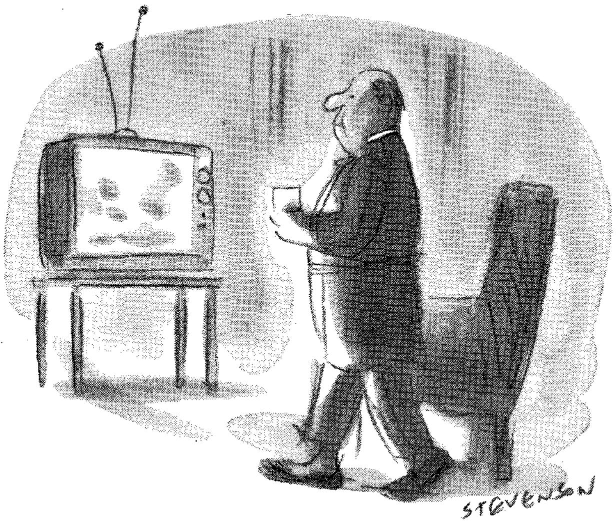
"You'll have to ask my mother," I said, staring past the woman to the place where the man had spat. On the smooth gray paving of the street, it made a wet circle that was vanishing fast in the noonday heat.

MANY families in the neighborhood, including mine, bought furniture from the people with the red truck. Gypsies was what they were, my father told us that night at dinner, shaking the ice thoughtfully in his glass of tea. We were eating roast chicken and corn on the cob and garden tomatoes, a magical summer menu, and the air from the kitchen fan was making my mother's hair dance above her face. "They used to come through Philadelphia all the time when I was young," said Daddy. "Crowds of them. First in wagons and then in big old cars. They were tinkers—used to fix pots. It's strange to see them doing this kind of work."

"Do they steal children?" I asked abruptly.

Beside me, my brother Matthew, two years older than I, gave a snicker. "They wouldn't want you!" he whis-





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pered, poking my foot with his. I ignored him.

"Gypsies stealing children is just an old tale," said my mother. "Sarah, you have to eat all the kernels on the cob, or else you won't get another ear of corn."

"Those Gypsies just seem dangerous to have around the neighborhood," I persisted. "And that lady said that it was a crime for colored to live like this, and after that the man spit in the street."

"Spat," corrected my mother automatically, and she looked over at my father with a wry smile.

"Well, everybody's got . . . to . . . feel . . . better . . . than . . . somebody," said Daddy, drawling his words out progressively slower until they were as slow and exaggerated as the Uncle Remus record we had. He had the compressed look about his cheeks that he got whenever he was about to tell a joke—one of the complicated civil-rights jokes he swapped with my lighthearted Uncle Freddie. "Most of the world despises Gypsies, but a Gypsy can always look down on a Negro. Heck, that fellow was right to spit! You can dress it up with trees and big houses and people who don't stink too bad, but a nigger neighborhood is still a nigger neighborhood."

"James! Stop!" said my mother sharply, and Daddy stopped, though he kept the tight look on his face for the rest of the meal. Matthew and I kept glancing at him from the corners of our eyes; we'd never heard him talk that way before.

After dinner, I met Lyn down at the Swim Club. It was the nicest time of day to swim, when the parking lot was almost empty, and the shadows from a line of poplars stretched over the cooling grass. While adults chatted quietly in lawn chairs and teen-agers began to dance to sentimental records on the jukebox, we played complex underwater games. Around sunset, the pool always began to seem a mysterious body of water of undefined dimensions, full of shadows and dim corners; when we lay on our backs and floated, looking up, the evening sky was a tender blue, and the odor of chlorine over everything was a strong, beneficent, healing scent. We were always wonderfully exhausted after these swims, lugging our damp towels home in deep silence through the darkening cricket-lined streets as if the power of speech had been washed out through our pores.

That evening, as we walked home down Franklin Place, we heard the noise of an engine behind us, and, looking around, were surprised to see the red truck. The stack of furniture was much reduced, and the dark-haired boy was standing up, leaning on the back of the cab. The truck paused, its engine chugging like a train engine in the quiet street, and the woman opened the cab door to call out hello to us in a friendlier voice than she had used before. "You went swimming," she said. "Was it fun?"

"It was O.K." I said, thinking that if she got out and tried to grab us I would run up the nearest driveway and pound on the door of Mr. Nansemond, an elderly bachelor from St. Kitts, who grew blue hydrangeas.

"You girls want a ride down the street?" asked the woman, and when we said no she gave the same kind of harsh chuckle she had given that afternoon. "We're going to drive back to Jersey now, so goodbye to you." She slammed the cab door, and the truck roared off into the darkness.

I hugged my wet towel and said to Lyn, "They wanted to kidnap us."

"Oh, no, they didn't!" said Lyn stoutly. "Don't be such a chicken." But she looked at me with eyes that were very round and bright.

For a minute, we stood, feeling small in the warm summer evening, with the big shadowy trees rustling over our heads, and then we took off down the street as if hobgoblins were pursuing us. We gave long, shrill panicky whoops as we ran, and we didn't stop until we stood safely at our front doors.

THE next morning, I took a look at the lawn furniture my family had bought from the truck. It was knocked together out of rough, hairy pine logs, with a lopsided look and an immediate appeal to spiders and crawling insects. No one in the family ever sat on the furniture, and my mother made a few quips about the "Romany spell" that must have been cast to get her to buy something so worthless; in the winter, my father chopped it up for firewood. It was the same for the rest of the neighborhood: stories of the ephemeral tables and chairs that fell apart during thunderstorms or barbecues became standard jokes up and down Franklin Place. As for me, for several nights in a row I woke up with a jolt thinking, Gypsies!

It was not that I had really feared being stolen; it was more, in fact, that they seemed to have stolen something from me. Nothing looked different, yet everything was, and for the first time Franklin Place seemed genuinely connected to a world that was neither insulated nor serene. Throughout the rest of the summer, on the rare occasions when a truck appeared in our neighborhood Lyn and I would dash to see it, our hearts pounding with perverse excitement and a fresh desire for alarming knowledge. But the Gypsies never came back. —Andrea Lee

MELISSA & HENRY—SEPTEMBER 10, 1983

AT my little sister Missie's wedding, there were flowers at the end of every pew, six bridesmaids and six ushers, a reception in our back yard with a yellow-and-white striped tent, and a dance floor built over the swimming pool. My boyfriend, Carl, got so drunk he chased me into the garage and told me, in between the Audi and the station wagon, that he would never, ever marry me. Then, in a desperate and embarrassing gesture, he snapped the antenna off the Audi and handed it to me, apologetically, like a gift.

To get away from Carl, I went upstairs to Missie's and my old bedroom. A woman I didn't recognize was lying on one of the twin beds, surrounded by Missie's dolls from many lands. I sat on the other bed.

"Were you a bridesmaid?" the woman asked.

"Maid of honor," I said.

I looked at my dress and decided to take it off. Missie's going-away outfit was laid out on the bed as if she had died in it and been carefully extracted. I thought about putting that on and leaving myself, but instead I changed into a pair of jeans and a turtleneck with little green hearts all over it. The woman watched me change.

"I was having a little lie-down," she said. She sat up and smoothed her skirt. I was trying to decide if I knew her or remembered her from the receiving line. When Carl came through the line, he had kissed my hand and whispered that I was ten million times more beautiful than the bride. That was before he got drunk.

"I think they're cutting the cake," I said. "If you want a piece, you better go."

"They cut it a while ago," the woman said. "I had a piece. I think that's what made me feel so queer."

I looked out the window. Carl was playing touch football on the front lawn with some little kids. His tuxedo was getting all rumpled.

My mother opened the door. "There you are," she said to me. She looked at the woman. "Are you feeling any better, Jane?"

"It's Joan," the woman said. "Not much." She stood in front of the mirror and poked at her hair, which was considerably dishevelled; then, apparently satisfied, she walked down the hall.

"Who is that?" I asked.

"I'm not sure," my mother said. "Helen, why did you change? You'll have to change back. The photographer wants us on the front steps waving to departing guests."

"I'd rather die," I said.

"So would we all, darling," said my mother, "but think of Missie."

"I am," I said.

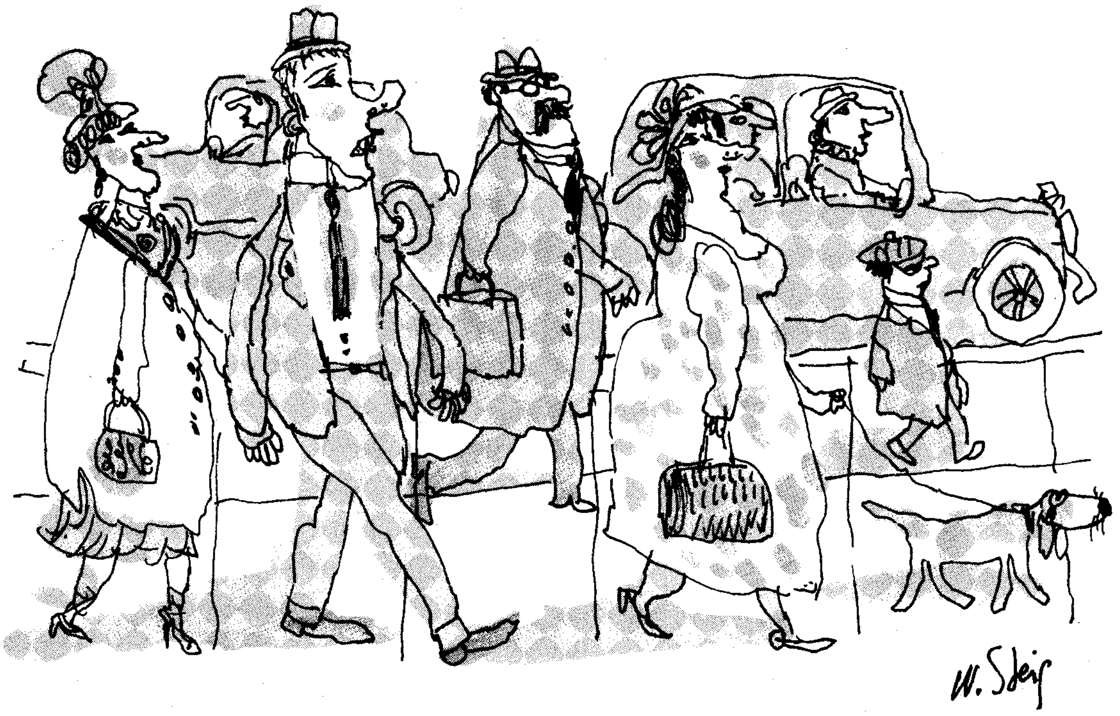
I put my dress back on and went out onto the front steps. Carl was sitting on the football, and Bump, the dog, was trying to chew it out from under him. Bump liked Carl. The photographer was standing under a tree, looking up through the camera at the sky.

"Finally," he said to me. "Where is everybody else?"

"I don't know," I said.

I sat on the top step. I would never wear the dress again, so it didn't matter if I got it dirty. We had talked about getting sensible dresses we could use again, but Missie vetoed that idea. She wanted them to be special.

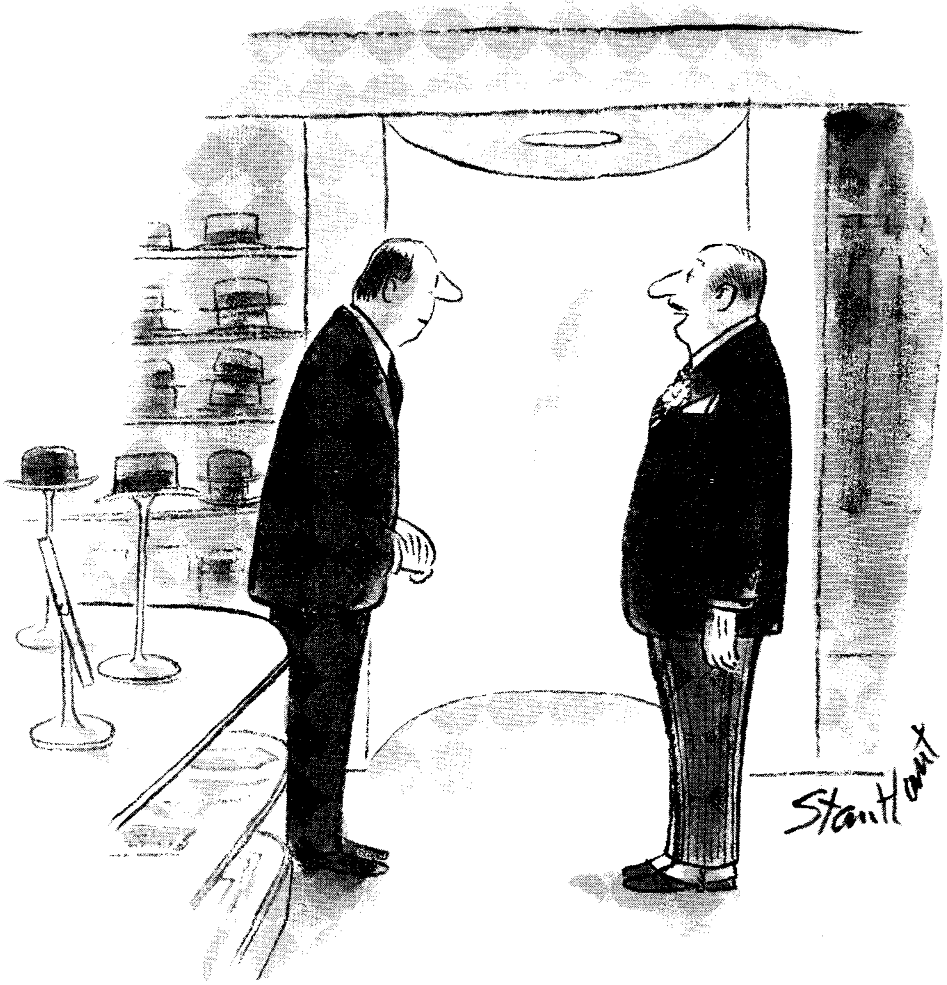
Bump nosed the football out from under Carl, who fell over. If I hadn't been mad at him, I would have asked him if he was hurt, or even helped him up, but I just watched him. My father came out the door behind me. He was holding a beer stein in one hand and a cocktail napkin in the other. We had ordered a thousand mauve, pink, and peach napkins with "Melissa & Henry—September *10, 1983*" embossed on them. He set the napkin on my head, and then kept his hand there. I knew this was an excuse for touching me, but I didn't mind. The photographer stepped over Carl and said, "Hold it." My father raised his stein in a salute, and the photographer took the shot. Carl sat up to watch. Missie appeared through the hedge, practically dragging Hank. They had probably been sharing a joint in the neighbors' pool house. My mother arrived, and the photographer arranged us: Missie and Hank on the lawn, with Missie's long train artfully spread to hide the burned spot on the grass; my mother and father on the first step; and me on the top step, so just my head was visible between their shoulders. Then he told us to shout goodbye and wave, but there was no one there except Carl—all the other guests were out back—so we waved goodbye to him, and the photographer took a picture. My parents used it for their Christmas card.



Eastbound Traffic

THE rehearsal dinner, the night before, was at the Rolling

River Country Club. My father doesn't play golf—he always works on Saturdays—but Hank's father does, so his family belonged. We had the dinner in the Mississippi Room (all the rooms are named after rivers). Women in black dresses with white aprons brought us kiwi fruit cup, chicken with asparagus, and tortoni. They all looked like the mothers of people I had gone to high school with.



"Something in a pearl gray for doffing."

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The beer came in pitcher after pitcher, and a toast seemed to accompany every one—some sentimental, some obscene. Hank was standing on his chair, his big cheeks flushed, and Missie sat beside him, embarrassed, striking wooden pink-tipped matches. There was something medieval about the scene.

First the old people left, and then the bridal party hung out in the bar, which overlooked the large, lighted swimming pool. We were all drunk and throwing Goldfish crackers up into the air and catching them in our mouths. Hank and his best man periodically went outside and raced around the clubhouse to sober up, and each time they came back they seemed to have shed another article of clothing, till they arrived bare-chested and sweating and we were all asked to leave.

The boys and some of the braver bridesmaids went out to a bar called the Clutch, but Missie wanted to go home, and I was glad to take her. We drove slowly down the narrow road through the golf course, with the fairways stretching out on either side like long, thin lakes. When we got on the main road, we passed a bank that flashed the time and the temperature. It was 2:47 and 62°. Missie said, "I can't believe in thirteen hours I'm getting married."

Next to the bank was a Dunkin' Donuts, and as soon as I saw its pink sign and lighted interior I realized I was starving. I pulled in and Missie and I sat at the empty, curving counter. Missie had a cup of tea and I had coffee and a butternut doughnut. For a while, we said nothing. I watched the girl in the back room insert a nozzle into doughnuts and fill them with jelly. She did it very delicately, as if the doughnuts had feelings. It was all so peaceful, in that way that only the very middle of the night is.

Finally Missie said, "What did you think of all that?" She was picking up the crumbs from my doughnut with her moistened middle finger.

"You mean the dinner?" I said. "Or the rehearsal?"

"Both," said Missie.

"I think it's a nice service," I said. "I like the traditional vows. When people make them up they sound so phony."

"I don't know," said Missie.

"About what?"

"About it all," Missie said. "About this whole thing. I mean, not about getting married. Just how to do it. I'm afraid if I leave anything out I'll regret it later. I don't want to be thirty-five and cry because I didn't have a wedding cake with a bride and groom on top. Or a book for guests to sign. But now I don't really know."

Even though I thought you would probably regret the things you did more than the things you didn't do, I said, "I went to a wedding where they had carrot cake instead of wedding cake. It was a joke. The frosting had raisins in it, and it looked all lumpy."

Missie took a linen napkin out of her coat pocket and opened it on the counter. Inside there were two jumbo shrimps. "I stole these from the sushi bar at the dinner," Missie said. "I felt like I should keep them to show my children or something. Or freeze them and eat them on our anniversary." The shrimp were already turning tan and hard. Missie poked one of them. "This is really stupid," she said. "Let's get out of here."

We got up and left, and as I started the car I saw the girl come and clear our things. She didn't look twice at the shrimp; she just dumped them in the bucket with our mugs and crumbs and lemon rind. I hoped Missie hadn't seen.

CARL and I had planned to stay overnight after the wedding, but we didn't. After the last guest left, I found him fast asleep in the Cougar we had rented to drive down to Jersey the day before. I had gone to the car, which was parked halfway up the street, to get my special present for Missie: antique pearl earrings I bought in SoHo. I forgot to give them to her before the wedding, and now it would have to wait—she and Hank had driven off in the limo an hour ago. They were staying at the Holiday Inn at Newark Airport and flying to St. John in the morning. I sat in the passenger seat and looked at the earrings and thought about keeping them for myself, but they were for Missie, and I wanted her to have them. Or, rather, I wanted to give them to her. The summer Missie started seeing Hank, I had said a very mean thing about him. Hank was the state champion pole-vaulter, and Missie took me to a track meet to watch him jump. While all the other athletes ran around and stretched and threw things, Hank lay on the crash mats with his shirt off, sunbathing. When it came time for him to jump, he jumped higher than anyone else, but later he told me it was all technique and didn't really require much practice once it had been mastered. He chewed tobacco and spat. I called him a lazy slob, and it was one of those things everyone pretends to forget but remembers. So it was nice of Missie to ask me to be maid of honor, even if she did ask our other sister, Cara, first. That made sense because Cara is closer in age to Missie. Unfortunately, she was spending a semester in Alaska and couldn't come home. She sent a postcard of an Eskimo couple standing outside their igloo.

When I looked up I saw Mr. Chatto walking his Great Dane, Sheba, along the street. It was his house we were parked in front of. We didn't know him very well, and he hadn't been invited to the wedding. Since all the guests had left, the Cougar was parked all by itself at his curb in the dark, and Mr. Chatto came over and looked in the open window. So did Sheba.

"Hello," I said.

"Ah, good evening," Mr. Chatto said. "How was the wedding?"

"Fine," I said.

Carl woke up with a lurch in the back seat. He surprised Mr. Chatto, and Sheba, who barked. "Where are we?" he asked. He thought we had been driving.

"Right here," I said. "We haven't moved."

CHARDIN, WHIPPOORWILL, TOWHEE

That second year we lived only to consider
how, once, loving my ex-wife, I could not
like her, and why the ease of liking you
did not fill the size of my imagination.
Our days went by full of small affections,
the custom of tea as the sun became tangible,
or the way we sat without speaking
yet reassured by the difference
between silence and the pleasures of quiet.

Midwinter, at the museum, we followed
each other and Chardin's history.
At first, those silver goblets laved with light,
though before long the light was less,
more domestic, the paintings no more than
their names: Pitcher, Eggcup, Knife, Bread, and Meat.
There were no ideas, just the objects
of everyday life ready for use,
their handles facing us like invitations.

That spring the whippoorwill returned.
(We were reading of an artist who sat daily
in a room empty of sound and light;
how, later, returning home, he would notice
auras around trees, around the very hedges
he had passed that morning.) We could not find it;
in a week we knew its routine by heart—
5:08 awakenings, 9:10 ritual good-good-nights.
Part of our lives, it was mostly ignored,

sometimes annoying in its insistent calling.
When it left that year we knew we'd come
to depend on it, almost the way we depend
on time—just to be there. In its absence,
in the morning, we often sat in the doorway,
the light, though fall trembled in it, still warm.
Adrift in the pleasures of nothing more
than ourselves and the light on us, it was then
we heard the towhee's *drink your tea, drink your tea.*

—ROBERT CORDING

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"Good night," Mr. Chatto said.

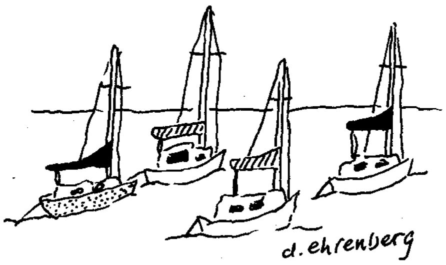
"What are we doing in the car?" Carl asked.

"Nothing," I said. "Hanging out."

"What time is it?"

"About ten," I said. "I don't know."

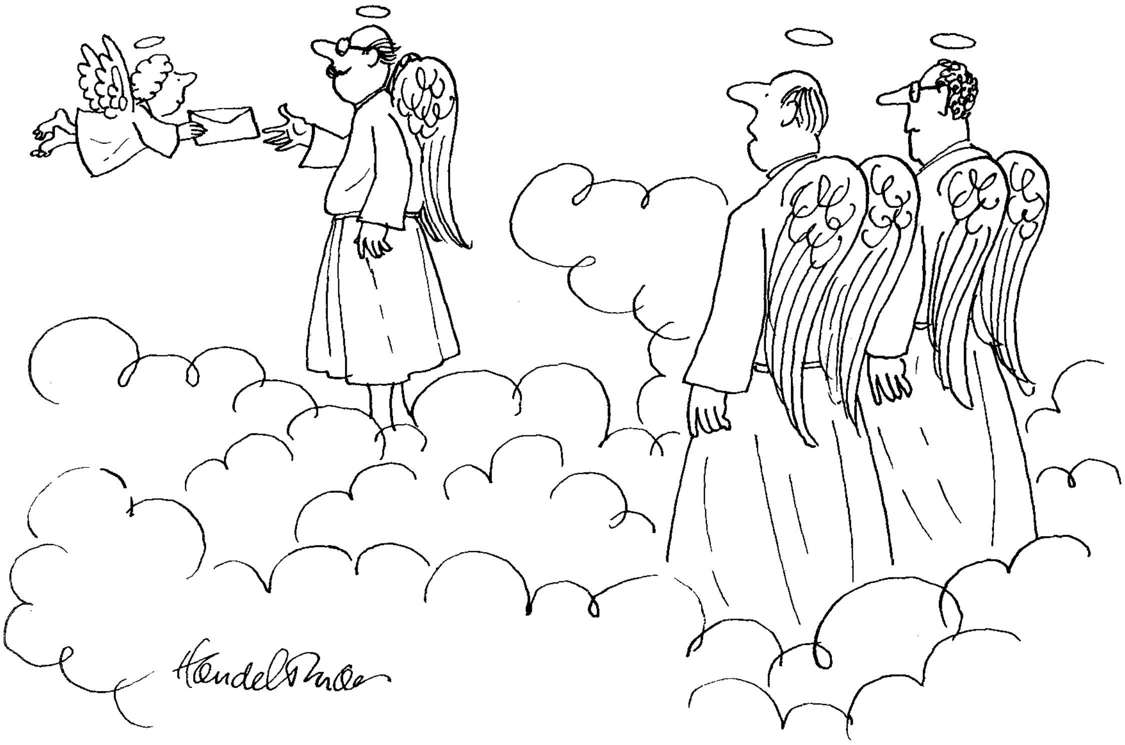
Carl untucked his shirt and then tucked it back into his pants. His cummerbund had come undone, and he picked it up off the floor of the car. He tried to climb into the front seat but bumped his head on the ceiling. "Ow," he said. I laughed.



Carl opened the door and stood on Mr. Chatto's front lawn. "It's kind of nice out here," he said. "It's quiet."

I didn't say anything. I held the pearl earrings against my ears and looked at myself in the rearview mirror. One of Missie's dumb friends had offered to do the makeup on the bridal party as a wedding present. She put a ton of makeup on me, and it was all smudging or worn off. I looked a mess.

Carl leaned in through the open window and rested his head on his hands, so that the top of his head



"I wish I'd known about that plan Hodgson is in. He still gets his pension on the first of each month even though he's dead."

• •

almost touched my shoulder. "Helen, what I said," he whispered. "About marrying you. I'm sorry."

"It's O.K.," I said. I threw the earrings over his head onto Mr. Chatto's lawn. It was for effect only: I made sure I marked spots where they landed. "I never said I wanted to get married."

"I thought you did."

"I don't want to talk about it."

"Are you drunk?" Carl asked. "Because if you are, we shouldn't be having such a serious discussion. We should wait."

"I'm not drunk," I said.

"I am." He looked down at the street. Mr. Chatto turned on the large-screen TV in his living room, and the whole room glowed. "So do you want to get married?" Carl said to his feet.

"I thought we weren't going to talk about this now," I said.

"I meant if we both were drunk. You said you weren't."

"Oh, *you* can talk about it when you're drunk, but I can't."

"No," Carl said. He leaned his head back in through the car window. "I meant that since this was an important discussion, one of us should be sober. To remember what we say. If we're both drunk, we shouldn't waste our time."

I wasn't sure what to say.

"But this is really ideal," Carl continued. "I'm always more honest when I'm drunk."

"Good," I said. "Be honest."

"About what?"

"About me. About us."

"Maybe I'm just scared," Carl said. "Maybe we should get married. I mean, Missie and Hank—"

I touched his head to shut him up. He had slicked his hair back with Tenax, so his forehead was smooth and exposed and warm, and with my palm on it I tilted his head so I could look at his face. "Will you get my earrings?"

"What?"

"I threw them out the window. Missie's earrings."

"Where are they?"

"One is by the mailbox and one is by the little dwarf. The statue."

Carl straightened up and I directed. "You're getting warmer," I said as he walked toward the mailbox. "You're hot. You're burning. You're on fire."

WHEN I went inside to get our stuff, I found my father asleep on the living-room couch. The TV was on, but the sound was tuned very low. It was "Fantasy Island." I turned it off.

"Hey," my father said. "I was watching that."

I made no move to turn the set back on, and neither did he. I shifted some wedding presents from the love seat onto the floor and sat down. "Where's Mom?" I asked.

"She's taking a bath," my father said. "Where's the Prince?" For some reason I don't particularly care to know, my father has always called Carl the Prince.

"He's taking a walk," I said. "To sober up. We're going back tonight."

"Does he always get that looped?"

"Only at weddings," I said. "And cocktail parties."

"I met your mother at a cocktail party. She was wearing a cocktail dress. She was drinking a cocktail. I was looped."

"I met Carl at a fraternity party," I said. "He was wearing a toga and drinking beer from a plastic cup."

"I'd pick your mother any day," my father said.

The phone rang. I went into the kitchen and answered it.

"Oh, God," Missie said. "This is me."

"Missie," I said. "What's the matter?"

"I forgot my contacts sterilizer. I can't take them out without it. Could you bring it over?"

"I guess so," I said. "Where is it?"

"I'm not sure. Mom might know. I thought I packed it."

"We'll drop it off on our way back. We're leaving in a little while. What floor are you on?"

"I have no idea," Missie said. "It's up high. Ask at the desk."

"What are you doing?" I asked. "How's married life?"

"O.K.," said Missie. "But my eyes are burning. Hank is taking a sauna. There's one in the bathroom. He's never had one before."

"You should take one together,"

I said. “It’s your wedding night.”

“I can’t unless I take my contacts out,” Missie said. “They melt or something.”

“Do you want to talk to Mom?”

“God, no,” Missie said.

“O.K.,” I said. “We’ll be over around midnight.”

“Thanks,” said Missie. “See ya.”

I hung up the phone. My mother came into the kitchen, fresh from her bath. She was wearing a robe and had a towel wrapped around her head like a turban. When I try to do that, the towel unwinds every time I move my head. My mother can do aerobics and keep the towel intact. She is very beautiful. She is always playing countesses at the local dinner theatre. She sat down at the kitchen table and looked at her reflection in the dark kitchen window.

“I better go find Carl,” I said. “He’s taking a walk. We’re leaving.”

“Oh,” my mother said. She rested her hands, palms down, on the table and studied her nails. She had had them manicured and painted to match her peach-colored dress for the wedding, but the polish was already gone. I’m sure she did it sitting in her bath with the cotton balls and nail-polish remover carefully arranged on the portable vanity table that stretches across the tub. I was irked that she had already stripped her nails. If I had peach nails for my daughter’s wedding, I would let the polish chip off, little by little, for days.

THE sign outside the Holiday Inn said “WELCOME POLAR BEARS.” It didn’t mention Missie and Hank. I parked the car. “Do you want to come in?” I asked Carl.

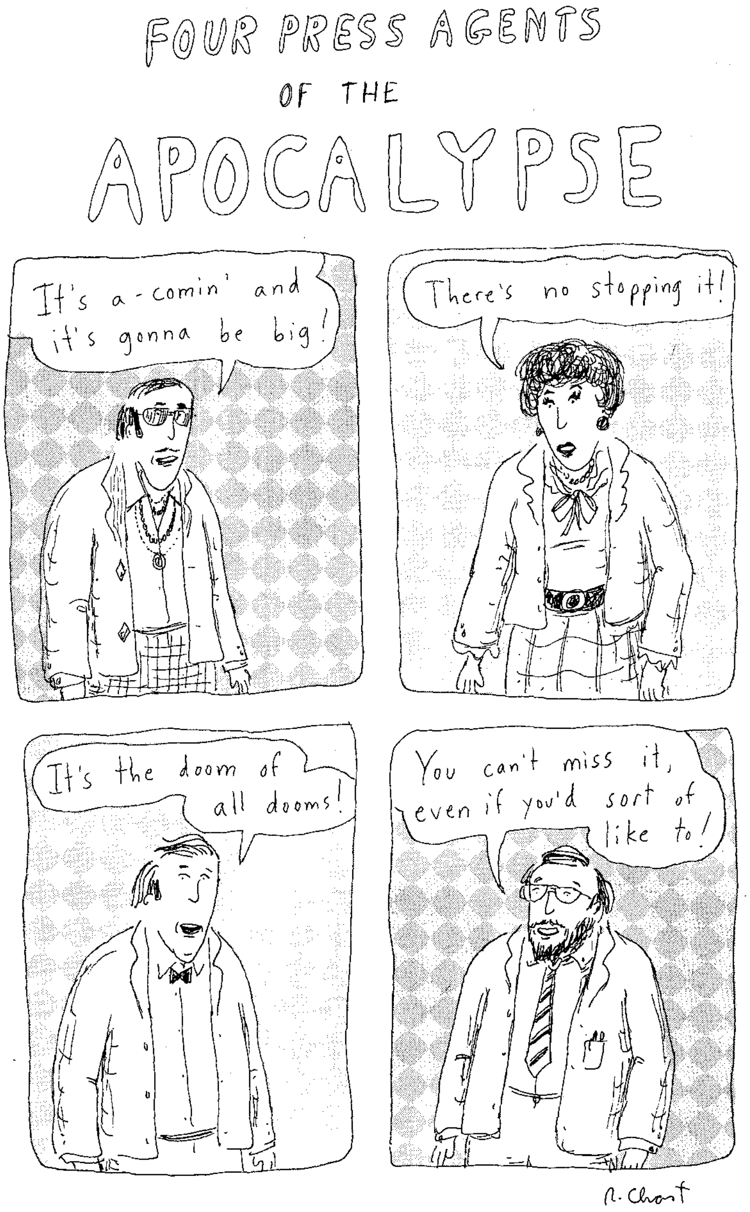
“No,” he said. “I’ve had enough of Missie and Hank for one day.”

“O.K., I’ll be right back.” I went into the lobby, holding Missie’s sterilizer. She was sitting on a couch there, reading *People.*

“Missie!” I said. “What are you doing down here? I was going to *bring* it up.”

“Hank-o’s asleep,” Missie said. “He’s had a rough day. And the sauna kind of exhausted him.”

“Oh,” I said. I had had visions of creeping down a long, quiet hallway and knocking softly on the door of the bridal suite, leaving the sterilizer outside, and running back to the elevators. I had visions of Missie opening the door in her wedding gown or a negligee. I wasn’t prepared to find her sitting in the lobby in jeans and a T-shirt. I still had on my bridesmaid dress, and I felt as if I was the only one left who had anything to do with the wedding. “Do you want to get a drink?” I asked Missie. “There must be a bar in here.”


FOUR PRESS AGENTS OF THE APOCALYPSE
It's a-comin' and it's gonna be big!
There's no stopping it!
It's the doom of all dooms!
You can't miss it, even if you'd sort of like to!
R. Chast

“I’m tired,” said Missie. “We have to get up at six-thirty.”

“I feel like going dancing,” I said.

“Go dancing,” Missie said.

“But it’s your wedding,” I said. “Don’t you want to do something fun?”

“Helen,” Missie said, “I want to go to bed, O.K.?” She pushed the button for the elevator. “I want to take my contacts out. That’s all I really want to do.”

The elevator doors opened and Missie got in, and I realized I still hadn’t given her the pearl earrings. “Wait right here,” I said. “I have a present for you. I’ll be right back.”

I ran out to the car to get the earrings. Carl was asleep, or pretending to be.

In the lobby, Missie was still standing in the elevator, holding the door open with her hand. I noticed her ring for the first time.

“Here,” I said. I handed Missie the earrings.

She opened the tissue wrapping and looked at them. “Thanks,” she said. “They’re really pretty.”

“They’re antiques,” I said.

“Why are you giving them to me?” Missie asked. “Do you feel sorry for me?”

“No,” I said. “I feel happy for you. I’m happy for you.”

“Oh,” said Missie. “I wasn’t sure. I feel like everyone’s sorry for me.”

“Well, isn’t it a little anticlimactic?” I asked. The elevator alarm started buzzing, and Missie stepped out. The doors closed. “I mean, aren’t you sorry it’s all over?”

“No,” said Missie. “I’m happy. I wish you’d stop feeling sorry for me.”

“I don’t feel sorry for you,” I said. “I just told you that.”

“Helen?”

“What?”

“What do you think

about Hank? Do you still think he's a jerk?"

I didn't know what to say. I pushed the elevator button and the door opened. It had gone nowhere.

"Tell me," Missie said. "I want to know."

"No," I said. "I think he's nice."

"You think he's nice?"

"Well, you know," I said. "He's not really my type."

"He's like Carl," Missie said.

"No, he's not," I said. "At least I don't think so." And this was true—there were a million things about Carl that weren't at all like Hank. Hank wore white socks with loafers, and T-shirts were always visible at his open collar. He took Missie to see "Fanny and Alexander" because he thought it was Ingrid Bergman's last movie, and left halfway through. Of course, there are other, nice, things about Hank. He's just not like Carl.

"I like Hank a lot," Missie said. The elevator door started to close, and Missie tried and failed to hold it open. It knocked one of the earrings out of her hand and down the crack into the void. "Oh, God," Missie said. She started to cry.

"Missie," I said. "What's wrong?"

"I don't know," Missie said. She rested her arms along the wall and hid her face against them. I patted her on the back. Her hair was still full of hair spray from her bridal hairdo, and every time she gulped it all moved at once, like a wig. A woman wearing a fur coat and slippers came through the lobby doors walking a cat in a harness and stood beside us. The cat had a little crystal necklace on.

"I better go up," Missie said. She had stopped crying.

"Are you sure you're all right?"

"I'm just tired," Missie said. "Please don't tell Mom, O.K.?"

"Of course not," I said.

Missie looked at her remaining earring. "If they don't find it, I'll get a second hole in one ear," she said. "I can wear it with my jade studs."

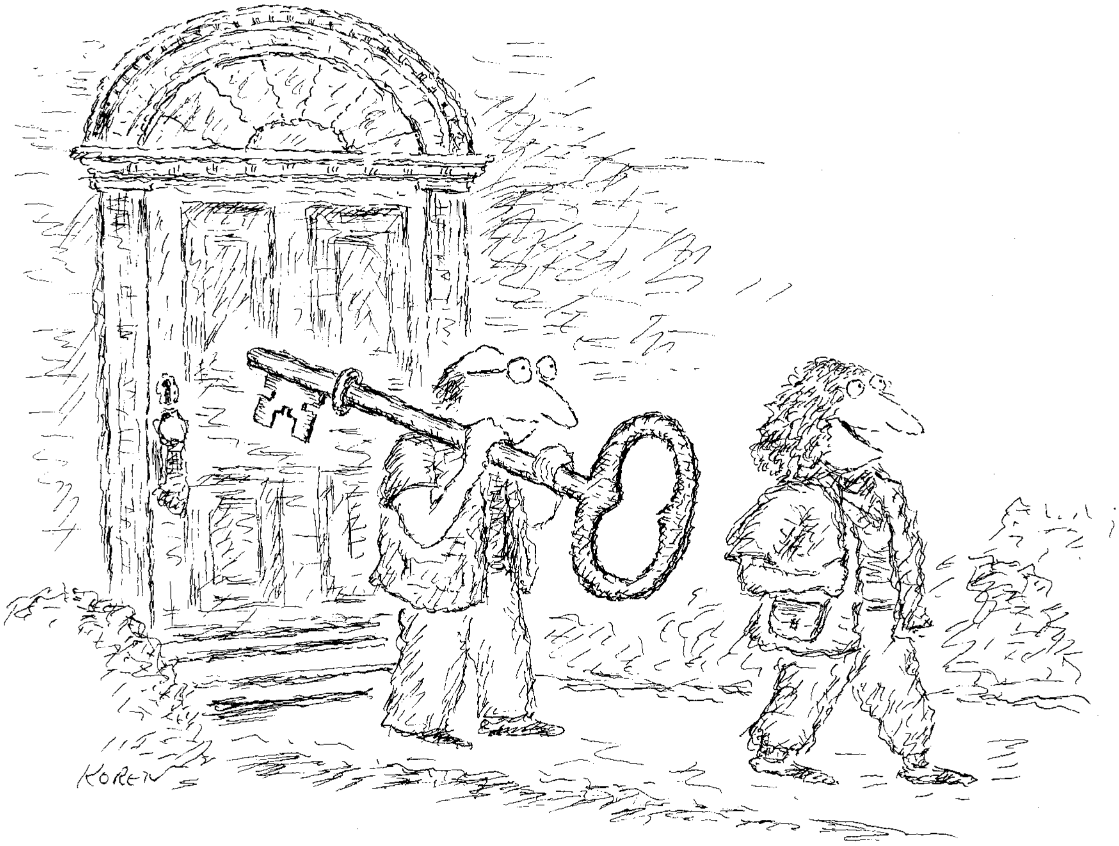
"That would look pretty," I said.

The elevator door opened, and the woman and the cat and Missie got in. The woman picked up the cat and pushed her floor button with the cat's small paw.

The doors closed, and I stood in the lobby for a moment. I remembered this afternoon, and Missie walking down the aisle. I went first, and Missie and my father waited until I was all the way in the sanctuary before they began. I turned around and watched them. It seemed to take them forever to march past all those upraised, weeping faces, and I remembered thinking it was more like climbing up a hill than walking down an aisle—meeting someone, getting him to call you, kissing him, falling in love with him, sleeping with him, getting engaged, shopping in a bridal mall, choosing the band and the caterer, losing weight to fit the dress, opening the wedding presents, sitting through the rehearsal dinner, waking up in the morning knowing you were going to get married that day. All these things seemed like little plateaus on some mountain Missie had climbed during the past year, and as I saw her get closer I realized I didn't want her to arrive at the top. I felt scared for myself up there—scared that in all that wind and silence and love I'd lose my balance or blow away. Even the air seemed insubstantial and strangely cool. I was glad when it was all over and we stood outside the church, our backs to the traffic, laughing.

When I came out of the hotel, a plane passed so close I saw faces in the tiny lighted windows. Carl had pulled the car up outside the door and was waiting with the engine running. I was glad he had waked up, for I was in no mood to drive home in silence. I could hardly wait until we got out on the highway. We'd put the top down and turn the radio up loud, and speed.

—Peter Cameron



"Do you have the key?"

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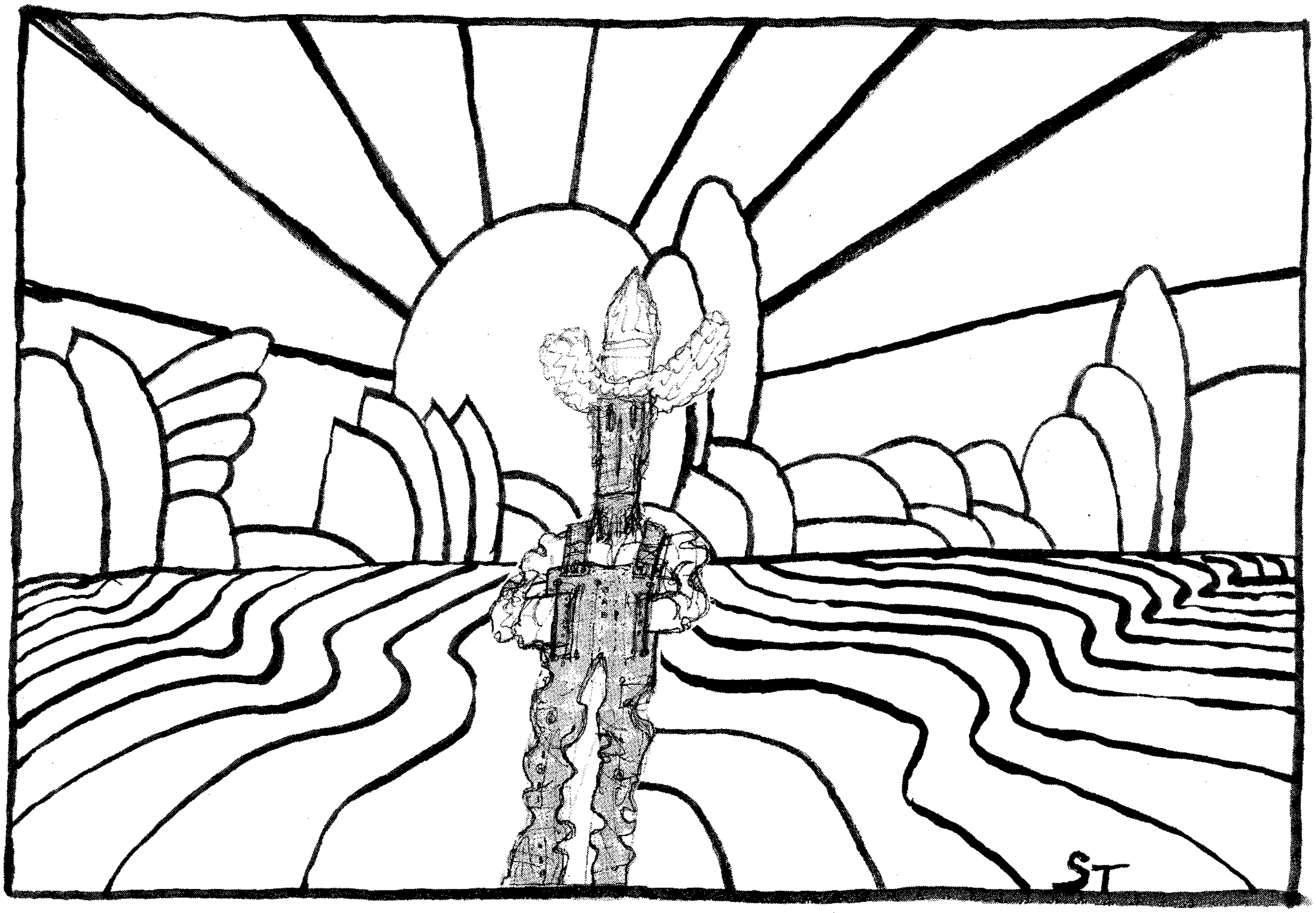
The Church School collected $50.77 in their "Care Boxes" during Lent. This is enough to send a pair of rabbits to a needy family.—*Bulletin of the Church of the Good Shepherd in Nashua, N.H.*

Better still, wait until Christmas and send a pair to a lot of needy families.

PROFILES

THE STAFFS OF LIFE

I—THE GOLDEN THREAD



Wheat is the corn of history
Poverty's corn is rye
Rice is the corn of the Orient
But the New World's hunger cry
Was stilled by maize, the Indian
 corn
The Redman's gift to man.

Oats is the corn of hardy men
And barley the brewer's corn
Sorghum the corn of Africa
But nations, westward born
Fed man and beast on Indian corn
The Redman's gift to man.

—J. C. Cunningham

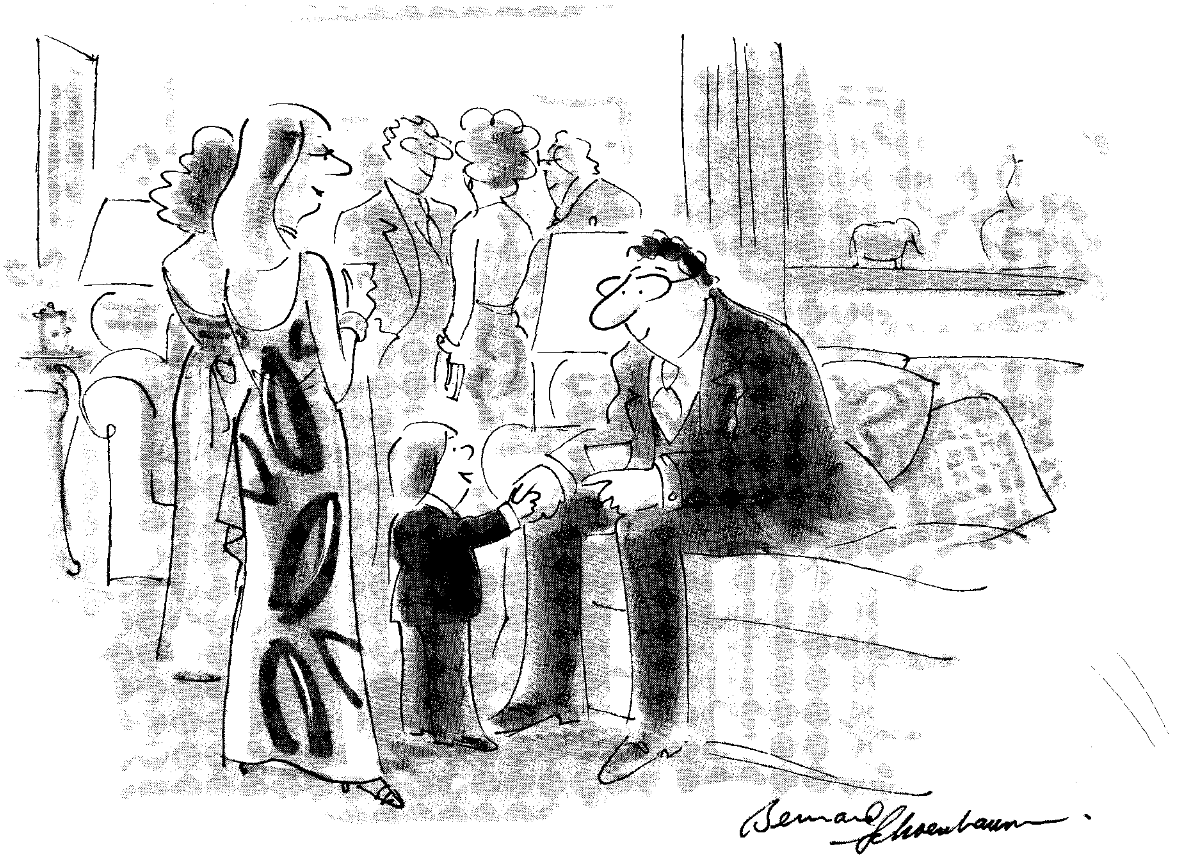
When the New England farmer and botanist Edward Lewis Sturtevant retired, in 1887, as head of the New York Agricultural Experiment Station, in Geneva, he left behind a bulky manuscript that was published in 1919, twenty-one years after his death, as "Sturtevant's Notes on Edible Plants." Dr. Sturtevant, who was also a graduate of the Harvard Medical School but never practiced medicine, had scoured the world's botanical literature for mentions of all the plants that human beings were known to have eaten (he did not count tree bark, which in times of famine was often one of them), and had come up with, among more than three hundred thousand known plant species, two thousand eight hundred and ninety-seven edibles. (Latter-day scientists believe he may have missed as many more.) But, of all these, only a hundred and fifty or so have ever been widely enough consumed to figure in commerce, and of those a mere handful have been of any real consequence.

The arboreal ancestors of human beings were, as most monkeys still are, primarily vegetarian. When primitive man descended to ground level and stood upright, he subsisted for aeons as a hunter of wild game and a gatherer of wild fruits and nuts. When he began domesticating plants and, in turn, became himself domesticated, he reverted in considerable measure to his inherited, largely herbivorous habits. Ever since (aside from the few hundred million inhabitants of the so-called Western world who are, or aspire to be, meat-eaters), human beings—of whom there are today, of course, close to five billion—have relied for their principal sustenance on the produce of the soil. The chief plants that nourish them are wheat, rice, maize (what Americans call corn), barley, rye, oats, potatoes, sweet potatoes (a separate species), cassava, common beans, soybeans, peanuts, sorghum, millet, sugarcane, sugar beets, bananas, and coconuts. "These plants," a National Academy of Sciences publication declared in 1975, "are the main bulwark between mankind and starvation. It is a very small bastion." Among the relative handful of staples, the cereals and root crops are paramount. Although, according to one agricultural analyst, "people worldwide eat meat and various fruits when they can . . . and cereals and tubers only when they must," and although the surface of the earth is seventy per cent ocean (and twenty-four per cent more is untillable mountains, deserts, and tundra), land-grown plants constitute ninety-three per cent of the globe's diet. Seafood accounts for a mere one per cent. The very few plants that qualify as staples by the definition of the United Nations Food and Agriculture Organization, which deploys nearly four thousand people at its vast Rome citadel to ponder and articulate such concerns (“A food is known as a staple food when it is eaten regularly, and in large enough quantities to furnish a substantial proportion of the total energy supply”), provide, on average, about two-thirds of all the protein and two-thirds of all the calories consumed on earth. These plants are, as they always have been, the staffs of human life, and the disappearance of wheat or rice or corn—they are all annuals, not perennials—would be a catastrophe as devastating and annihilating as a nuclear holocaust.

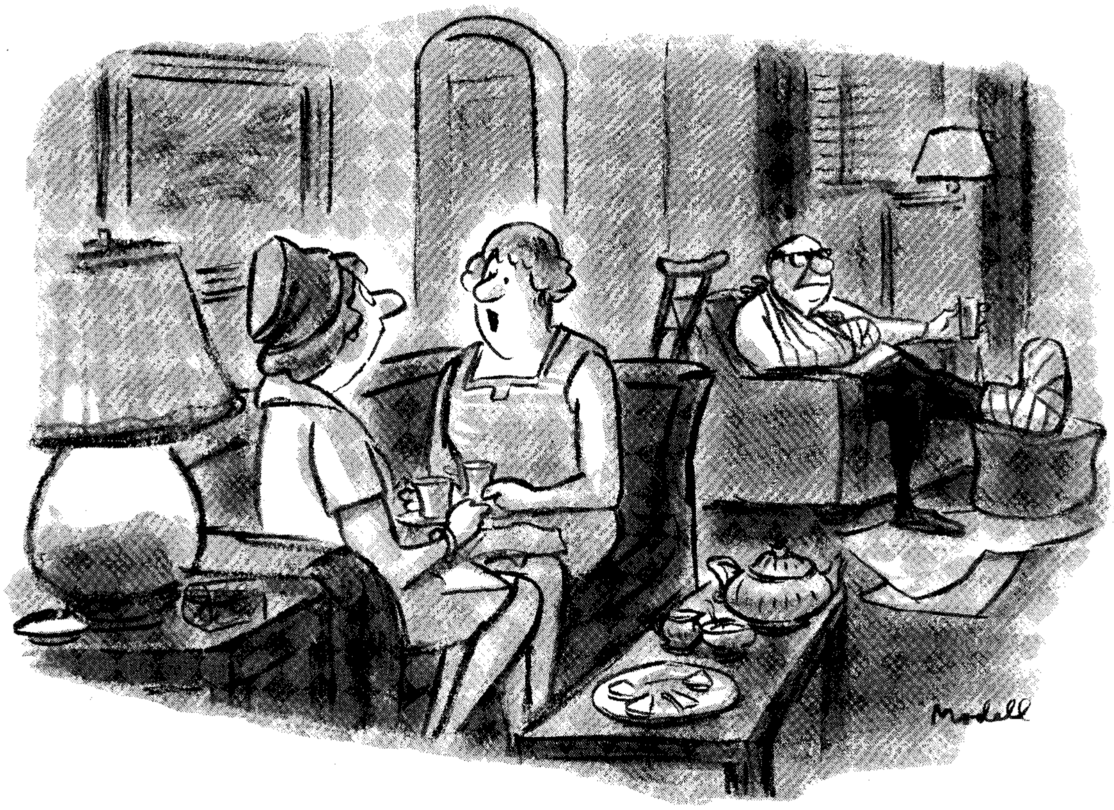
Sturtevant gave most of the plants he cited just a few lines. To *Zea mays*, the name that Linnaeus conferred on corn, in 1737, he devoted eleven and a half pages—in the view of many observers of the American scene, justifiably. “The history of the development of maize,” it was asserted in the *Proceedings of the American Philosophical Society* for 1926, “is inseparable from the history of the origin and development of civilization on the American continent.” The eminent corn breeder Paul Christoph Mangelsdorf—who remarked in 1983, after a more than sixty-year apprenticeship to and romance with *Zea mays*, “I'd rather talk about corn than anything else” —said years before that, “No civilization worthy of the name has ever been founded on any agricultural basis other than the cereals.” And years before *that*, Mangelsdorf, now a Harvard professor emeritus (a chair has been endowed in his name at Harvard with the proceeds from a corn-breeding patent of which he was a designee), had acclaimed corn as “a cereal treasure of immensely greater value than the spices which Columbus travelled so far to seek in his search for a westward route to India.” It is not Americans alone who have held corn in such lofty esteem. The English agricultural writer P. L. Simmonds—who was proud to be identified as a Knight of the Legion of Honour, a Knight of the Crown of Italy, and an Honourary and Corresponding Member of the Imperial Austrian Agricultural Society—had declared in 1889 that three successive corn-crop failures would bankrupt the United States. “It is the plant of the country,” Simmonds said, “and the olive branch might with propriety be taken from the claw of the national emblem, and the Indian corn grass substituted in its place. . . . Indian corn is one of the most important and healthful articles of human food that a beneficent Providence has bestowed upon man; and to its high nutritive value is due in a large degree the strength and vigour of the race of men who laid the foundation of the great American Republic.”

ON November 5, 1492, two of Christopher Columbus's crewmen, Roderigo de Jerez and Luiz Torres, returned to their littoral command post from a trip to the Cuban interior and presented their leader with, as one commentator subsequently recorded, “a sort of grain they [the indigenes] call maiz which was well tasted, bak'd, dry'd and made into flour.” Until then, with the possible exception, nearly five centuries earlier, of some Vikings exploring the coast of what would become Massachusetts, no white man was known ever to have seen a cornstalk or gnawed on a cob. What the Spanish at first also called *panizo* (panic grass)—a name that in the fifteenth century they bestowed haphazardly on several grains—was a widespread plant and, it is generally agreed, an authentically American one, having originated in southern Mexico or Central America and migrated to the rest of Latin America and the Caribbean. De Soto came across it in Florida, Cortés in Mexico, Pizarro in the Andes. It has been around, in one guise or another, for perhaps seven thousand years; and according to the American Society of Agronomy it is “a golden thread that stretches through human history.”

Contemporary scientific journals will not usually accept papers about corn unless it is called “maize,” its by now internationally adopted designation. (Some Americans seemingly find this hard to grasp. An official high in the state government of Kentucky came home from a 1983 business trip



“I'm Timothy, a child for the eighties.”



"He just isn't happy unless he's in the eye of the hurricane."

to South Africa—whose first-rate corn crop has long succored the inhabitants of nearby lands who otherwise regard that nation with distaste—and on being asked to recount what he had learned said, "They grow maize, which is a sort of corn.") Nobody called maize plain "corn" when Columbus brought it back to Europe, because that word had been much in use from Biblical days on as a general description for such well-known grains as wheat and barley. Ruth did not stand in a field of alien maize; there wasn't any in Judah. The celebrated British Corn Laws had nothing to do with maize; "corn" meant "wheat" in England and "oats" in Scotland. The "kafir corn" of South Africa is a sorghum. It is strange, considering that in some old American Indian languages the word for corn also stood for "that which gives us life" (the Cherokees called the moon Mother of the Corn), how irreverently the nurturing plant has been treated by subsequent American linguists. "Comin' thru the rye" and "feeling one's oats" have pleasant connotations, and Wheaties is a breakfast food boastfully associated with champions. "Corny" and "cornball," on the other hand, are unarguably pejorative. "Corny" is said to derive from "corn-fed," an adjective disparagingly applied by itinerant performing troupes both to the audiences in the hick towns they played and to the kind of material those audiences relished. As for the word "corn," it was once used for any small particle of grain, or, by extension, any small round object—a node on the foot, for instance. (Corned beef got its name from the pellets of salt flung on meat when it was cured in brine.) During the Civil War, when partisans of the North wanted to mock their opponents they sometimes referred to them as Cornfederates. ("We coulda whipped them Yankees with cornstalks," one Johnny Reb purportedly retorted. "Trouble was, we couldn't get 'em to fight with cornstalks.") The most scathing appellation the inventive cartoonist Al Capp could conjure up for a Southerner of egregious imbecility was Jubilation T. Cornpone.

Until Linnaeus and succeeding botanists got almost everybody more or less straightened out with *Zea mays* (to the ancient Greeks, *zeia* stood for several kinds of wheat, and for rice and sorghum as well), maize bore a variety of names in Europe, where it spread rapidly after 1492. According to the German herbalist Leonhard Fuchs, by 1542 it was "growing in all gardens." Fuchs thought the ubiquitous plant might have originated in Greece, or in Asia. Quite a few other European scholars long believed, without too much evidence (indeed, not much has subsequently come to light), that maize—henceforth, in this nonscientific treatise, corn—was an Asian import. The late-sixteenth-century English herbalist John Gerard conjectured that it might have originated in both East and West; even after concluding that it had originated in America, he called it Turkey Corn and Turkey Wheat. Sweden went along with the latter—*Turkiskt hvete.* (Did not the tufts at the tips of the plant's ears, people who cared about all this reminded one another, strikingly resemble Turks' beards?) The Turks called it Egyptian corn, and the Egyptians, who were sometimes dubiously credited by others with having engendered the plant themselves, called it Syrian corn. Some Germans hedged; they called it *Welschkorn*—"strange grain."

Ardent Sinophiles have long contended that corn's geographical roots were in China. A late-sixteenth-century Chinese ideograph depicted something very much like a cornstalk with a cornlike ear emerging from its top. In March, 1908, the Office of Foreign Seed and Plant Introduction of the United States Department of Agriculture received a packet of shelled corn from a Presbyterian missionary in Shanghai. He knew corn, and these kernels had looked peculiar to him—markedly different from those he was familiar with at home. Could this be testimony, he asked, to the Chinese birth of corn? The plant had certainly been prominent there for a long time, he pointed out. Why, back in 1575, he'd been reliably told, one Chinese emperor had received thirty million bushels of it in tribute from his subjects. None of that was compelling proof of anything, but what was one to make of a singular lacuna in a pre-Christian-era book, "Treatise of Mountains and Seas," which, a Chinese botanist reported to a Harvard colleague in 1924, suggested that the Chinese were familiar with corn as far back as 400 B.C.? It was especially significant, the Chinese scientist said, that his forebears had always meticulously recorded the introduction into their region of new plants—for instance, cotton, tobacco, the grape, the opium poppy—but that there was no such provenance for corn. The inference was plain: corn hadn't had to be introduced into China because it had been there all along. He conveniently skirted what might have been another awkward omission to explain—the fact that the five "sacred grains" of Chinese antiquity are rice, millet, sorghum, soybeans, and wheat. (Confucius once said, "If you don't know the five grains, you don't know anything.") American corn experts were interested in such hypotheses but unimpressed. They thought it most likely that corn got to China when Portuguese seafarers, who habitually carried seeds on their global peregrinations, stopped by there early in the sixteenth century. At a 1906 session, in Quebec, of the Congrès International des Américanistes, one authority argued that the Portuguese, while deserving their full measure of credit, did not take corn *directly* to China but, rather, to India, whence it drifted onward via Sikkim, Bhutan, and Tibet. The protagonist of that theory went on to assert:

> The history of maize is an instructive historical example which might be fruitfully applied to the prehistoric dissemination of ancient cereals, giving an idea, at least, of how cereals might have travelled in prehistoric days. Of all the manifold gifts of the New World, maize spread the most rapidly . . . with much greater speed than the ships of the European nations which then shared in the universal trade, for, long before the arrival of Europeans in China, maize was known there as an overland arrival . . . and, last but not least, it is worthwhile adding that maize travelled even faster than syphilis, which, after the discovery of America, so quickly spread in Europe.

WHEREVER it hailed from, *Zea mays*—"a wonder of bio-engineering efficiency for transforming the energy of the sun into the energy of food, as well as a great staff of life for all of mankind," in the glowing words of the American corn geneticist Walton C. Galinat, who is sometimes fondly accused by his confrères of chatting with the plants he breeds—has made itself thumpingly manifest. In 1980, according to the Food and Agriculture Organization, it was grown on 323,543,000 acres, from which rose enough cornstalks to produce a crop of 392,249,000 metric tons—or, roughly, fifteen billion bushels. That came to more than three bushels, or nearly two hundred pounds, of corn for every human being then alive. Corn—a forty-billion-dollar worldwide business (few Arabs, oddly, command more than a pittance of it)—is now the staple food of more than two hundred million people in eighteen nations in Latin America and Africa: Costa Rica, El Salvador, Ecuador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Mexico, Nicaragua, Paraguay, Venezuela, Benin, Kenya, Malawi, Somalia, South Africa, Tanzania, Zambia, and Zimbabwe. The United States grows about eight billion bushels a year. If spread evenly across Manhattan Island, somebody once took the trouble to calculate, they would reach a height of sixteen feet. Only a tenth of the American crop is directly ingested by the home folks, but their per-capita consumption of corn or food derived from corn—in the form of meat, milk, butter, cheese, and poultry—comes to more than three pounds a day. One-third of the globe's current annual output of all cereals—a billion and a half tons—is converted into food by being first funnelled through livestock. This catalytic process, however, is prevalent mostly among developed nations. In developing nations, where, it is projected, by the year 2000 sixty per cent of the world population will live, or hope to get enough to eat to live, no more than three per cent of available cereal grains goes into animal feed. Today, just about the same amount of grains are fed to animals in developed countries as are eaten by human beings in China and India combined. Within the next year or two, it has been surmised by Montague Yudelman, the director of the Agricultural and Rural Development Department of the World Bank, animals worldwide will consume more of the precious grain available than human beings will. Some nutritionists—vegetarians of course prominent among them—take a dim view of this prospect, pointing out that to consume scarce food by way of animals is inefficient utilization: two pounds of grain produces one pound of poultry, and for other intermediaries the ratios are worse—four to one for pork, and seven or eight to one for beef.

Most Americans are unconcerned about such proportions. It seems not to bother them that of every ton of corn each of them consumes eighteen hundred and fifty pounds has gone into

"True, you're a butterfly now, but you still think like a caterpillar."

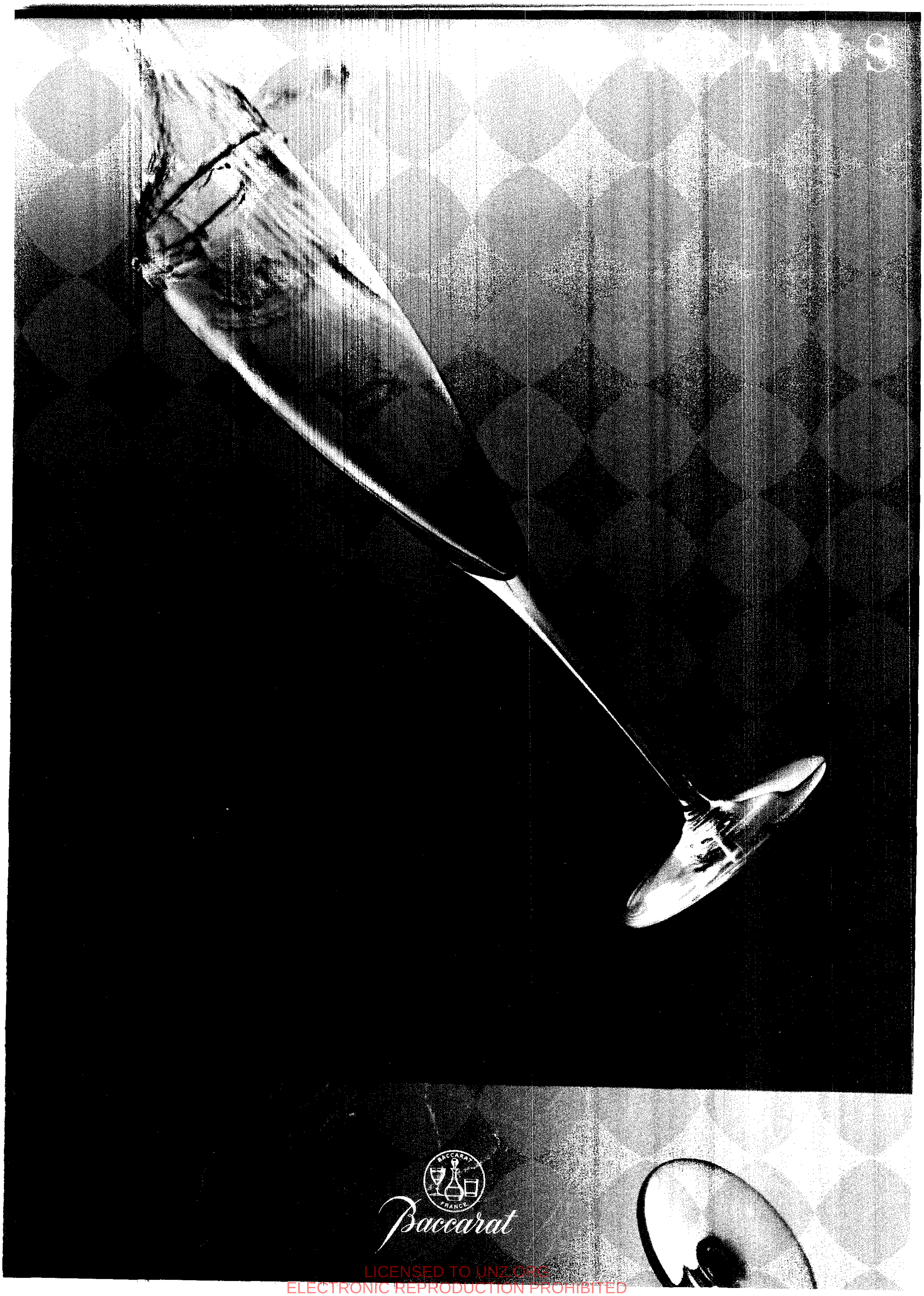
"And now, Reynolds, a word from you."

• •

another creature first. They have good reason to feel at ease. Since the beginning of history, there have been untold famines in other parts of the world. China alone had some eighteen hundred recorded famines between 100 B.C. and 1910 A.D.; in 1943, another famine there was responsible for three million deaths. There is and probably always will be hunger in North America, the distributional journey from farm to stomach being long and arduous and costly, but never—not even in 1970, when an onslaught of southern-corn-leaf blight raised havoc with that year's crop—has there been what could be termed a famine in the United States. It is no wonder that in 1893 some grateful Americans—conceivably influenced by P. L. Simmonds' proposal, four years earlier, about putting the olive branch to pasture—convened a symposium to discuss the topic "Should maize be the national flower?" Corn comes in many colors—white, yellow, red, black, blue—and it was long one of the nagging ambitions of Walton Galinat (who had already, by genetic manipulation, produced a square corn) to create a special breed with the hues of the Stars and Stripes on every kernel. It turned out to be simply a matter of time, genes, and patriotic patience before he came up with a corn bearing on each of its kernels red-and-white stripes and blue dots.

Corn, often dubbed by its loyalists King Corn or Queen Corn, now reigns over twenty-five per cent of all American cropland. An Iowa farmer exulted not long ago that, on a summer drive from Des Moines to the border of Nova Scotia, from the crest of every hill he passed that afforded a reasonably sweeping view he had never once failed to spot at least a patch of growing corn. About one-third of all American corn is exported. The uses to which the rest is put—ears, leaves, stalks—are staggering. In bygone days, corn was optimistically believed to have singular curative powers. One mid-sixteenth-century German thought that the juice from its leaves vanquished erysipelas, and mid-nineteenth-century Americans prescribed cornmeal porridge for sufferers from a vast number of ailments. More recently, one part or another of the versatile crop has been implanted in—along with such routine products as corn syrup, corn oil, cornmeal, and corncob pipes—automobile paint, potato chips, plastics, ice cream, tires, leather, chewing gum, textiles, library paste, clam chowder, dog biscuits, spaghetti sauce, table mats, salad dressing, sausages, foot powder, gunpowder, face powder, table salt, mincemeat, mustard, mayonnaise, ketchup, peanut butter, dice, licorice, oilcloth, sandpaper, soap, drinking straws, surgical dressings, insecticides, boot polish, children's dolls (the "corn dollies" of English harvest festivals, however, were mostly fashioned out of wheat), lactic acid, jelly, candy (in 1915, the American Manufacturers' Association of Products from Corn persuaded a physician to write a brochure entitled "Candies Good for Children"), artificial silk, embalming fluid, scratchless polishers for jewelry and ball bearings, nail-polish remover, hair tonic, rubbing alcohol, ether, deodorants, mattresses, varnish, hydraulic-brake fluid, gasohol, adhesive tape, fireworks, film, safety glass, and—of all things—agricultural poisons.

The December 16, 1928, edition of the Danville, Illinois, *Sunday Commercial-News* was printed on paper made of cornstalks. "NEW EPOCH IN PAPER INDUSTRY ARRIVES," a banner headline proclaimed. (In fact, researchers had already been working on corn newsprint pulp for at least eighteen years.) In smaller type the editors noted that the first sheet of the newfangled paper had been processed by the Cornstalk Products Company, a local concern, on the preceding October 19th, and they instructed their readers to "mark the date for it will be historic." Although one whole book also appears to have been printed on cornstalk paper, it could not compete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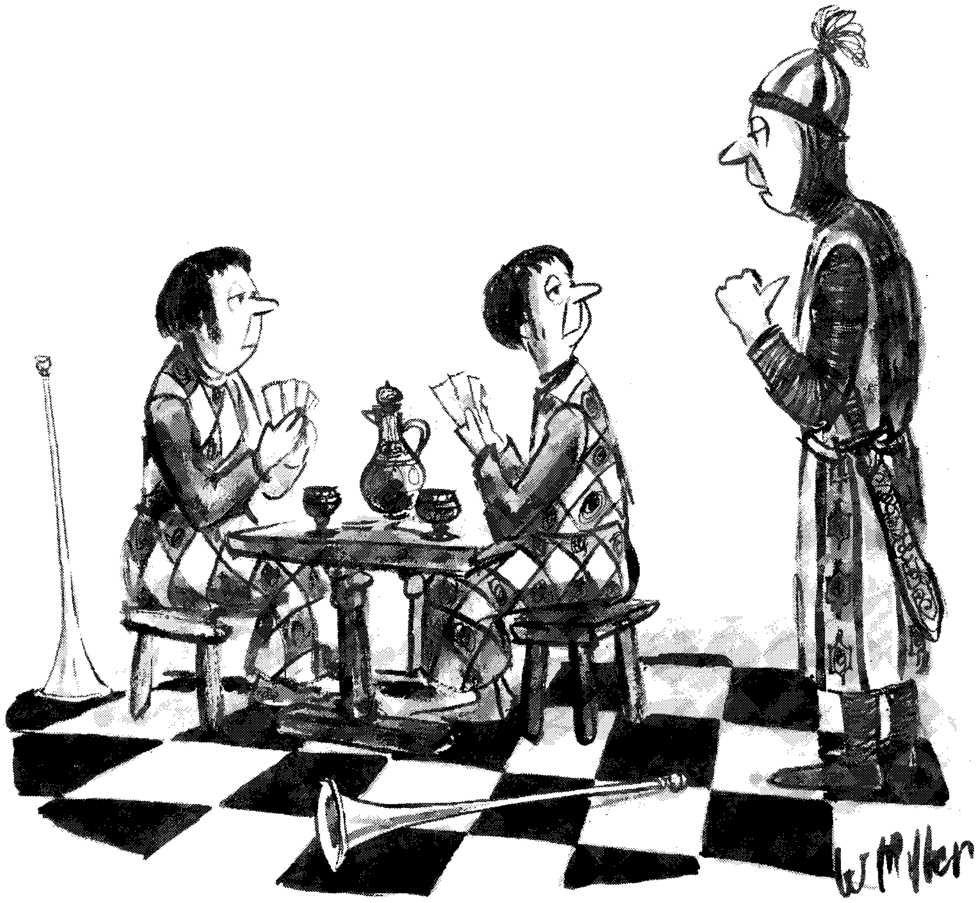
in price with conventional newsprint, and in less than a year the experiment was abandoned. The Hungarian chemist responsible for the novelty, Dr. Bela Dorner, at least had the satisfaction of learning that that 1928 edition had been delivered to the Smithsonian Institution (which had earlier gone astray by exhibiting for years a hoary "fossil ear" of corn from Cuzco, Peru, that turned out to be a child's toy made of clay). Otherwise the episode was one of very few in which corn has let its country down. Fifty-five years after that abortive attempt to turn food into newsprint, microbiologists who were worried about the scarcity of nutriments in the future were talking cheerfully about converting newsprint, along with crude oil and automobile tires, into food.



"Rex is coming. Get out there and give him a blast."

In parts of Central America, corn grows twenty feet tall and is harvested on horseback. Cortés's mounted troops had trouble riding through it. Cornstalks have been used there to build fences, roofs, and whole houses; the corn plant is so tough that, in 1930, some scientists at Iowa State College, in Ames, were inspired to concoct from it a product called maizolith, which was as hard as stone and stronger than wood. Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, who was head of the bureau of chemistry of the Department of Agriculture in 1898, once declared, "The inner portion of the stalk—the pith—possesses remarkable properties as an obturator in the manufacture of battleships. It possesses a high degree of resilience and porosity, and when perforated by a shot or shell it instantly closes the aperture made by the projectile, and thus prevents the entrance of water into the vessel." The Navy is not believed to have acted on that proposal, although anything that that formidable chemist advocated was not to be taken lightly. A noted connoisseur of wines until he abandoned bachelorhood to wed a Prohibitionist, Dr. Wiley, who died three years before Repeal, came to conclude, or was nagged into concluding, that the only liquid suitable for human beings to imbibe was water. He considered the makers and purveyors of all drinks containing a trace of caffeine to be dope peddlers, and was an unrelenting foe of the Coca-Cola Company. He was the man chiefly responsible for the passage, in 1906, of the Pure Food and Drug Act, and his first son was known in the press as the Pure Food Baby. When Dr. Wiley gave his imprimatur to any potable or edible, it was much appreciated, if for no other reason than that his opprobrium was a nuisance. (He dragged Coca-Cola into nine years of skirmishing in the federal courts.) He had unfailingly good things to say about corn, which he once described as "this great cereal." On another occasion, he asserted, "In Europe, primarily in Great Britain, Indian corn is not considered fit for the manufacture of bread for the use of man. This prejudice seems quite baseless when we consider the very extensive use of this material for bread making in this country and the high nutritive properties which it possesses. With a diet of Indian-corn bread and pork the workmen of this country are capable of enduring the greatest fatigue and performing the greatest amount of physical labor." Wiley, who measured food values in terms not of proteins or calories but, rather, of oil or fat, digestible carbohydrates, crude carbohydrates, albuminoids, and ash, acclaimed corn as "of superior value to any of the other cereals produced in the United States." It can only be guessed how he would have felt about the use, long after he passed on, of its fructose content as a sweetener in the brewing of Coke. (It is known how the Iowa Corn Promotion Board felt; at a 1983 meeting in their state of regional soft-drink bottlers, they nettled the Pepsi people in attendance, who weren't yet much using corn sweeteners, by presenting an award for exemplary conduct to the Coca-Cola Company.) Once Wiley became a benedict, he must surely have frowned on the national penchant for corn liquor (not to mention beer and bourbon), which came into vogue as an American staple of sorts because when United States frontiersmen moved west toward what is now the Corn Belt it proved too expensive to transport rum out to them to slake their thirst. Corn liquor inspired the poet William James Lampton to describe the subject of his "Kentucky" as "where the corn is full of kernels,/and the colonels full of corn," and provoked the prose writer Irvin S. Cobb into coming up with an acerbic definition of the old distillation: "It smells like gangrene starting in a mildewed silo, it tastes like the wrath to come, and when you absorb a deep swig of it you have all the sensations of having swallowed a lighted kerosene lamp. A sudden, violent jolt of it has been known to stop the victim's watch, snap his suspenders and crack his glass eye right across."

IF the geographical origins of corn have been somewhat tangled, its botanical origins have been an all but impenetrable jungle of confusion and controversy. In his "Indian Corn," published in 1879, the hard-digging Dr. Sturtevant said:

> The interest which surrounds an investigation into the history of a cultivated plant increases with the importance of the uses to which the vegetable is applied, and the obscurity which prevails over the origin. There is a delight in probing within mysteries, and in the following out of clues which trace to mythology and the beginnings of things, especially when the value of the production lends a factitious dignity to everything connected with the investigation, and the fancy can play without the appearance of triviality, or the accusation of idle research.

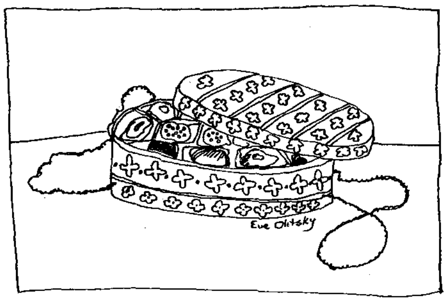
Twenty-four years earlier, the French botanist Alphonse de Candolle had written, in his "Origin of Cultivated Plants":

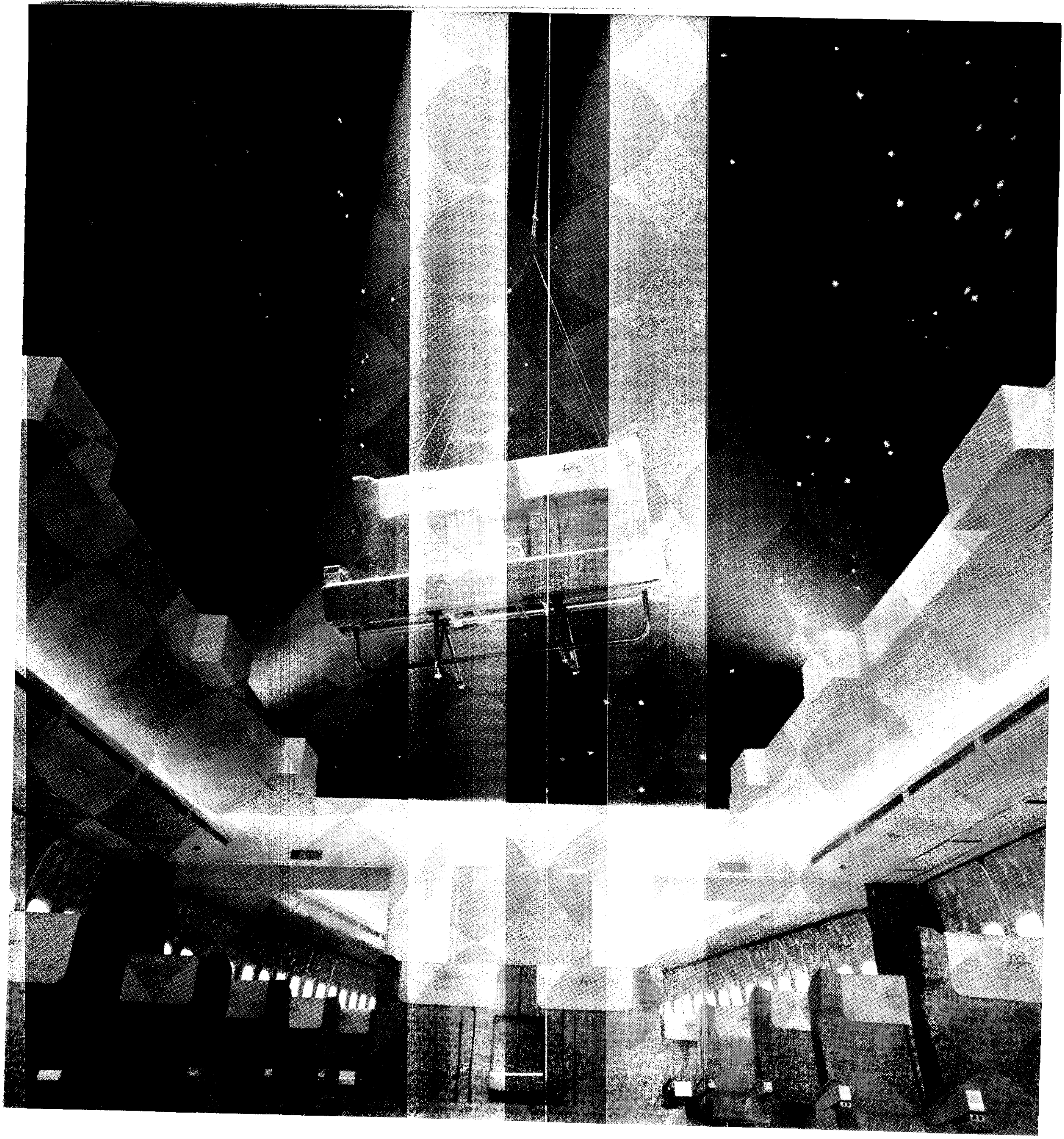
> I dare not hope that maize will be found wild, although its habitation before it was cultivated was probably so small that botanists have perhaps not yet come across it. The species is so distinct from all others, and so striking [corn is unique among cereals in that its grains are encased in a protective husk, and in that its staminate (male) flowers are separated from its pistillate (female) ones], that natives or unscientific colonists would have noticed and spoken of it. The certainty as to its origin will probably come rather from archeological discoveries.

Archeology has been helpful, although some archeologists with slight botanical bent are rumored to throw away almost everything they discover that is not identifiable as pottery shards or statuary ears and noses. In 1948, a Harvard expedition to New Mexico, which included a botanist, found in the debris of caves there that had been inhabited from about 2500 B.C. to 1000 A.D. hundreds of shelled cobs, kernels, and other fragments of ancient corn plants. Subsequently, such refined analytic tools as radiocarbon testing and the electron microscope have made it possible for concerned scientists to examine timeworn trash in consummate detail—to deduce from the bones of skeletons from 400 A.D. unearthed in the Orinoco region of South America, for instance, that people then alive relied on corn for eighty per cent of their sustenance. The teeth were ground down, apparently because those Indians ate their corn mixed with grit eroded from their grinding stones. The seemingly most venerable evidence of the existence of some sort of corn which has been discovered so far makes it emphatically prehistoric. In 1950, a few eighty-thousand-year-old grains of a fossilized cornlike pollen were excavated from two hundred-odd feet below ground level while foundation cores were being drilled for a skyscraper in Mexico City.

No one has been more deeply immersed in the long, spirited, often acrimonious, and as yet not fully resolved debate about corn's origins than Paul Mangelsdorf. He was born in 1899 in Atchison, Kansas, a community on the Missouri River whose inhabitants, then numbering about sixteen thousand, hoped that it would get much bigger when, or if, a projected rail terminal was emplaced there. Atchison didn't get it, though its name was eventually immortalized with Topeka and Santa Fe; it lost out to Kansas City, on the other side of the stream. Mangelsdorf's father ran a seed-and-greenhouse business. He exhibited his prize botanical wares at Atchison's turn-of-the-century annual corn carnival, in the merry course of which the revellers, in lieu of confetti, flung kernels at one another. At one celebration in the eighteen-nineties, young Mangelsdorf later heard with awe, some townsfolk had constructed a fifty-foot phallus made entirely of ears of corn.

As a boy, Paul was already fascinated by corn, because it was so radically different from any other plant of his acquaintance. (He was an admirer of corn silk even before he was old enough to smoke it.) His first job was to remove suckers from corn stems; his father thought this was necessary for their vigorous growth. Later in life, Paul learned that their removal was not only unnecessary but deleterious. His knowledge of all plants was, for a youngster, encyclopedic: most summer Sunday afternoons, Mangelsdorf *père* would take his children (Paul's older brother Albert became a sugarcane breeder) on nature walks, identifying for them each cultivated plant or weed they passed. "I suppose you might say I had a precocious affinity for plants," Mangelsdorf told a friend long after he turned eighty. Entering Kansas State Agricultural College, in Manhattan, he studied for four years under the agronomist John H. Parker, and after graduating, in 1921, he got a job as an assistant geneticist at the Connecticut Agricultural Experiment Station, in New Haven—one of a nationwide network of such centers established by Congress in 1887 and put under the aegis of the Department of Agriculture. He stayed on there, part time, until 1927, shuttling between the station and Cambridge, Massachusetts, for six months each year to do graduate work at Harvard. In both Connecticut and Massachusetts, he was apprenticed to established corn breeders—Donald F. Jones and Edward Murray East, respectively. They were authors of an influential work on hybrid corn called "Inbreeding and Outbreeding." East, a biologist and geneticist, was on the Harvard faculty from 1909 until his death, in 1938. He had started off in potatoes; his doctoral dissertation at the University of Illinois was "A Study of the Factors Influencing the Improvement of the Potato." Dr. East spent a couple of diligent years in Connecticut breeding potatoes, but he abandoned them in dismay and disarray in 1908, after a fire destroyed just about all his research findings. He switched to corn, which he was soon hailing as "the prince of grasses." In 1923, while Mangelsdorf was one of his students, East wrote "Mankind at the Crossroads," in which he predicted—sixty years later it was devoutly to be hoped he was wrong—that "under the most optimistic assumptions as to production and distribution of food that it is reasonable to make, the world can support but 5,200 millions of people." Even earlier, another titan in the pantheon of corn geneticists, George Harrison Shull, was probing, on Long Island, into the effects of inbreeding on the inheritance of numbers of rows of kernels on corn ears. A professor of botany and genetics at Princeton from 1915 to 1942, and the founder, in 1916, of the magazine *Genetics*, Shull liked to refer to what he was up to with corn not as hybridization but as "pure-line breeding." *His* earliest work had been with the evening primrose, but he had turned to corn in 1905, painstakingly counting the individual kernels on ears he obtained





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from a horse-feed merchant, and breeding these to grains from cobs with differing totals. But not long afterward he had forsaken corn for his longer-cherished evening primrose.

At Harvard—where he roomed for a while with yet another elder corn statesman, Edgar Anderson, who later wrote "Plants, Life, and Man" and became the director of the Missouri Botanical Garden, in St. Louis—Mangelsdorf evinced interest almost exclusively in corn, from that time on his one true vegetable love, though he had scholarly flirtations, afterward, with wheat, barley, rice, oats, sorghum, millet, and potatoes. (One of the library books he fondly perused in Cambridge was the esoteric "Flour for Pretzels.") In 1927, Sci. D. well in hand, he won an appointment as Agronomist in Charge of Corn and Small Grain Investigations at the Texas Agricultural Experiment Station, in College Station, the seat of Texas A. & M. The only place he and his wife of four years could find to rent had scorpions proliferating not only on its walls but inside them, too. That did not exactly enchant Mrs. Mangelsdorf, but her husband found it scientifically stimulating. Mangelsdorf remained in Texas, breeding plants furiously, for thirteen years, and then was invited to return to Harvard as a professor of botany and assistant director of the Botanical Museum. He was forty-one, and had never taught, but he was encouraged to do so by the museum's director, Oakes Ames, who was also the university's senior botanist.

Some slaughterhouse workers, understandably, cannot stomach beef. Mangelsdorf loved to eat corn. On dining at a New England restaurant in 1949 and being served some sweet corn—its popularity, according to Walton Galinat, who was for a while president of the National Sweet Corn Breeders Association, derives from "man's instinctive desire to eat directly with his bare hands"—that didn't meet his exacting standard, Mangelsdorf teamed up with Karl Sax, the director of Harvard's Arnold Arboretum, to breed a succulent variety, which they loyally dubbed Harvard Hybrid. In Texas, Mangelsdorf had done much the same thing on his own, at that time coming up with a sweet corn he called Honey June, which achieved a great vogue—in no small part, he suspected, because of its name. Its popularity far eclipsed that of, for instance, Shoe Peg.

In 1945, Mangelsdorf succeeded Ames as director of the museum, which was, and is, the repository of Harvard's famous glass flowers. Visitors who travel by the thousand to gawk at them have since 1946 also been able to gaze at an oil portrait of Mangelsdorf by Blanche Ames, his predecessor's wife. She portrayed him holding in his hands—much in the manner of bygone Aztec brides during their wedding ceremonies—a half-shucked ear of corn. The Mangelsdorfs sometimes spent summer holidays in a guesthouse on the Ames estate, at Gloucester. Returning there once in the early forties from a graminological safari to Mexico, Mangelsdorf was presented by his wife with a homecoming gift she'd found in a nearby antique shop—a bracelet with square dangles, each bearing the embossed image of an ear of corn. That was the forerunner of a formidable trove of four or five hundred *objets de maïs* that the Mangelsdorfs accumulated over the next thirty years. They combed New England stores and yard sales for their specialty, and never once did they fail to spot something with an appropriate motif. "My wife and I developed a nose for corn objects," Mangelsdorf would say in later years. They had cornhusk fans, cob-shaped whiskey bottles, a plastic harmonica in the guise of an ear of corn, and Meissen-china cobs. "Being stylistic," Mangelsdorf once said, "the designers of most of the things we acquired missed one of the most important botanical characterizations of corn; namely, that the kernels invariably come in pairs of rows." Their pièce de résistance was a sixteenth-century Chinese ivory ear of corn—a remarkable item, Mangelsdorf liked to point out, because in his view corn had barely got to China when the object was carved. He had pounced on that one in a boutique in a Boston hotel lobby. The proprietor said he'd obtained it from a Philadelphia dealer a year or so earlier, telling his Pennsylvania counterpart, who had long stocked it unpurchased, "Give it to me. I can sell anything in Boston." His confidence had begun to flag when Mangelsdorf materialized.

Mangelsdorf became emeritus at Harvard in 1967, and moved to Chapel Hill, North Carolina, where he was eventually given a research professorship at the University of North Carolina. After his wife's death, in 1979, he agreed to have the bulk of their corn collection put on permanent display at North Carolina State University, in Raleigh. He kept for his own lifetime use and enjoyment, among a few other particularly cherished memorabilia, a brass corncob door knocker, which he believed might be a true copy of an ancient Mexican Indian door knocker. But in 1983, at eighty-four, he was still so busy breeding corn and speculating about its genesis that he hadn't found time to try to authenticate the knocker's provenance. At his first Chapel Hill home, he had converted a sun parlor into a sort of greenhouse, and had also had a modest outdoor garden, measuring ten by fifteen feet. It was large enough, however, to accommodate seventy-five cornstalks. Mangelsdorf liked to tell people who asked about his practically non-stop corn-growing that he had two things in common with Gregor Mendel, whose own experimental plot was a tiny patch of soil alongside a monastery wall: a little garden and big ideas. "You can do a lot of work in a small area if you know what you're concentrating on," Mangelsdorf would say.

MANGELSDORF'S 1940 appointment to the Harvard faculty had been prompted in part by the attention he received the year before, when, with Robert Reeves, he enunciated a novel theory about the origin of corn—a topic that, they wrote in the May, 1939, issue of the *Bulletin* of the Texas Agricultural Experiment Station, was "one of the most intriguing puzzles of modern times." They said that "a solution of this problem may throw revealing light upon evolutionary processes in general and expand still further our knowledge and understanding of the corn plant." (They also took occasion to state that "all the great civilizations of all time have been based upon the culture of cereals; and some authorities consider it an axiom that no advanced civilization can develop without cereal culture.") They spent one summer apprenticed to Barbara McClintock, who had stopped off at Cornell on her long road to the Nobel Prize. In 1927, they had begun experimentally hybridizing corn with a perennial wild grass of the genus *Tripsacum*. After nine or so years of study and reflection, they had concluded—as Edgar Anderson had hypothesized to Mangelsdorf several

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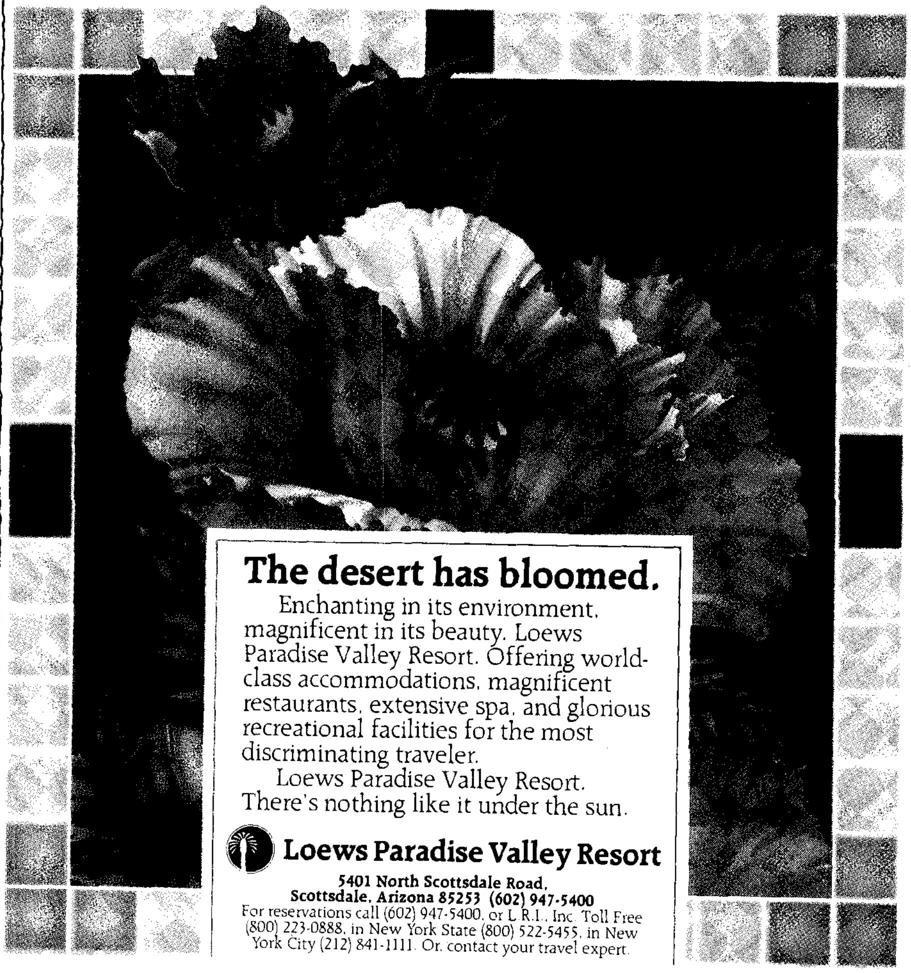

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years earlier—that in bygone days some wild corn or relative of corn, so far undetected by modern man, had mated with *Tripsacum* and produced a cousin of corn's called teosinte. This conclusion—which Mangelsdorf in time came regretfully to amend—was known in corn circles as the tripartite theory. Mangelsdorf and Reeves did not proffer it dogmatically. "If we have made any contribution toward the solution of the problem," they wrote, "it has been primarily one of realigning the parts of a puzzle so that many which previously failed to fit have now fallen into place to present a picture which, though far from clear and revealing because many segments are still missing, is at least visible in outline and is suggestive of many new points of experimental attack on the problem."

"Of course, I didn't always have the ability to intimidate people."

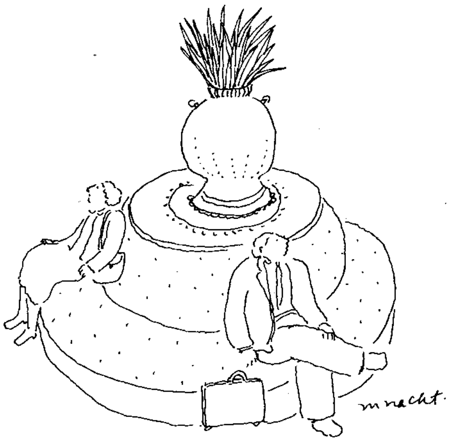
The tripartite theory ran directly counter to a belief of other experts that corn was not an ancestor of teosinte but, rather, that teosinte was the ancestor of corn. Teosinte, generally an annual, has foliage strikingly resembling corn's, except that a number of stalks sprout from a single base; corn usually has just one stalk. Whereas all the kernels on a cob of contemporary corn are snugly wrapped in a single protective husk, each of teosinte's is encased in a hard, bony shell of its own. (The shell drops off easily, however; thus teosinte can readily regenerate itself. The kernels of cultivated corn cling tightly to their cobs and therefore have to be planted by man or machine.) Early in the twentieth century, Luther Burbank buoyed the contentions of the teosinte-first boosters by proclaiming, with considerable fanfare, that after an eighteen-generation breeding marathon he had succeeded in producing corn from teosinte; but then it turned out that his parental teosinte had itself been a corn-teosinte hybrid. The pro-teosinte partisans nevertheless marshalled strong debating points on their behalf. Teosinte grows wild. Nearly all domesticated plants have been ascertained to have wild progenitors that still exist. Corn had so far been found to have none. Did not the Aztec name for teosinte—*teocentli*—mean "God's ear of corn"? Had not the Spanish conquerors of Mexico, presumably getting the idea from their victims, called teosinte "*madre de maiz*"? How could all that not be meaningful? To this Mangelsdorf replied that there was no reason to infer that there had never been a wild corn simply because none had yet been found. After all, he said, the piscine coelacanth had been discovered swimming animatedly off the coast of Madagascar sixty million years after its supposed extinction. "Regardless of the validity of the hypotheses which have been, and may be, put forward to replace it," Mangelsdorf wrote in *Advances in Genetics* in 1947, "the hypothesis that teosinte is the progenitor of maize is definitely no longer tenable." Twenty-six years later, he was still declaring flatly, "The ancestor of cultivated corn was corn."

The anti-Mangelsdorf forces in what some botanists took to calling the Corn War (to chronicle each of its skirmishes would require a whole book, and, indeed, it has been the central theme of many lengthy publications) were a well-armed array. Paul W. Weatherwax, the author of a much-respected 1954 volume titled "Indian Corn in Old America," was one of the warriors. Their field commander off and on was the redoubtable geneticist George W. Beadle, who, soon after the Mangelsdorf-Reeves tripartite theory was made public, fired a broadside at it that went, in part, "The fragmentary circumstantial evidence offered in favor of this interpretation cannot be regarded as convincing."

Born in Wahoo, Nebraska, in 1903, and thus four years Mangelsdorf's junior, Beadle had done his graduate work in genetics at Cornell (crossbreeding corn and teosinte was one of his activities there), had been on the faculties of several other universities, and had settled down at the University of Chicago. (He served as its president from 1961 to 1968.) Once, he got to wondering whether pre-Columbian Indians might not, about eight thousand years ago, have fed themselves by cracking dried teosinte seeds. He borrowed some eight-thousand-year-old grinding stones from the Field Museum of Natural History, in Chicago, and got down to work. "I concluded that in a day an energetic person motivated by sufficient hunger could separate enough partially shell-free teosinte meal from the ground shell-kernel mixture by a simple water-flotation method to feed a small family for a day or more," Beadle wrote. In the most laudable scientific tradition, he proceeded forthwith to feed himself—it turned out, adequately—on teosinte for four days. Moreover, in 1939, brooding about the possible edibility of teosinte, it occurred to him to heat some of its tough kernels. (As a normal American boy, he had been fond of popcorn.) When the kernels "exploded out of their fruit cases," he recalled forty-one years afterward, they were "indistinguishable from popped corn." So it seemed likely to him that prehistoric man had made the same discovery, probably by accident, and that that had led to the cultivation of teosinte and to its evolution—conceivably, again by chance—into corn. Accidental popping—by lightning or campfire embers or whatever—might indeed have revealed to long-ago human beings the nutritive appeal and value of certain grains, Mangelsdorf conceded, but he thought that what had popped was probably not teosinte but some ancient pop*corn*.

During the 1936-37 academic year, Beadle had been briefly on the Harvard faculty himself, as an assistant professor of genetics. He had left Cambridge (this was before Mangelsdorf joined the Harvard faculty) when it began to appear unlikely that he would be granted tenure—classroom lectures were not his forte—and moved on to Stanford. Ever afterward, he seemed cool toward Harvard, where Mangelsdorf was so warmly embraced. In 1961, the archeologist Richard S. MacNeish, who had been digging in Mexico since 1945, found in a cave there some tiny, half-inch cobs seventy-two hundred years old. Eventually, he accumulated around twenty-five thousand specimens of ancient corn, some of which looked to Mangelsdorf's delighted eye like wild corn, and delivered them to the Botanical Museum at Harvard for researchers to scrutinize. These were still being pored over in 1969, by which time Mangelsdorf had departed for North Carolina. His successor as director of the museum, the botanist Richard Evans Schultes (by 1984, he had had more than a half century's affiliation with Harvard, during which he spent fourteen years prowling the Amazon jungles; the year before; he had had conferred on him by the President of Colombia that nation's most prestigious decoration, the Cross of Boyaca), deemed the specimens to belong to Mexico and expected to have them duly returned when his associates completed their leisurely assessment. That year, though, an American scientist who was a staunch Beadle fan hinted darkly to the Mexican government's Department of Pre-History that Harvard had stolen Mexico's corn treasures, or, at any rate, had accessioned the specimens—put numbers on them, that is, as possessive evidence. Schultes denied it; he said that the relics had been stored separately from any permanent acquisitions, and that Mexico was welcome to retrieve any of them it needed at any time. By then, things had got out of hand, and the Mexican government demanded *all* the specimens back, immediately. In 1972, accordingly (such matters take time), they were all handed over, though in Mangelsdorf's view Harvard could have spent another profitable decade examining them had it not been for anti-Harvard, anti-Mangelsdorf, and pro-Beadle interference. MacNeish, who during the fracas had become persona non grata in Mexico, transferred his digging to Peru. Beadle had pretty much retired from corn-and-teosinte research in 1939—though while president at Chicago he had a half-acre growing plot conveniently close to his campus headquarters—and had been devoting himself to fruit flies and bread mold. In 1958, he shared the Nobel Prize in Medicine and Physiology for his explorations into the role of genes in regulating biochemical reactions. Beadle harvested a bushel of honorary degrees over the years, three of them from Ivy League institutions, but he was never thus singled out by Harvard. Harvard did, however, bestow such an accolade on Mangelsdorf in 1977.

The Corn War was waged, in a sporadic but animated fashion, for decades. One of the participants, a sometime collaborator with Mangelsdorf who ended up in the Beadle camp, was Walton Galinat, whose efforts to replicate the Stars and Stripes on a single kernel were regarded by both sides as exemplary and neutral. In 1983, Galinat told a visitor to his research base at the Suburban Experiment Station, at the University of Massachusetts, in Waltham, where he had worked for twenty years (he countenanced no nameplate on his office door but only a large, emphatic "CORN"), "Corn is my religion, and this laboratory is my church." When Galinat went outdoors in cool weather to inspect his nearby stands of corn, he wore a wool hat that had been knitted in a kernel pattern, and when he got more fancily dressed up he was apt to sport a corn-decorated necktie. At Christmastime, the wreaths he favored featured a cornhusk doll and a corncob with a star at its summit—his version of the Madonna and the Star of Bethlehem. Galinat, who won first prize in a longest-ear-breeding contest in Columbus, Ohio, in 1978 (his entry measured close to two feet), and also bred a slender sweet corn called Candy Stick, which could be eaten in more polite fashion than the run-of-the-mill cob, usually designed his own Christmas cards. The sentiments they conveyed were all corn-oriented. His 1980 card was another sort of nativity scene, depicting three cobs and four stalks, and bearing the legend "The birth of maize—a rebirth for man." By 1983, he had made so many drawings of the various parts of the corn plant during nearly fifty years' adoration at its altar that, he claimed, once he put pencil to paper the rendition finished itself all but automatically, as if some corn spirit were guiding his hand. Once, to portray graphically his version of the origin of maize, he traced his own hand. His little finger represented teosinte, and then there was a thousand-year gap between digits until—presto!—his thumb stood for a plump ear of present-day corn.



"Teosinte is the wild progenitor of maize," Galinat felt it imperative to state in his otherwise matter-of-fact curriculum vitae. A man of gentle disposition, Galinat fought his battles in the Corn War with gloves on. In a couple of reviews of books by Mangelsdorf about corn's origin, he took sharp issue with the author's central hypotheses, but he nonetheless pronounced the texts "beautiful," "valuable," and "monumental." Other corn men have fought bare-knuckled; botanists are a scrappy bunch. One of them had a long-standing, acerbic feud over some abstruse scientific matter with a zoologist; the zoologist got so mad at one point that he conferred his adversary's name upon a previously unidentified species he discovered—a louse that lived on a skunk. One fairly hard-hitting Mangelsdorf ally in the origin-of-corn contretemps was H. Garrison Wilkes, a graduate student of his at Harvard. Wilkes discovered botany as

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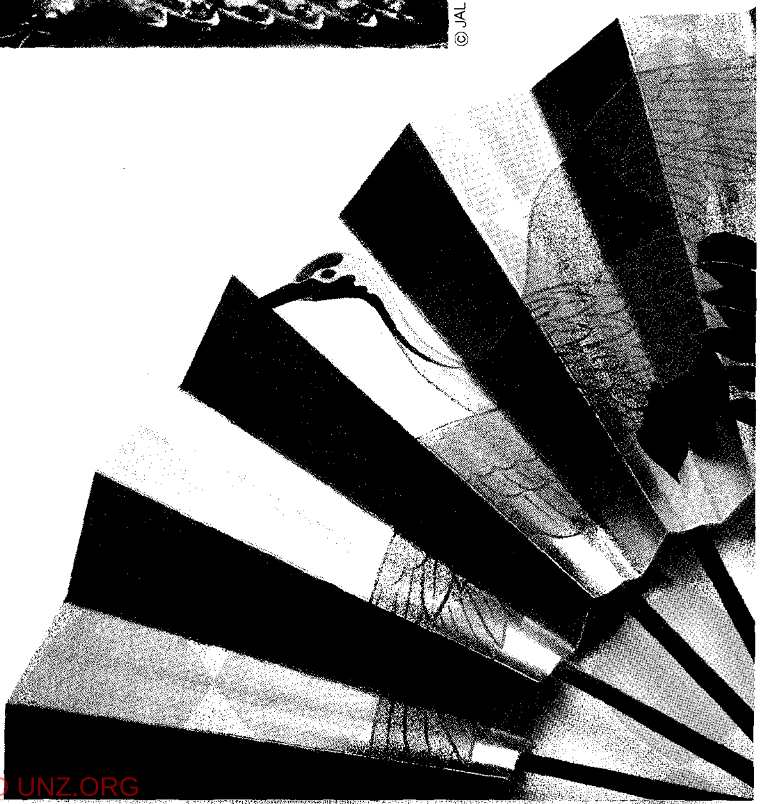

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KEEP
WAGGING
YOUR TAIL

a boy in Southern California. While his contemporaries were engrossed in such books as "Tarzan of the Apes," he chose to read Anderson's "Plants, Life, and Man." "Hey, this is really hot stuff," Wilkes recalls saying to himself. He became further impressed by the importance of plants to the life of man some years afterward, when he was teaching a summer course at the University of Wisconsin on plants and human affairs. One of his students came into his classroom, ashen-faced, the morning after a severe hailstorm, and said, "The oats lodged last night, and there went my fall tuition." Wilkes, who, like Galinat, found a permanent academic niche at the University of Massachusetts—in Wilkes's case, its Boston branch—shared his colleague's ardent feelings for corn. "When you're working with a wheat plant, who cares?" he said once. "But when you're dealing with a corn plant, it's different. It's of human height, and you can look it in the eye. It's one on one. I was once watching some Mexicans harvesting a crop, and every time they picked an ear they would cry '*Elote!*'—'Ear of corn!'—just before they plucked it off, as if this would somehow excuse them from the onus of killing it. Much the same sort of thing was done in the Middle Ages, when to pull up a mandrake plant you'd tie it to a rope around a dog's neck. Then you'd kick the dog, and it would run, uprooting the plant. The dog would probably choke itself to death in so doing, but at least no human being could be directly charged with the crime." A similar note was struck in a "Royal Dream Book" circulated in nineteenth-century England: if in a dream you picked an ear of corn, that meant you had a secret enemy.

Wilkes' doctoral dissertation, prepared under Mangelsdorf's tutelage, was about teosinte and applied the words "crude" and "myth" to Beadle's concept of corn's origins. Beadle read the paper in 1967, and although he had retired from the fray, and from full-time corn work, nearly thirty years earlier, he was not at all pleased and girded up for further action. The following year, after relinquishing his University of Chicago presidency, he returned, with vigor, to the Corn War. He was sixty-five. Other corn men were not surprised at his reappearance on the field of combat; in their view he was like a widower being happily reunited, after a long interlude, with his high-school sweetheart. Beadle and Wilkes got on reasonably well despite their doctrinal differences (Beadle had come back out swinging, with statements like "If corn could have given rise to teosinte, the reverse must also be possible, and I would say much more probable, for teosinte is a highly successful wild plant and corn is not"), and soon took off for Mexico in joint search of some wild plants that might throw fresh light on the old controversy.

In 1969, in an attempt to resolve the matter, an Origin of Corn Conference was held on the Urbana campus of the University of Illinois. The meeting produced such lack of unanimity that its proceedings were never published—a rare debacle for a scholarly conclave. All the antagonists were present—Beadle, Mangelsdorf, Galinat, Wilkes, and also Jack R. Harlan, a professor of plant genetics at the Crop Evolution Laboratory in the Department of Agronomy of the host institution, who, it seemed, had botany in his own genes. His father, Harry, was, according to an anonymous introduction to a posthumously published Harry Harlan memoir, "the only man in the history of the world who devoted his entire life to the study of barley." (That was perhaps a slight exaggeration, the writer having failed to take into account England's E. S. Beaven, who studied barley from 1878 to his death, in 1941, and who wrote in the preface to his own, also posthumous reminiscences that "one species of cereal provides more than enough material for a lifelong study.") Most of the participants in that Origin of Corn Conference—there was yet another scrappy one, at the Harvard Botanical Museum, in 1972—were natives of the American Midwest. An exception was the botanist and taxonomist Hugh H. Iltis, born in Czechoslovakia, who delivered so uncompromising a putdown of the Mangelsdorf-Reeves tripartite theory that, it was later reported, Mangelsdorf walked out. (Mangelsdorf said he might have felt like doing so but didn't.) Iltis, a professor at the University of Wisconsin at Madison and the director of its herbarium, had a prose style befitting a man who proclaimed himself a disciple of the goddess Flora. He was fond of phrases like "in awe and profound botanical satisfaction" and "dreaming botanical dreams.” He once began a paper, titled, pointedly, “From Teosinte to Maize—The Incredible Transformation,” with “The evolution of maize, like a suspenseful historical epic, has all the good themes—suppression and reactivation, multiplication and condensation, sex and transformation, wild and tame species—all orchestrated towards that most drastic of structural revolutions, the climactic ascendancy to absolute apical dominance of the FEMALE POLYSTICHOUS EAR.” In that polysyllabic treatise, he referred to, by name, virtually every corn scientist anybody had ever heard of—except Mangelsdorf. In a 1969 lecture, “The Maize Mystique,” Iltis dismissed as a blind alley the *Tripsacum* research in which Mangelsdorf had so energetically engaged. (Mangelsdorf himself partially concurred with Iltis in subsequent years, but not without coming up with a modified tripartite theory and saying of his original one that it was “still of historical interest because of the extensive research that it has stimulated.”) “The domestication of corn is no mystery, and needs no mystique, nor elaborate reconstruction of ancestors now extinct, nor ingenious genetic nor difficult morphological hypotheses,” Iltis said.

Like Galinat, Iltis was partial to corn-embellished greeting cards of his own design. At New Year’s time in 1976, he sent one such to a Mexican botany professor, Maria Luz Puga, at the University of Guadalajara. On it Iltis had drawn an imaginary *Zea perennis* and had noted that it was “extinct in the wild.” Not long after Doctora Puga received the card, one of her botany students, Rafael Guzmán, made a startling discovery in the hills near Jalisco: a thitherto unknown wild, perennial teosinte. Perennial teosintes had been found before, but they were tetraploids—that is, they had forty chromosomes. Guzmán’s was a diploid; like corn, it had only twenty chromosomes. Its genes could thus be transposed far more easily into another diploid plant than could those of a tetraploid. It could readily be crossbred with corn, and, for all anybody knew, that could have happened ages ago. The new discovery might, indeed, have been an ancestor of corn. When some sample seeds of the Guzmán teosinte were sent to Iltis, he christened it *Zea diploperennis* and wrote about it for the January, 1979, issue of *Science*. It was acclaimed as the botanical breakthrough of the twentieth century. That a perennial teosinte chromosomally homogeneous with corn had positively once existed—and, wonder of wonders, was not extinct but still thriving—was consequential indeed. And *Zea diploperennis* turned out to have all sorts of useful traits. It was immune to several scourges that had long plagued corn in one or another part of the world, among them the maize chlorotic dwarf virus of the United States and the maize streak virus of Africa. By crossing *Zea diploperennis* with *Zea mays*, breeders soon discovered, they might within a few generations produce a plant that was also resistant to such other corn predators as earworms, rootworms, and stalk borers. And they could produce a perennial corn—a phenomenon that has proved to be of more interest to the breeders than to large-scale corn producers, because so much of its energy has to go into its roots to enable it to regenerate that its yields of useful grain are puny. (Whether there was ever a naturally propagated perennial corn is moot. The Bororo Indians of Brazil seem to have thought there was. In “From Honey to Ashes,” Claude Lévi-Strauss recounted a Bororo legend about one Bopé-joku, a supernatural creature who planted some corn. When it was ready for the neighborhood women to harvest, Bopé-joku reappeared and hung around, whistling. One Indian woman was so rattled by the noise that she cut herself on a cob, and she took him to task. That hurt his feelings, and he immediately caused all the ears to wither on their stalks. Never again, the legend had it, was there any perennial corn.)

Mangelsdorf, in Chapel Hill, had missed that issue of *Science*. He did not learn of the Guzmán-Iltis treasure until Garrison Wilkes, who was off hunting plants in the Himalayas, wrote to him urging him to investigate it. Iltis was in Mexico. Mangelsdorf managed to get a packet of *Zea diploperennis* seeds from John Doebley, an Iltis associate at Wisconsin. The retired Harvard professor was eighty and could only with some difficulty perform the plant breeder’s routine crouch and stoop. Nonetheless, he at once began crossing the seeds—first in North Carolina and then, when the temperature dropped there, in Florida and Argentina—with some primitive Mexican popcorns, which he believed might have been in Jalisco centuries before. Some of the offspring he coaxed forth looked very much like the teosinte that Beadle, Iltis, et al. had pronounced the legitimate progenitor of cultivated corn. Mangelsdorf’s experiments with those seeds revealed, as he and a collaborator wrote afterward, that “there was a merging of two streams of germ plasm that produced a gene pool so extensive and so rich in variation that almost any kind of corn could evolve from it through natural and artificial selection.” They continued, “This concept of *Zea diploperennis* as coequal with *Zea mays* as one of the ancestors of cultivated corn appears to us to be simple, plausible, comparable with the history of Old World cereals, consistent with the paleobotanical and archaeological evidence, and in many of its aspects experimentally testable.”

And in 1983 Mangelsdorf would on his own sportingly assert that the Jalisco find “may well be the most important botanical discovery of the decade of the seventies.”

“Too many people have made too much of a fuss over the Mangelsdorf-Beadle Corn War,” Garrison Wilkes told a visitor to his Boston laboratory in 1983. “There are more similarities than differences between the two points of view. Everybody agrees that domestic corn began about ten thousand years ago and that the place was Mexico. The monster that is present-day corn came, one way or another, from the interbreeding of teosinte and maize. What the argument boils down to is that Beadle thinks that the original plant was a teosinte, and Mangelsdorf, recent developments notwithstanding, thinks that it was a protomaize. There is really no definite answer yet to the question of origin. What’s happened in the last thirty years is that we’ve substantiated the path of corn’s evolution. Who the ancestor was is not as important as the path. We’ve traced that back eight thousand years now; in twenty years we may get back two thousand more. In the nineteen-thirties, after all, we didn’t know the history of corn as of even two thousand years ago. People were throwing darts at a blank wall then—making perceptive guesses. Now we’re much more sophisticated.”

Though, about that same time, Richard Schultes told a visitor to the Harvard Botanical Museum, "The origin of corn is still a mess," Mangelsdorf, for his part, appeared to believe that the emergence of *Zea diploperennis* had tidied things up considerably; and perhaps, after all he had been through, he deserved the last word. In 1979, after his wife's death, he moved to a Chapel Hill retirement home, where in suitable weather he daily tended a crop of corn in a ten-by-twenty-foot garden, and where visitors to his quarters could not sit on his couch, because it was littered with corn cobs he had reared outside. In a scholarly paper he wrote that year, he said, "The long-debated question 'Which is the ancestor of cultivated corn—teosinte or wild corn?' is no longer relevant. Both are!"

THE pre-Columbians who first populated the Americas—descendants of the pioneers from Asia who walked across the Bering Strait thirty thousand years ago or so—are not known to have concerned themselves with the genetic couplings and mutations of corn and other plants. Most of them were probably quite satisfied with their understanding of how such nourishing fruits of the soil had come to hand: gods had given them to mankind. Latter-day scientists, of course, generally scoff at such primitive perceptions, but only up to a point. The molecular biologist Lawrence Bogorad, for instance, whose studies of corn genes are too complex for some of his Harvard faculty colleagues to grasp, keeps on his office wall, just in case he might be on the wrong track, a photograph of an ancient Honduran corn god. "You can't take chances," Bogorad explains to non-scientists who stop by.

The supernatural bestowers of corn upon man took on all sorts of guises. One of the favorite myths of the Apinaye Indians, living southeast of the Amazon River, had to do with a widower who became enamored of a star. The star obligingly came down to earth, in various forms—as a frog, an opossum, a woman. She introduced the widower, who was seemingly starved for both sustenance and sex, to some corn growing on a hardwood tree and taught him and his fellow-tribesmen how to plant it in the ground. (A hardwood maize tree occurs in several other old Indian legends.) The Kraho Indians, living farther southeast, also venerated a star-

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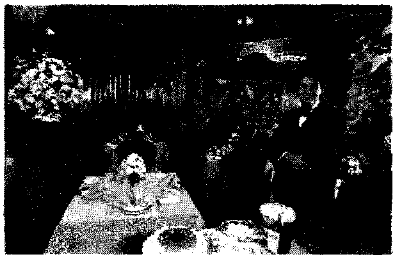

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woman, who had blessed them not only with instructions for the use of corn—which, curiously, they had cultivated for a time merely as an ornamental plant while ingesting ant heaps and rotten wood—but with cassava, rice, potatoes, groundnuts, and, for dessert, watermelon. The Mundurucu, to the west of the Apinaye, believed that corn—and cassava, too—sprang from the grave of an old woman who, immediately after instructing a man about growing food plants, had herself buried in what quickly proved to be a prodigal garden. Such myths seem to be universal. One that long persisted in Indonesia had a bountiful woman's corpse giving birth to rice. Elsewhere, it was cassava, or manioc, alone that thus mysteriously emerged from a tomb, and the body inside was that of a one-year-old girl. In this version, the infant's mother, the supposedly virgin daughter of an Indian chief, had been unaccountably impregnated and had given birth to a white child. Her father wanted to kill her, but spared her when the only white man in the neighborhood swore she was an innocent victim of circumstances he could not elaborate on. (In bygone days, non-whites would take white men's words for almost anything.) The infant had been named Mani, and was regarded as divine until she died. Thus, after her grave burst into useful bloom, the name "manioc." Another notable virgin of lore was a Javanese maid who attracted the eye of a god named Batara Goeroe. The god was married, and the young woman wanted no part of his advances, finally informing him that she would yield only when he could perform three tasks, which she had every reason to assume were impossible—one of them being to furnish her people with "a food of which, no matter how often one eats it, one does not tire." Batara Goeroe could not manage that and, in his frustration, tried to rape her. She died in his unwelcome arms. Forty days after her mourning relatives entombed her, there rose from her grave a galaxy of novel foodstuffs—rice from her navel, a coconut tree from her brow, and corn from her teeth.

The Aztecs of Mexico sometimes credited their bounty of corn to a pair of ants—a black one and a yellow one. The Nahuatl Indians of Central America believed that the red ant had brought corn to man. Charles Darwin, who encountered corn in South America when his Beagle anchored off Peru in 1846, told the Linnaean Society in London fifteen years later that he'd been informed by a doctor in Texas of a local superstition: that ants were the original sowers and reapers of grain. Ants have been credited with extraordinary feats. One ant, color unspecified, allegedly revealed to an elderly Tacuna Indian woman, in South America, the nourishing existence of cassava, which the woman, unacquainted with fire, cooked by warming it in her armpits. Then a swallow brought her fire. When her fellow-tribesmen asked how she'd heated the cassava, she said that the sun had done it. The swallow, still hanging around, laughed at her deception, and as it did flames shot out of its mouth. The other Indians then forced the bird's mouth open and took the fire, and that was how mankind came to have fire.

THERE has scarcely ever been a religion, or a language, in which the staple food plants have not played a significant role. (In parts of Asia, rice was long thought to have a soul—and why not, inasmuch as rice and man were deemed all but indivisible?) King Charles I of Spain, when his settlers went to South America, urged them to plant wheat there, whether or not the climate was right for it, because it was "the historic Eucharist bread of the Lord." Jesuit missionaries from Portugal tried their best to plant wheat for Communion wafers in inhospitable Brazil. Monks at an Ecuadorian monastery, on the other hand, still venerate an earthen pot because it was the receptacle in which a missionary transported the first grains of corn that grateful neighborhood had ever seen. Corn was introduced to Guam, in the seventeenth century, by other missionaries; tortillas have been popular there ever since.

A few lines from an Aztec poem expressed succinctly what corn meant to the Aztecs:

I am a tender ear of corn.
From your mountains I come to see
  you—
I, your god.

Many ancient theocracies boasted an imposing number of agricultural deities. The Romans had separate gods for planting, harrowing, and weeding. Corn—real corn, not the "corn" that was wheat or barley—does not figure in the Old Testament, of course, but Orthodox Jews, whose one God is emphatically non-vegetable, ritually hang husked ears in their tabernacles

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at Sukkoth, their harvest festival. The Aztecs had both male and female corn gods. One was sometimes called "the long-haired mother," and when the plants under her aegis were approaching harvest time the women tending them would let their hair down, so the corn silks would grow longer. Because of the accepted influence of spiritual forces on crops, old-time Mexicans had a host of placatory ceremonies—some of hope, some of fear, some of gratitude, and quite a few involving far more physical alterations than letting down one's hair. A cherished rite of the Aztecs, who believed the corn ear to be a phallic fertility symbol, was to sacrifice a prisoner of war. They would select their handsomest captive, rename him Vitzilopochtl—God of the Gods—and treat him lavishly for a whole year. He wore a wreath of roasted corn ears, and turquoise earrings, and golden leg ornaments. He smoked the finest cigars. Twenty days before his scheduled death, he was given four wives—one was known as the Young Corn Goddess—and a packet of flutes. On his final day, he was escorted to a lofty temple, and as he moved up its steps he had to break a flute at each landing. When he reached the top, some waiting priests leaped upon him, tore out his heart, and offered it to their supervisory corn goddess. The tearing out of the heart was symbolically related to the husking of corn. A green jewel, representing corn, was embedded in the chests of some Aztec statues of their gods, consonant with a song dedicated to the god Xipe that went:

> It may be that I shall fade, fade and die,
> I the young cornstalk.
> A green jewel is my heart,
> But I will see gold,
> I will be content once it has grown ripe;
> The warrior chief is born.

During Montezuma's reign, the Aztecs customarily paid him an annual tribute of three hundred thousand bushels of corn. The Aztecs liked to describe themselves as "corn-eaters," and they looked down upon their uncouth enemies, some of whom liked meat, as "suckers of blood." Nevertheless, it was another habit of the Aztecs, in the course of offering corn to one god or another, to slash their own bodies—tongues, ears, genitals—with stone knives, let their blood flow onto ears of corn, and then eat these in autoanthropophagistic piety. Convinced as they were of the efficacy of human sacrifice, before starting to

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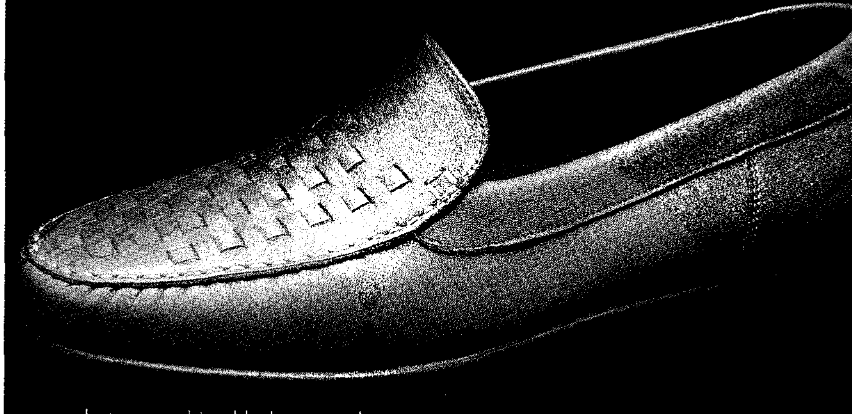

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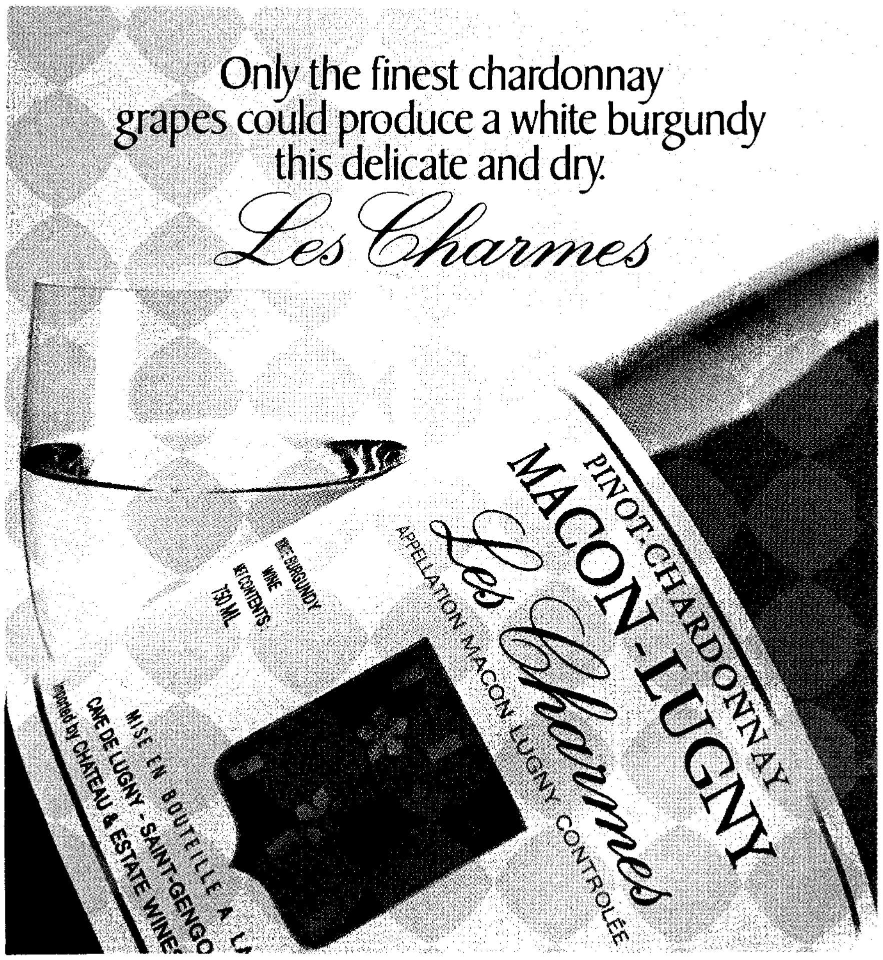

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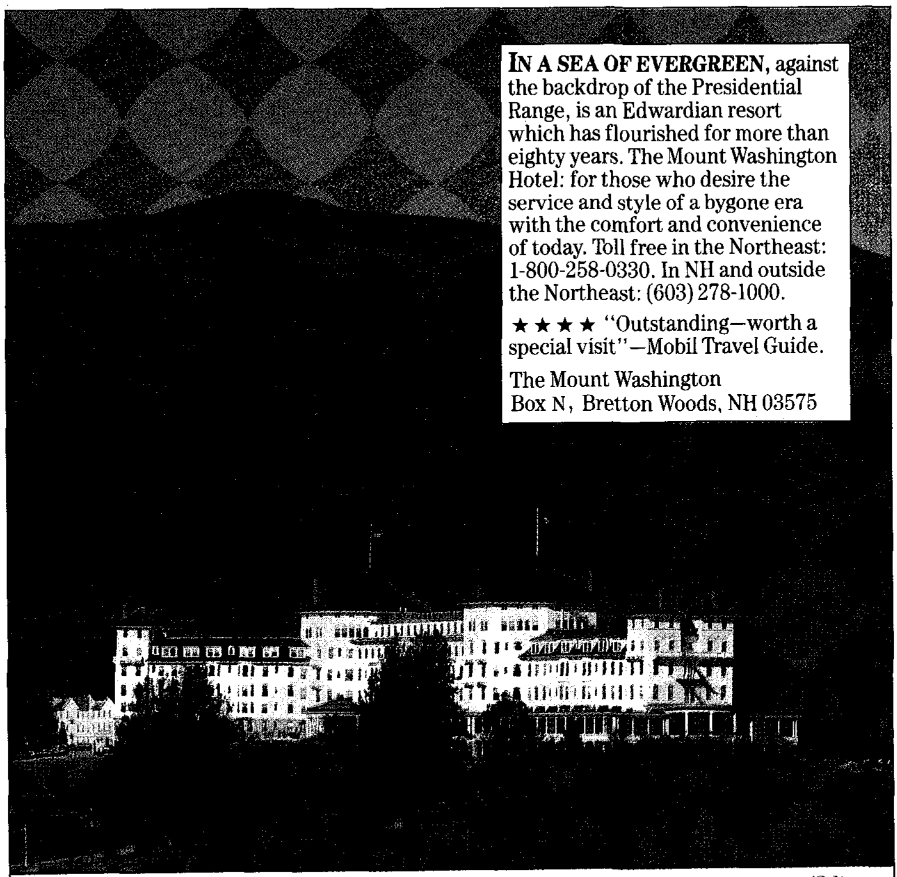

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consume any year's harvest they would routinely put to death a young girl—after stripping her and painting her face with the colors of a corn plant—and reverently place *her* torn-out heart upon a corn goddess's altar. Virgins assigned to the temple of the god of war, who were recognizable by their popcorn headdresses, were exempt.

Among pre-Columbians, corn inspired numerous other beliefs and practices. Some tribes countenanced the consumption of corn bread at cannibal banquets; some forbade it at all festive meals, and some at any repast within five days of a king's death. The number seven was more often related to corn: here one couldn't bed down with one's wife for seven days before planting; there not for seven days afterward, either. It was a popular belief in parts of Nicaragua that a crop could be imbued with extra vigor if at the very instant that corn seeds were planted in the ground the men in the vicinity ejaculated their own seed. (At Truk, in Micronesia, where taro is a staple crop, it used to be that sex was taboo for seven days before planting; hot-blooded, easygoing Trukese found that an intolerable spell of abstinence, and persuaded their chiefs to shorten the period of interdiction to one night.) The Aztecs developed calendars not so much because they wanted to know when it was Tuesday as because they wanted to keep track of when it was time to plant or pick. They could also tell that planting time was near when the leaves of white oaks reached the size of a squirrel's foot, and this reminder was somehow eventually wafted all the way to Cape Cod: Champlain heard there in 1605 that the best time for putting down the first corn seed was when a white-oak leaf approximated a red squirrel's footprint, or—as a double check on the dimensions—when it was the size of a mouse's ear.

CORN was also the dominant crop when the Mayan and Incan empires flourished. That it could be grown relatively easily in the Central American and Andean hills gave the people it sustained plenty of leisure in which to construct the monuments for which they are principally remembered. Even without the help of irrigation, a family of three could grow enough corn in a hundred and twenty days to sustain them for an entire year. The Mayans, who sometimes thought it helpful during sacrifices to their corn gods to flay young girls alive, enhanced routine burials by putting ground corn in the mouths of the dead to succor them in the hereafter. It was held by some Mayans that mankind had evolved from a botched experiment conducted by some of their deities—from, that is, a human body the gods had created out of corn after first trying unavailingly to fashion one out of clay and then out of wood. (How people came to the planet may not have been entirely clear to the Cañari Indians, of Ecuador, but they knew perfectly well how corn had originated: Two brothers hustled to the top of a mountain during a terrible flood that destroyed everyone else around. As the brothers were wondering what would happen to them, two parrots mercifully arrived, bearing food and drink. Next, one of the parrots even more obligingly turned itself into a woman. She not only gave the brothers corn seed to plant but invited them to plant their own seed in her, accordingly becoming the lifesaving mother of their threatened race.) In the ninth century, the Mayans, scholars have determined, abruptly abandoned hundreds of ceremonial centers they had laboriously built and hundreds of thousands of acres they had sedulously cultivated. They had worshipped at those shrines and tilled that land for ten centuries. They moved away. Why the sudden change? As good a guess as any was that the corn on which they were dependent had forsaken them, perhaps having succumbed to an onslaught of maize mosaic virus transmitted from the Caribbean by wind-borne leafhoppers. Without agriculture, the Mayans had no culture. A European who spent forty years with the Mayans said of the typical Mayan afterward, "He does not raise corn to live; he lives to raise corn."

At Cuzco, Peru, near which corn-fed Indians—who also thrived on potatoes—erected Machu Picchu and other architectural marvels, one temple housed life-size corn plants fashioned of silver and gold. In a garden outside, real corn plants grew and were tended and harvested exclusively with gold and silver implements. The building blocks of some structures were put together in the pattern of kernels on a cob. In their prime, the Incas grew three hundred varieties of corn—among these one still obtainable in Peru: *choclo*, a short-stemmed breed with squat cobs and fat white kernels that all but fall off into one's mouth. The most revered variety was cultivated on a sacred island, Titicaca, at an altitude of more than twelve thousand feet. When the Titicaca crop was harvested each year, the kernels were distributed among various temples, for planting in their gardens. Anyone lucky enough to get a single kernel for himself was presumed to have been delivered from hunger forever. Not that malnutrition was much of a problem. The Incas had granaries accommodating several years' supply of corn. (The dilemma of the twentieth century is how to insure the availability of the right amount of staple foods in the right place at the right time.) At planting time, the august Inca himself would turn over the first lump of soil, with a golden pickaxe. He would also pick the first ear at harvest time. In between, there were all sorts of corn rituals to be carefully observed. There were loaves of sacred bread to be baked from a mixture of cornmeal and llama blood. There was *sancu*, a corn gruel, to be spread on thresholds, on public fountains, on faces, and on mummies' faces. The fields under cultivation were to be sprinkled with *chicha*, the Incas' favorite alcoholic drink, which was concocted from corn that had been thoroughly chewed and expectorated by women renowned for their salivary skills; it was believed that the older the women were, the stronger and tastier the *chicha* would be. The Incas had their glorious era, and Peru has never been quite the same since; today, about half its rural inhabitants are judged by prevailing nutritional criteria to be undernourished.

IN a paper he submitted to a botanical symposium in Sydney, Australia, in 1981, Walton Galinat wrote, "The hand of the American Indian must have directed the sequence of intermediate steps that eventually set the ear of maize apart from the female spike of teosinte. Starting with a profusely tillered wild grass he came to recognize as 'God's Corn' or teosinte, man selected for a condensation of its tiny scattered spikes into clusters, then into small ears, and finally into huge magnificent ears bearing hundreds of giant kernels all wrapped in a green mantle of husk leaves." Most North American Indians, like their counterparts to the south, gave credit to outside forces rather than themselves for the happy arrival and survival of the corn plant. Among the Great Lakes Indians, as Longfellow attested exhaustively in "Hiawatha," the corn plant was the embodiment of the great god Mondamin:

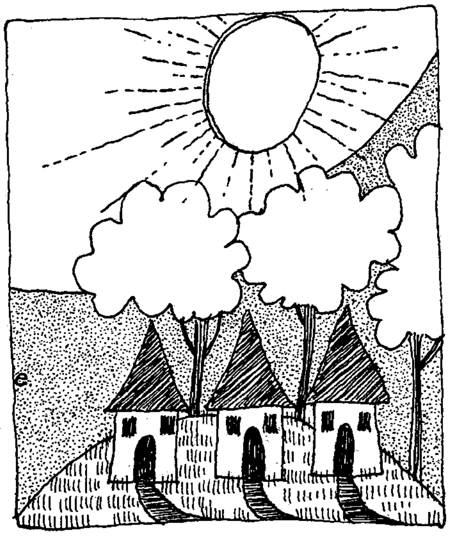
All around the happy village
Stood the maize fields, green and shining,
Waved the green plumes of Mondamin,
Waved his soft and sunny tresses,
Filling all the land with plenty.

For all his powers, Mondamin sometimes needed assistance. Thus, Hiawatha felt obliged to tell his obedient wife, Minnehaha, to get up in the middle of the night, strip, and walk around their fields, in order to dispel "blast of mildew" and "blight of insect." Crows and ravens ogled, and while they were thus provocatively distracted Hiawatha ambushed them with snares and decimated them. Such ornithocidal behavior would have horrified some Rhode Island Indians, who were firmly convinced that a crow had brought them corn, and wouldn't have dreamed of killing one. Navajos, on the other hand, thought that the credit belonged to a turkey hen, which, flying toward them in a straight line from the morning star, shook an ear of blue corn out of its feathers. (For some Indians, blue corn became the only corn suitable for the brewing of beer.) The Shawnees had one chief with the incontestably honorific name of Cornstalk.

Hiawatha and his fellow-tribesmen considered the harvest to be a friendly wrestling match with Mondamin. When they shucked an ear that was bent or crooked, they would all dance around, laughing and singing; and any single girl lucky enough to find a red ear was sure to find herself a handsome husband soon. Sexuality figured importantly in myths handed down through generations of American Indians, who also deemed it prudent from time to time to sacrifice virgins to their demanding corn gods. (Later, they substituted rabbits.) One long-cherished legend dealt with a young man who had never experienced the warmth either of lovemaking or of fire. A beautiful girl appeared before him one day. First, she taught him how to make fire by rubbing sticks together. The fire he made spread to a field, causing it to burn off. When that cooled down, she invited him to drag her by the hair across the field; once he'd done that, she said, he'd be able to enjoy her, or whatever succulent crop emerged from the swath of her body, from that time on. The Zuñis of the American Southwest, whose young men were counselled by their elders to "love and cherish your corn as you love and cherish your women," were so often afflicted by droughts that they built dams to conserve what little rainfall they received, and kept a two-year supply of corn in ratproof storehouses. It was Zuñi corn that fed the United States troops who in the eighteen-fifties came through that region to establish Fort Defiance and other usurpatory outposts. Had the Indians known what all that would lead to, they might have thought better of selling their produce to the outlanders. The Zuñis, who had a corn song for almost every occasion, also had a sort of town crier who would alert all hands when rain was imminent. (The Omaha Indians sought to avert drought by dancing around a water vessel, then spilling its contents on the ground and lapping up mud. This was, on the whole, less taxing than the anti-drought practices of some Asian Indians, who would make naked women hitch themselves to a plow and drag it across a field at night—men were not supposed to look—or of some Russians, who would instruct their women to seize any passing stranger and throw him into a river.) In one Zuñi corn-grinding song, when the sky darkened it was corn itself that sounded the tocsin:

Lovely! See the cloud, the cloud appear!
Lovely! See the rain, the rain draw near!
Who spoke?
It was the little corn ear
High on the tip of the stalk.

WHEN the Mayflower sailed into Provincetown Harbor, in November, 1620—a month before it approached Plymouth Rock—the ship's stores were lamentably depleted. There were some wheat seeds on board, but they would be of little worth until after they were planted. There was nothing to be found directly ashore. Captain Miles Standish set off with a few men of the company on a search for food. They marched for what they thought was ten miles up then heavily forested Cape Cod (William Bradford himself, foraging closer to the anchorage, got caught in an Indian deer trap), and at Truro, on a bayside cliff that is now called Corn Hill, they came upon what appeared to be freshly made graves. They dug. They unearthed several baskets, each with a capacity of three or four bushels, containing corn—yellow, red, and blue—that the Pamet Indians had cached there. It was "a very goodly sight," Bradford observed in his journal when the party returned. That corn—some at once cooked and eaten, some saved to be sown once they had staked out a settlement—kept the Pilgrims going. Bradford thanked God for having guided Standish to the hoard, but his God was not consistently merciful. During their first winter in Plymouth, half the Pilgrims died; the survivors planted wheat across their cemetery, so that the not yet fully trusted Indians in the vicinity wouldn't know how few of them were still alive. When spring came, though, an unexceptionably amicable Indian, Squanto, taught the Pilgrims how best to plant their corn—in little hillocks fertilized with fish, four kernels to a mound, in deferential keeping with an old chant that went, "One for the squirrel, one for the crow, one for the cutworm, and one to grow." Once the Pilgrims had harvested sufficient grain for their own sustenance, they sent a boat back over to Cape Cod and returned to the Indians the same quantity of corn they had stolen to tide them over. (They were probably unaware that in Mexico an old law required farmers to plant some of their corn near the edge of a road, so that hungry wayfarers could help themselves to it. There was a caveat, however: seven ears was the allowable limit, and anyone caught taking more, who couldn't plead the excuse of poverty, was likely to be hanged.) By then, too, the Pilgrims had enough corn to be able to follow the Plymouth Indians' custom of hanging spare ears at the entrances to their homes in November, as symbols of a welcome harvest. In 1624, only four years after their arrival, Edward Winslow, in his "Good News from New England," gratefully eulogized corn as "the staff of life." More than three centuries later, Paul Mangelsdorf stated, concerning the Pilgrims and other English settlers and their hard early days, "And thus it is that the maize plant was the bridge over which English civilization crept, tremblingly and uncertainly at first, then boldly and surely, to a foothold and a permanent occupation of America."



The Pilgrims were relatively unfamiliar with corn when they arrived, because, for one thing, few of them had had much experience farming in England, and, for another, the plant had not attained the sort of foothold in Northern Europe that it had farther south. And where it was known in the north it wasn't universally admired. One sixteenth-century English historian, reflecting on corn, had written, "The bread that is made thereof is drye and hard, having very small fatnesse or moysture, wherefore men may easily judge, that it nourisheth but little, and is evill of digestion, nothing comparable to the bread made of Wheat, as some have falsely affirmed." In Sweden, as late as 1748 Linnaeus, who wanted to know more than he did about corn, sent a thirty-two-year-old disciple, Peter Kalm, off to North America to look into it. In Maryland, Kalm reported on his return, the rich served bread made from both wheat and corn, but they ate only the cornbread themselves. That was the only kind of bread that Kalm—and his manservant, too—subsisted on for an entire winter, and, he was glad to say, the two of them had never felt better. (There may have been moments, though, when the master, at least, felt awful; for he also told Linnaeus that cornmeal was effective against swellings, boils, and toothaches.) Kalm was so impressed by the ratio of corn seeds harvested to seeds sown—three hundred to one, he calculated with awe—that he called the plant, meaning no disparagement, "the lazy man's grain."

During his trip, Kalm had an enlightening talk with the protean Benjamin Franklin, one of whose concerns was agriculture. Franklin grew corn, and also oats, on a three-hundred-acre farm in Burlington, New Jersey. He related to Kalm how the colony of Pennsylvania had almost gone broke because of squirrels' fondness for corn; there was a three-penny bounty for squirrel heads, and in just one year so many of them had been turned in that Pennsylvania had had to pay out eight thousand pounds. It had to cut the bounty in half to stay solvent. In New England, contemporaneously, some towns offered rewards for shooting

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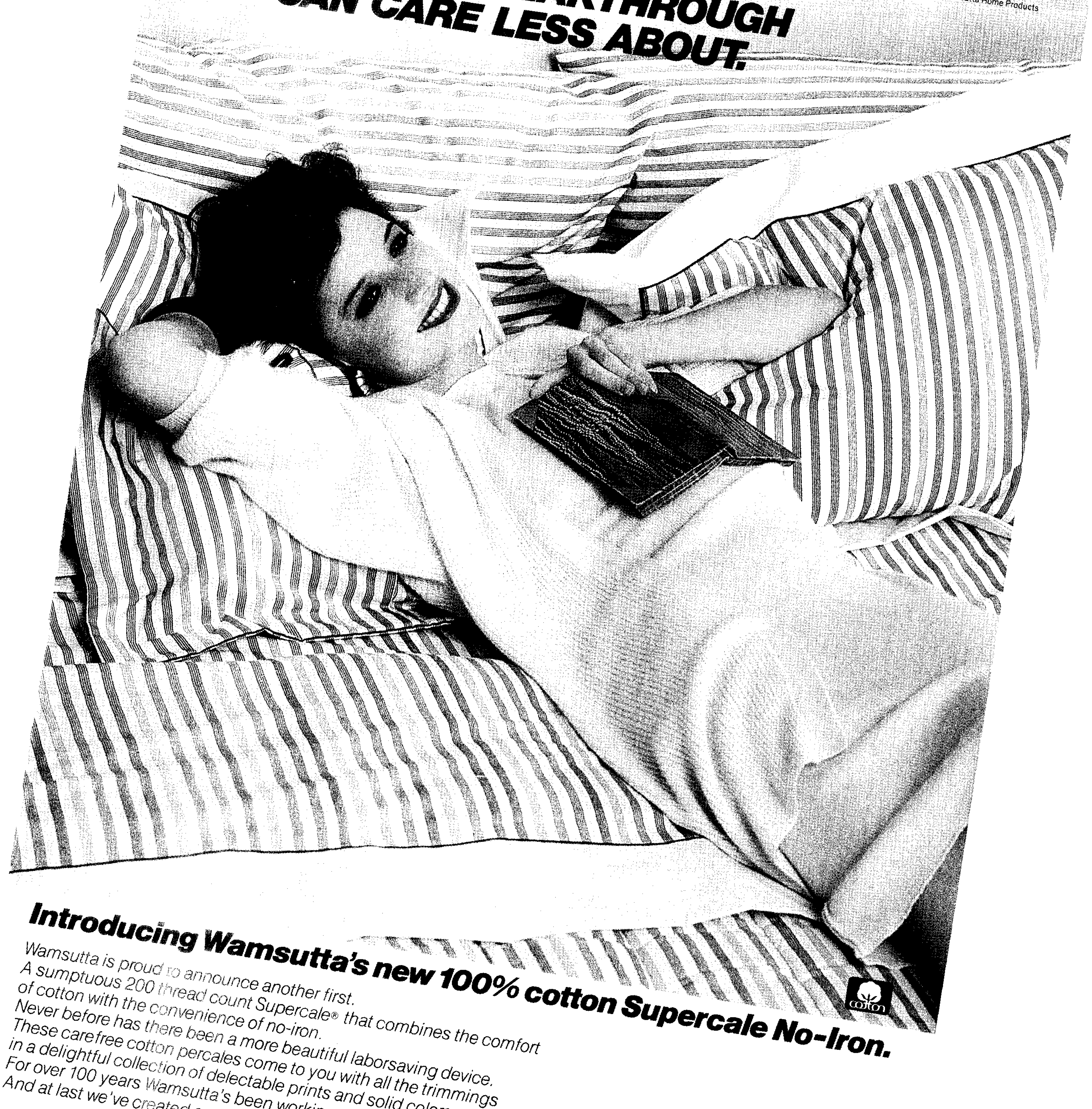

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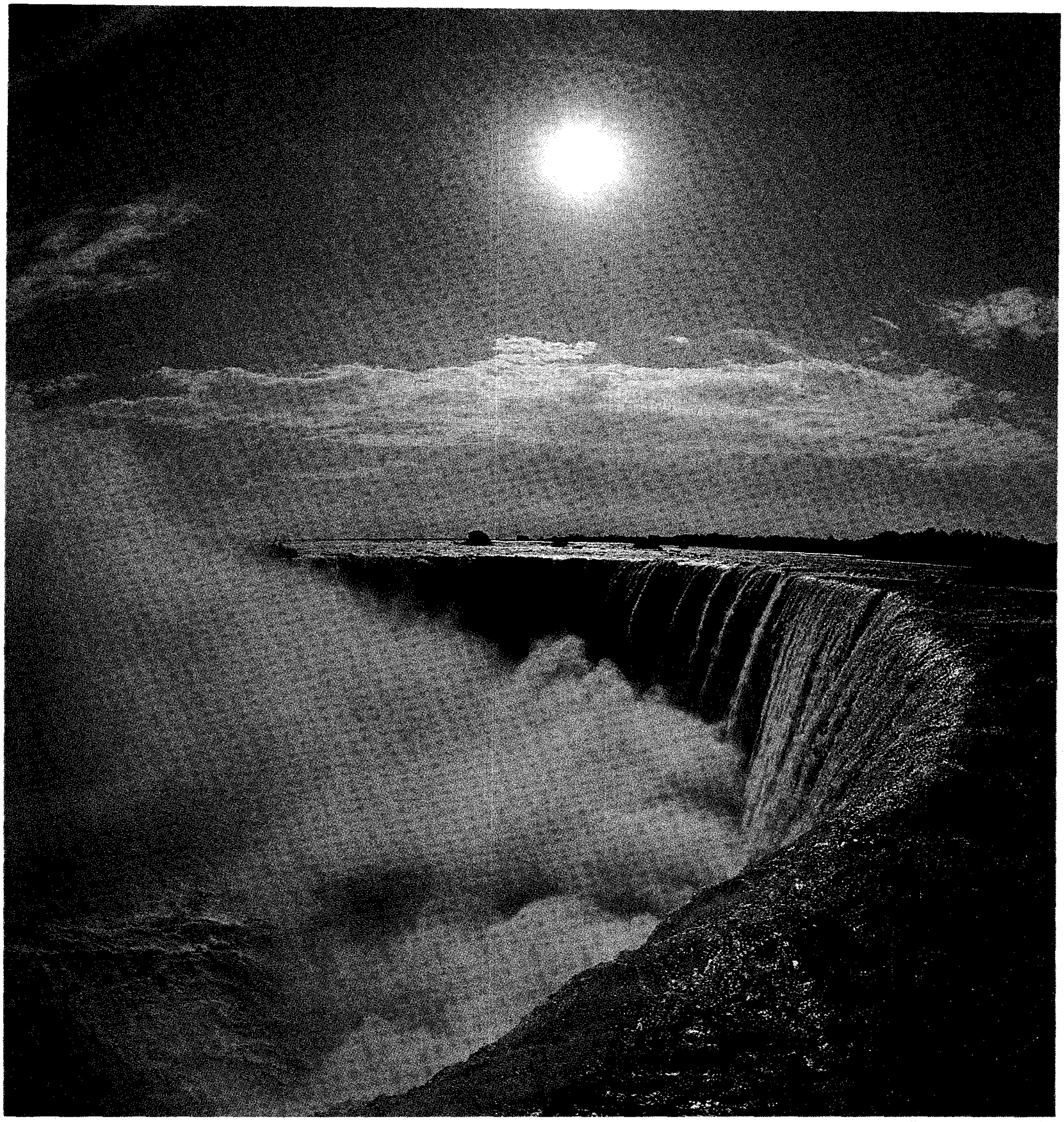

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another predator, the blackbird. By the summer of 1749, blackbirds were almost extinct, and grassworms, which they had habitually devoured along with the corn, were multiplying at a horrifying rate. The authorities who had initiated the bonus arrangement for blackbirds cancelled it, and expressed their contrition at having thus upset nature's delicate balance. American Indians, Kalm was informed along the way, had a more sensible method of dealing with blackbirds. Before planting corn, they would soak it in liquid resulting from boiling a root called veratrum. That had no malign effect on the corn, but it caused dizzy spells among blackbirds—and porcupines, too—that attempted to molest it.

Franklin's interest in plants went back a long way. In 1725, at nineteen, returning home from a journey to Europe, he had brought with him the Colonies' first broomcorn—a sorghum from which whisk brooms are made. Even earlier, he had been an unbending vegetarian. He changed when he watched a cod's belly being sliced open one day and saw a smaller fish inside; if he was going to have to live in a dog-eat-dog world, he ruefully concluded, he might as well eat meat. He never really cared much about any food; he would assert in adulthood that a few hours after dinner he couldn't remember what he'd dined on. But as a young man he'd had strong views about other people's dietary habits. In his "Autobiography," he recounted how detestable he had found it, when he was eighteen and was working in a London printing house, that a fellow-employee not only drank six pints of strong beer every day but also maintained that he did so because it gave him the energy to perform his duties. "I endeavour'd to convince him," Franklin wrote, "that the Bodily Strength afforded by Beer could only be in proportion to the Grain or Flour of the Barley dissolved in the Water of which it was made; that there was more Flour in a Penny-worth of Bread, and therefore if he would eat that with a Pint of Water, it would give him more Strength than a Quart of Beer."

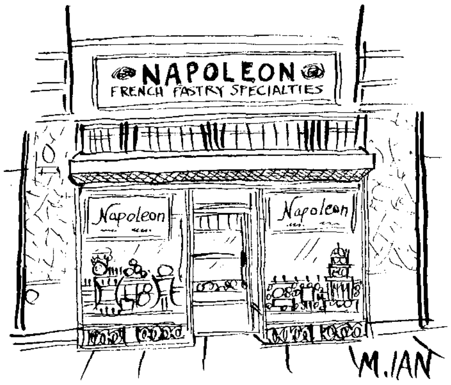
Most Americans in Revolutionary days were at least part-time farmers—George Washington and Thomas Jefferson prominent among them. Both Washington and Jefferson grew corn. Washington, a gentleman farmer who seriously cared about seed quality, crop rotation, soil conservation, and erosion control, wrote to his estate manager at Mount Vernon about his crops every week, even while he was President. Washington was partial to alternating rows of the corn he grew with potatoes. He corresponded with Jefferson about that. They both rated potatoes above corn as a staple. When Jefferson remarked of the nation, in 1788, that "the introduction of anything which will divert our attention from agriculture must be extremely prejudicial if not ruinous to us," Washington heartily concurred. As President, he hoped that Congress would establish a Department of Agriculture, but not until Lincoln's Administration did that come to pass. (The department's official seal sports a shock of corn.) Jefferson, who stepped down as Secretary of State in 1794 to immerse himself in agriculture almost exclusively for three years at his Virginia plantation, once described himself as "the most ardent farmer in the state." He possessed ten thousand acres, only a portion of which was under cultivation. He shared Washington's view that corn, however highly others might regard it, was in the long run detrimental to the soil it grew in—an opinion that Jefferson may have arrived at because he didn't much like to eat corn. He raised it, nonetheless, to feed his animals and farmhands. Of the many notable comments uttered by Jefferson, none is more revered by botanists than his assertion that "the greatest service which can be rendered any country is to add a useful plant to its culture, especially a bread grain."

THE prickly agricultural scientist William Cobbett (1763-1835), who wrote "Rural Rides" and was better known by his pen name Peter Porcupine, disagreed vehemently with Washington and Jefferson about the comparative merits of corn and potatoes. Of the latter, Cobbett wrote that "it was the greatest villain on earth who first brought the root into England." In 1822—twenty-three years before the Irish potato famine—he said that if the English ever began to eat potatoes ("this root of wretchedness") on a large scale they might be reduced to "the state of the Irish whose mode of living, as to food, is but one remove from that of the pig, and of the ill-fed pig, too." Some Englishmen were highly suspicious of corn. They thought that it was the source of pellagra, an affliction that was sometimes called, in nonmedical circles, "the plague of corn." (People who subsist almost entirely on corn, which is low in some essential proteins, can and do get pellagra, but the corn is less to blame than their inability to supplement it with other foods.) Cobbett would have no part of such aspersions. He acclaimed corn unequivocally as "the greatest blessing God ever gave to man." Like Peter Kalm before him, he spent some time in America, and on his return to England he brought with him two prized trophies. One consisted of the bones of Thomas Paine, who had died ten years earlier. (After Cobbett's own death, his executors came upon the bones among his possessions and judged them to be worthless; they haven't been seen since.) The other treasure was some corn, which Cobbett planted in Kensington. "It will and must drive the accursed soul-degrading potato out of that land, into which it never ought to have come," he declared. But the English climate, as others had realized before him, was inhospitable to *Zea mays*.

Cobbett's advocacy of corn was enthusiastically seconded by a contemporary—John S. Bartlett, the editor of the New York *Albion* and the author of "Maize, or Indian Corn; Its Advantages as a Cheap and Nutritious Article of Food for the Poor and Labouring Classes of Great Britain and Ireland," which he dedicated to Bickham Escott, Esq., M.P., "the first public man in England who stepped forward to call for the free admission of a new, cheap, and wholesome article of food, for the use of your poor and suffering countrymen." Bartlett, a physician, had been in charge of a prison camp near Halifax, Nova Scotia, where American soldiers captured in Canada during the War of 1812 were interned. He had been touched by their dietary demands. "Their cry for '*mush and milk*' was incessant," he wrote. He had procured some corn for them, and noted, "I soon placed before the poor sufferers the object of their longings." Dr. Bartlett believed that if England imported substantial amounts of corn from the United States it would "put forth another ligament for unifying the two countries"—would "enlist a large mass of the agricultural people of this country in favour of a continuance of peace, and tend to dissipate the clouds that now overshadow the pacific relations of England and America." He appended recipes for, among other corn-based delicacies he hoped the British would or could take to, egg pone, Virginia cakes, johnnycake, Indian mush, and artificial oysters ("1 pint grated green corn, 1 egg, 1 tablespoonful wheat flour, 1 spoonful butter—Fry them brown"). Bartlett's proposal bore some fruit. P. L. Simmonds wrote in 1854, after the Irish famine, when some corn had been shipped to Ireland, "Like the gold discoveries, the potato rot may be regarded as a providential means of effecting a great change in the condition of society. Those discoveries are not without their influence in the East, and, combined with the potato rot, they have rapidly increased the commerce between the East and West of Europe, while they are spreading broad paths between all Europe and the lands in the Southern Ocean."

In 1842, in the course of urging Queen Victoria's Special Minister Plenipotentiary for the United States to persuade his government to authorize the importation of corn, Dr. Bartlett felt constrained to allude to "the natural repugnance which all mankind feel to the use of a new and comparatively unknown description of food." He sensed what many others, before and after him, have resignedly come to perceive: it is hard to impose changes on the eating habits of people, even when they are desperately hungry. Rudyard Kipling, in India at the turn of the century, is said to have seen rice-eating indigenes starve rather than sample wheat that the British sent to succor them. Solomon Islanders working at a Lever Brothers plantation in 1933, whose conventional diet consisted largely of taro, breadfruit, yams, coconuts, and a little rice, refused to go to work when their employers tried to replace a substantial amount of that fare with corn. During the First World War, when Herbert Hoover was in charge of sending emergency food to the Allies in Europe, he wrote articles for the *National Geographic* entitled "The Food Armies of Liberty" and "The Weapon of Food." Hoover called corn "delectable" and noted that firemen in Washington, D.C., were growing it patriotically in vacant lots next to their firehouses. "If we cannot maintain our Allies in their necessities, we cannot expect them to remain constant in war," he said, but he had to concede, regretfully, that although it would be a splendid idea to send corn across the Atlantic, it probably wouldn't do much good, because few Europeans had ever learned how to eat it. He had already discovered that most Belgians, even after adequate instruction, simply weren't interested in corn. Off New Guinea, during the Second World War, an American naval vessel drew alongside a British warship that hadn't been provisioned in a long time. Its crew was jolly hungry. The American captain shouted across that he had some corn aboard that he'd be glad to spare. The megaphoned response was a contemptuously snorted "*Corn!*" William Bradford and William Cobbett, if they could have heard the colloquy, would have been mightily aggrieved.

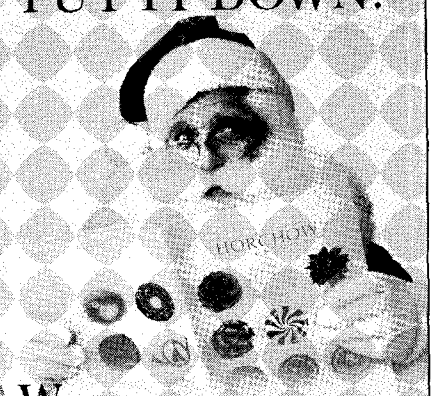
IN the United States today, the growing and marketing of corn is a twenty-five-billion-dollar business. Among the principal American cash crops, corn ranks an unchallenged first, followed, not always in the same order, by soybeans, wheat, and—a staff of life to its own faithful legions—marijuana. Early in the nineteenth century, the two major corn-growing states were Virginia and North Carolina, which were joined by Kentucky and Tennessee. In the eighteen-fifties, as the railroads opened up the Middle West, corn pushed out with them into the states that soon became known as the Corn Belt: Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Michigan, Minnesota, Missouri, Nebraska, Ohio, South Dakota, and Wisconsin. The acres given over to corn peaked in 1932, at a hundred and thirteen million; if, a half century later, the total has dwindled a bit, to about eighty million acres, still occupies an impressive one-quarter of all the cropland in the nation. The prominence—if not preëminence—of corn over so vast an expanse has been consecrated by shrines even more splendid than the giant phallus of Atchison, Kansas. The cob-coated Corn Palace of Mitchell, South Dakota, is a sine qua non on many a tourist's itinerary. Mitchell has had three such bizarre edifices. The first, erected in 1892, was rebuilt on a grander scale in 1905 (its exterior design in that incarnation featured a big swastika, an emblem that was not yet in disrepute) and further enlarged in 1921. It has to be reshingled—with two or three thousand bushels of corn—every summer. During a Corn Palace Festival in Mitchell in 1952, Guy Lombardo's orchestra—its reputation for corniness was unimpeachable—gleaned thirty thousand dollars for a single week's engagement, then approximately the wholesale value of twenty thousand bushels of corn.



In Sioux City, Iowa—inhabitants of the state sometimes proudly call themselves Cornlanders—there is another corn palace, with a cob-sheathed tower more than a hundred and fifty feet high. The rich soil of Iowa makes farmers from less fertile regions envious—as Robert Frost once wrote, "it looks good enough to eat without putting it through vegetables." From that nourishing bed springs twenty per cent of all the corn grown in America and almost ten per cent of the global output. According to the 1980 census, Iowa had the largest agricultural population of any state—three hundred ninety-one thousand and seventy, or 13.4 per cent of its inhabitants. Its Fourth Congressional District has been represented for more than twenty-five years by a Des Moines attorney, Neal Smith, whose political fortunes have not been hindered by the fact that he is a onetime cornhusking champion. One of Iowa's popular early-morning television programs is called "Ag Day." A popular TV standard, "Market to Market"—its regular host, Chet Randolph, doubles as a commodities-futures broker—has as its slogan "Food is everybody's business." A farmer being interviewed on that show confessed, in an intensely introspective moment, "One spring, we were planting corn and I didn't care whether I planted it or not—and that's awful." Of Iowa's total of a hundred and seventeen thousand farmers, eighty-seven per cent grow corn. Some of them call their cornfields "corn factories." Some call corn "yellow gold." Some have private airplanes. Iowa's chief resident poet, Paul Engle, has published a collection of his work titled "Corn," which includes the lines "Golden like nothing in the English earth, Sweet with the rain and yellow with the sun." In the nineteen-seventies, Miss Iowas in the Miss America contest would bring along, to distribute among their fellow-aspirants, jars of corncob jelly.

Most Iowans, like their Midwestern neighbors, used to be basically isolationist in outlook. No longer. One-third of all corn grown in the United States is exported. Earl O. Heady, Iowa State University's first Distinguished Professor of Agriculture, in 1957 founded the Center for Agriculture and Rural Development there, and in the ensuing twenty-five years travelled tutorially to fifty nations and welcomed to his campus two hundred students from sixty nations. Iowa farmers are gravely concerned nowadays with deficits in Mexico and droughts in Australia; late in 1982, they were collecting money so they could send a million bushels of corn as feed for hard-pressed Polish poultrymen. "It's difficult to imagine that a chicken . . . more or less . . . might shape the fate of an entire nation," one fund-raising brochure said. "But to the people of Poland, this lost poultry production means a reduction of almost three pounds of meat per person per month." Iowa farmers, sometimes wearing caps emblazoned "I'm an Iowa Corngrower," have become peripatetic globe-trotters; the news notes in their trade journals are apt to say, in covering the annual meeting of a co-operative society, "Bud Gallagher of Lake Mills was on hand to discuss his recent trip to Thailand." At home, they entertain a stream of visitors from abroad, chatting with them equably about the exchange of millions of bushels. In the nineteen-seventies, when Nigeria was riding the crest of the oil boom and wanted to create a flock of new rural communities, it turned for counsel to a West Des Moines organization called Agri Industries, which is owned by a hundred and thirty-five thousand farm families in the Corn Belt. Agri put out feelers to ascertain whether it could recruit any Iowans to go to Nigeria for ninety days and help that country build roads and schools and sewers and set up local governments. The response was so strong that Agri was able to inform a visiting Nigerian delegation that whenever their countrymen were ready to proceed (they didn't; the boom busted) it could provide a thousand knowledgeable advisers.

BEFORE mechanical corn harvesters made handpicking obsolete, anyone who could pluck and shuck a hundred bushels a day (there are two hundred or more ears to a bushel) was considered a husking paragon. "Rip of the fingers, snap of the wrist, crash on the wagon bangboard" was the way Paul Engle described it in one of his corn poems. By 1983, an Iowa corngrower might remark offhandedly to a visitor that he and his wife, just the two of them, working together with their machines, had harvested ten thousand bushels—about thirty thousand dollars' worth—the day before. Husking contests are still held in the Corn Belt, but mainly out of nostalgia. Once, they were a sport of immense popularity. The national finals would attract up to a hundred and fifty thousand spectators, and enough pickpockets so that policemen on muleback were detailed to thwart them. The winners' pickings in prizes were slim—a hundred dollars and a trophy, perhaps, for the grand champion—and to stand much of a chance one had to account for at least an ear a second for eighty non-stop, gruelling minutes. The gold medallist in 1935 was credited with 41.52 bushels over that stretch—twenty-three hundred and twenty-five pounds, or about eight thousand three hundred ears, or nearly two ears a second. Some buffs considered cornhusking the toughest sport on earth. Franklin D. Roosevelt's third-term Vice-President, Henry Agard Wallace, a native Iowan who loomed large in corndom, once said, "We hope to see the day when farm people will get as much enjoyment out of watching cornhuskers competing for a record as the people of the cities now get out of watching track athletes in their efforts to do unusually well in running and jumping." He added that a first-rate cornhusker "is entitled to more fame than the man who made the touchdown for Iowa against Yale." (In 1922, thanks to the heroics of Leland Parkin, Iowa beat Yale at football, 6–0, in what Iowans to this day call the "corn over culture" game.) Wallace, who died in 1965, would surely have been pleased to read, in a November, 1977, story in



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the Des Moines *Register*, "Tony Polich husks corn with the graceful ease of an Olympic swimmer."

As in Japan the *Asahi Shimbun* long sponsored rice-yield contests—the winners got to meet the Emperor—so did the Des Moines paper put up an Iowa Corn King Trophy. (When a corngrowers' convention was in town, the paper fancied larksome headlines like "ALL EARS ON CORN.") For a while, another Iowa daily, the Washington *Evening Journal*, sponsored an annual tallest-corn contest. The all-time Iowa record—the Caribbean has claimed thirty feet—was set in 1944: twenty-eight feet five and a quarter inches. Although dwarfism has been the goal of most contemporary food-plant breeders (according to Norman E. Borlaug, an Iowan who won the Nobel Peace Prize in 1970 for, among other things, dwarfing wheat, the ideal corn plant would be six feet tall and diseaseproof, insectproof, and droughtproof), some Iowans still like to call their home the Tall Corn State. Lofty plants were regularly a much-admired exhibit at Iowa state fairs. The I'm-from-Missouri school thought that ridiculous. "The money or premiums given for the 'longest ear of corn,' the 'tallest stalk of corn,' the 'biggest ear of corn,' 'the most wonderful freak,' are wasted," the Missouri State Board of Agriculture Monthly Bulletin sputtered in 1916. "It would be just as wise to offer a prize for the largest horse. He might be blind, knock-kneed, sweenied, spavined, ring-boned, have the heaves and be balky, yet win the prize—and many 'big' ears of corn show just as little quality!"

Expositions featuring corn were then common throughout the United States. In 1889, people from Sioux City had sent a corn exhibit as their contribution to the festivities attending President Benjamin Harrison's Inauguration. Forty years after that, in Chicago, where trading in corn futures had become and continues to be a major enterprise, there was an International Corn Show in honor of "the king of all farm crops." There were shows in Europe, too—for instance, in Paris in 1852 (corn from Algeria, Australia, Canada, Hungary, Portugal, Syria), in London in 1862 (two hundred varieties from all over the globe), in Paris again in 1900. The last had an American pavilion displaying cornhusks used in mattresses and bourbon, and its kitchen offered passersby free tastes of hominy grits, fritters, muffins, popcorn, and corn soup. In December, 1908, at a ten-day-long Second Annual National Corn Exposition, in Omaha, forty-three thousand fifty-six ears of corn were on view, and all but three thousand fifty-six of them were sold to breeders, who coveted their kernels. Delegations came from twenty-nine states and also from Canada, China, Cuba, England, Germany, Hungary, and the Philippines. At the New York exhibit, a sign was posted reading "GO EAST, YOUNG MAN, AND OWN YOUR OWN FARM." William Jennings Bryan delivered an oration. "When I attend an exposition and see the biggest ear of corn that can be produced," he declaimed, "I find myself asking the question: 'Are not these things intended to raise our people to a higher standard and to a better civilization and citizenship; and after all are not manhood and womanhood the greatest products of this or any country?' " He continued, "I think that it is a reflection on this country, which is the greatest agricultural country in the world, that the money spent on agriculture is so small in comparison with the expense of other departments of government; that we spend more than forty times as much in preparation for war as we do in developing the things the farmers are interested in."

In corn circles, the 1893 Chicago World's Fair has particular historical significance, because it was there that most people became aware of a variety called Reid's Yellow Dent. (Most corns are either flints or dents. Flints have rounder kernels than dents; dents' kernels are dented.) Reid's Yellow Dent, which, after winning a prize at Chicago, also became known as World's Fair Corn, was born, in 1847, of an accidental cross—on the farm of Robert Reid, in Tazewell County, Illinois—of a Gordon Hopkins Red, which Reid had brought west from Ohio, and a local brand called Little Yellow. Reid's son James took over the new breed and for half a century nurtured and improved it. Breeders of pedigreed dogs sometimes take their best-looking pups to bed with them; James Reid kept his handsomest ears of Yellow Dent between two mattresses, to forestall mice and other intruders. By the start of the twentieth century, Reid's Yellow Dent had spread from Illinois into Iowa and Indiana. It was the favorite corn of that era, and one of its offspring, Doerr's Yellow Dent (its other parent was Mammoth Johnson), achieved almost equal popularity. An entry of Doerr's Yellow Dent in one corn show won a fifteen-year-old, third-generation Doerr a Deere cultivator. Breeders were proud of their varieties; one illustrated his seed catalogue with a photograph of an infant grandchild wearing little but a top hat and sitting on a pile of corncobs; the caption was "Grandpa's Big Ears."

Many teen-age exhibitors at corn shows were members of corn clubs. Corn-state agricultural agencies put out bulletins addressed specifically to them. So did the federal Department of Agriculture, which had corn-club directors in nearly every state. State governors conferred certificates attesting to their prowess on all young men and women who had harvested at least a hundred bushels an acre at a production cost of no more than thirty cents a bushel. (There was interstate commerce, of sorts. The governor of Virginia once invited all the corn-club members of the Agricultural High School of Driver, Pennsylvania, to visit his executive mansion. So many of them turned up that when it was time for what in later days would be called a photo opportunity the picture had to be taken outdoors.) In 1911, when James Wilson, of Iowa, was Secretary of Agriculture, he not only gave out citations to corn-club luminaries but invited the stars of every state to Washington to meet President Taft. The year before, a *Farmers' Bulletin* issued by Wilson's department had said, "Many a boy and girl—and teachers, too—have dwelt in the presence of cornfields for a considerable part of their lives without appreciating the many features of interest which the structure and functions of this plant have to offer to the inquisitive students." The public-school system of Illinois published a *Corn Day Annual*. It urged parents to drop everything else and help their children observe Corn Day, and it urged teachers to suggest appropriate essay themes to their pupils: "What I Think Is a Good Ear of Corn," "Why Corn Should Be Our Emblem," and (no answers were suggested) "Why I Think Corn and Boys Are Similar." Corn Day should culminate, the *Annual* dictated, in a patriotic feast, the organizers of which would "use every device to make it a corn dinner," and the counsel continued, "If the number of people is not too large, a splendid lesson in art would be the making of place cards and decorating them with some corn design . . . Be sure to include the local editor in the list of invitations."

Corn shows were as popular in the Corn Belt at the turn of the twentieth century as tulip shows were in Holland in the seventeenth. Among the curios on display in Walton Galinat's cluttered office museum in Waltham is an ear that won a thousand-dollar prize in 1909. The entries in such contests—normally ten ears of each type of corn submitted—were judged chiefly on appearance. Among the criteria were length, weight, circumference, uniformity, color, tips, butts, shape of ears, and space between rows. A "Manual of Corn Judging" was published in Illinois in 1902 and had a brisk sale. Ideal dimensions, Henry Wallace reported in "Corn and Corn Growing," a book, published in 1923, on which he collaborated, were ten and a half inches in length and seven and a half in circumference. Twenty or twenty-two straight rows of kernels were preferred; so was a "well-rounded butt." There were professional judges; the Illinois College of Agriculture conducted classes for them. Different states had different value systems. Iowa and Illinois arbiters tended to be more influenced by the contours of the rear ends of kernels than did those from Indiana. In Iowa contests, ten points out of a possible hundred were generally awarded for shape of ear but only five for tips; in Indiana, precisely the reverse prevailed. Officials had to be alert. Unscrupulous competitors were known to cheat. They would soak ears in the hope of adding a quarter of an inch to their length. They would run thin metal rods through an ear to make it heftier. To obtain a prize for a freak, odd-numbered cob, they would perform surgery on an immature ear while it was still ripening. A thirteen-year-old farm boy who won a prize for an untainted seven-row ear in 1909 at an Iowa state fair was still celebrated for that feat sixty years afterward, at which time he told a respectful interviewer, "To me, a hill of corn is prettier than a flower." (He was not pressed to respond to the obvious followup question: How did he rate a single ear of corn against a rose garden?) Corn Belt students still take part in contests, but the squareoffs are less spirited. The students are asked, say, to write essays in an American Society of Agronomy competition on topics like the identification and control of iron-deficiency chlorosis in soybeans.

A MEXICAN farmer who handed out one trophy after the judges had rendered their verdicts at the 1908 Omaha exposition said in his presentation speech, "In Mexico, when I have urged the possibility of changing the size of ears of corn and tried to introduce new methods of farming, I have met many men who thought I had 'wheels in my head,' and go so far as to urge that it is profane to change the old ways of farming and correct the work of God. Some say that science and agriculture are two things that never match." By contrast, many American farmers, eager to increase their yields per acre, were not at all averse to learning about superior varieties. The railroads had largely been responsible for making Corn Belt agriculture possible to begin with. Now, at the start of the century, the railroads made agriculture more sophisticated. Word about Reid's Yellow Dent and other promising varieties was in large measure passed around by speakers on the rear platforms of what were sometimes called Seed Corn Gospel Trains, which huffed and puffed about, often making seventeen exhortatory stops a day, during which seed samples and instructional literature were lavishly dispensed. The railroad companies were delighted to indulge the corn missionaries aboard: the more corn the region's farmers grew, the more would ultimately be transported by freight car.

Unarguably, the star performer on the corn-train circuit was an orator almost as silver-tongued as Bryan. He was Perry Greeley Holden, a professor at Iowa State College, and the co-author of "Corn—America's Greatest Crop." Holden found it difficult to refer to corn—"king of all farm crops"—without indulging in hyperbole. After a visit to the 1908 Omaha show, he declared, "I have never seen anything like it." He had been lured away from Illinois to Iowa in 1902 by the proprietor of the weekly *Wallaces'*

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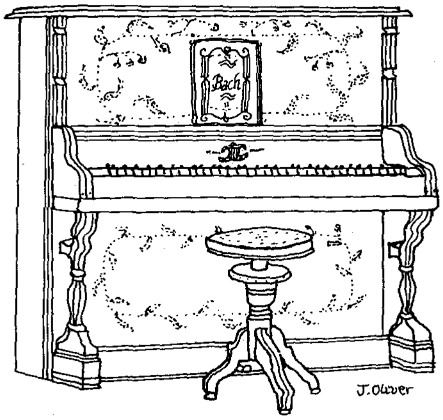
Farmer, Henry Wallace, whose son and grandson would both become Secretaries of Agriculture. The aval Wallace, a United Presbyterian minister, himself moved from Illinois to Iowa in 1862 and settled in Adair County, some hundred miles west of Des Moines. By 1885, his health had become frail. He therefore quit preaching for the notoriously less onerous task of editing, and launched a magazine that was first called *Wallaces' Farm & Dairy* and soon afterward *Wallaces' Farmer*. Its masthead bore a legend consonant with his calling: "Good Farming . . . Clean Living . . . Right Thinking." *Wallaces' Farmer* was known and admired as a sponsor of both corn trains and corn contests; its founder was known as Uncle Henry. His son Henry Cantwell Wallace was Warren Harding's Secretary of Agriculture. Uncle Henry's grandson Henry Agard Wallace, who was born in 1888, held that post during Franklin Roosevelt's first two terms, until he was elected Vice-President, in 1940. (In Washington, he lived at the Wardman Park Hotel and grew corn—and also strawberries—in a little garden at the nearby Swiss Embassy.) Henry Agard Wallace ran for President himself in 1948, on a third-party ticket. As a Cabinet member, he had been largely responsible for the New Deal's agricultural policies and had probably done more than anyone else to help the American farm population achieve a semblance of parity with the rest of the nation. (In 1932, the per-capita income of farmers was about one-third that of non-farmers; today it is more than three-quarters.) All that progress got Wallace nowhere when he became the short-lived Progressive Party's standard-bearer. He received 2.8 per cent of the vote nationally and under 1.2 per cent of the Iowa vote. He was his home state's second Presidential hopeful. The first was James B. Weaver, who ran on the Greenback slate in 1880 and the Populist one in 1892. Weaver advocated a progressive income tax, a low tariff, and a flexible monetary policy—concepts that were then considered heretical, if not downright subversive. He didn't get anywhere, either.

Brought up on a corn-growing farm, Wallace matriculated in 1906 at Iowa State, which was then, as it is now, a stronghold of agricultural research. Contemporary students in its Agronomy Department engage in an annual long-distance race that they call an agronathon. (In 1983, a bulletin board in the school's Seed-and-Weed Sciences Department displayed a photograph of a weed towering menacingly over a man's head. A reassuring caption read, "Fortunately this picture was not taken in Iowa.") Though Wallace had been initiated into the study of genetics as a boy by George Washington Carver, the peanut man, he was not distracted from his dedication to corn. Returning to Iowa State after he became Secretary of Agriculture, he told an audience, "Of all the annual crops, corn is one of the most efficient in transforming sun energy, soil fertility, and man labor into a maximum of food suitable for animals and human beings. It is to be regretted that so few of the millions whose prosperity rests on the corn plant should have . . . appreciation or knowledge of it. Even those who work most with corn display little of the genuine reverence for it which characterized the majority of the corn-growing Indians up until this century." In 1956, after he had extricated himself from the maelstrom of politics, he reiterated, in "Corn and Its Early Fathers," a book of which he was co-author, his unswerving affection: "We can safely say that if a corn breeder has a real love for his plants and stays close to them in the field, his net result, in the long run, may be a scientific triumph, the source of which will never be revealed in any statistical array of tables and cold figures."

By the time Wallace graduated from the School of Agriculture, in 1910, he was a veteran exhibitor at corn shows. As early as 1904, when he was sixteen, he had concluded that the way they were run was nonsensical. He thought that corn should be honored for its yield, not for its attractiveness. "Looks mean nothing to a hog," he continually pointed out. Perry Holden was a show judge that year. Wallace received from him samples of seeds from the varieties that Holden had rated among the top twenty-five and the bottom twenty-five. Henry's father gave him three acres to plant them on. Not only did the prettiest specimens not produce better than their dowdier sisters; they did worse. On leaving college, Wallace went to work for the family publication, but he continued breeding corn in his spare time, and he focussed on productivity. By 1919, he was so confident that corn's beauty was irrelevant to its value that in the Christmas issue of the *Farmer* he issued a yield challenge to the most recent corn winner at the International Livestock Exposition, in Chicago: he proposed a showdown between that variety and one of his own, all expenses to be underwritten by the magazine. The glove he threw down was not picked up.



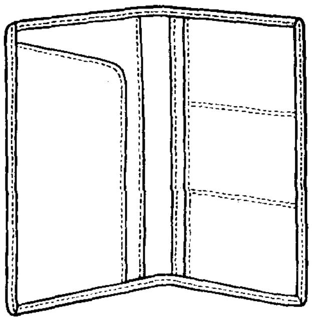
Most crossings of corn had traditionally been made through open pollination—that is, by planting two varieties side by side and letting one, through airborne dissemination of its pollen, fertilize the other—rather than by hybridization. Open pollination was chancy; hybridization could produce a stable, unvarying seed. In 1919, Wallace moved seriously into hybrids. He was by no means the first person to do this; Edward East, George Shull, and Donald Jones, among others, had long preceded him. (As a college senior, Wallace had read about Shull's research, and in 1926 he would be invited by East to participate in a round table on population at the Institute of Politics, in Massachusetts—probably his first foray into national affairs.) Yet though he was no trailblazer in corn hybridization, he emerged as one of its major figures—a distinction he was rightly proud of. "We hear a great deal these days about atomic energy," he said in 1955. "Yet I am convinced that historians will rank the harnessing of hybrid power as equally significant." By the early nineteen-twenties, he had proposed a new kind of competition at Ames—the Iowa Corn Yield Contest (later, Iowa Corn Yield Test). In 1924, he entered one of his progeny, called Copper Cross. It won a gold medal, though some old-school corn judges could barely bring themselves to glance at it; the ear was twisted and gnarled and was a hideous red in hue. (One of its parents went by the name of Bloody Butcher.) That was the first time a hybrid had ever outshone an open-pollinated corn. By 1925, Wallace hybrids were winning so many prizes all over Iowa that an Illinois corngrower, Lester

Pfister, made a pilgrimage to Des Moines to learn about them. He listened to Wallace extoll their virtues and resolved that he, too, would concentrate on raising hybrids. Eventually, these made Pfister wealthy, but first he suffered through exceedingly lean years, in the course of which some of his farmer neighbors jeered at him for his outlandish notions, and his wife and children lived on corn mush in a house heated mainly by cob fires.

THE first fifteen bushels of Copper Cross seed that Wallace put on sale were marketed by the Iowa Seed Company. The response was heartening enough to encourage him, in 1926, to found his own firm, the Hi-Bred Company. (Its name was changed in 1935—by which time Wallace was in Washington—to the Pioneer Hi-Bred Corn Company.) It grew slowly. Its big break—a break for all the hybrid-seed distributors then on the scene—came in 1936, when a howling wind flattened the open-pollinated corn in a field in Hartwick, Iowa; the hybrid corn in a nearby stand, according to the Des Moines *Register*, stood up "straight as a ramrod." Today, Pioneer Hi-Bred is a far-ranging entity with annual sales of more than half a billion dollars. In the main lobby of its corporate headquarters, in Des Moines, a place of honor has been accorded a portrait of Wallace by another esteemed Iowan, Grant Wood. Although no post-Columbian artist has done for corn what van Gogh did for potatoes and their eaters, *Zea mays* has covered its fair share of canvas; Alfred Montgomery, a Tulsa, Oklahoma, artist, who painted "Just Corn" in 1921, sometimes seemed to find hardly any other subject to his taste. The critics said he portrayed corn so realistically that horses and chickens would try to nibble at his finished work. How they got close enough to do so was never explained.

What made the hybrids attractive to farmers was something they could observe with real appreciation: a substantial increase in yield per acre. (Luther Burbank once wrote that if anybody could create a kind of corn that, in mass production, could result in just one more kernel per ear than the average of its forerunners, it would mean an annual addition of over five million bushels to the output of the United States alone.) The per-acre yield of corn had been astonishingly steady, if not stagnant. Before the white man moved into and settled what became the United States, all the Indians together who were resident here are thought to have cultivated about fifteen thousand acres of corn, and to have harvested about three hundred thousand bushels—twenty to the acre. In 1936, although the countrywide average had previously climbed somewhat higher, it was only 18.6. (That, to be sure, was a drought year.) In 1937, when the average for Iowa, an exceptionally high-yield area, was just over forty, that state's much-praised champion attained 120.7. But in 1982 the *national* average—a figure that included much marginal land—was 114.5; it was as if any high-school athlete who made even a halfhearted attempt could come close to matching an Olympic record. The new hybrids were the reason. In 1933, fewer than one per cent of all Corn Belt acres were planted to them. Ten years later, seventy-eight per cent were. Between 1942 and 1945, the cumulative increase in the value of the American corn crop was greater than two billion dollars. And soon after the war ended, hybrids spread worldwide. The United Nations Food and Agriculture Organization persuaded Hungarian corngrowers, for instance, to switch to them, and between 1957 and 1964 the percentage of planting of hybrid seeds jumped in Hungary from three to one hundred—a reflection in part, of course, of how swiftly changes can occur in a controlled society. Yields in Chile averaged under twenty bushels an acre in 1960, when hybrids were introduced there. Twenty years later, the figure was seventy, and chicken—largely corn-fed poultry—which had formerly been a luxury food, was to be found on many a middle-class dinner table.

Pioneer Hi-Bred has happily ridden the crest of the hybrid wave. It sells its corn in units—eighty thousand seeds to a unit. In 1936, it disposed of seventy-five thousand units; in 1982, nearly seven and a half million—almost six hundred billion kernels—which constituted more than thirty-five per cent of all American corn-seed sales. Among Pioneer's competitors are not only other big grain companies but also multinational corporations like Royal Dutch/Shell, Occidental Petroleum, and Ciba-Geigy, which from time to time are accused of ulterior motives—of, say, marketing seeds that they have bred to be supinely dependent on fertilizers, pesticides, and herbicides that they also peddle. Pio-



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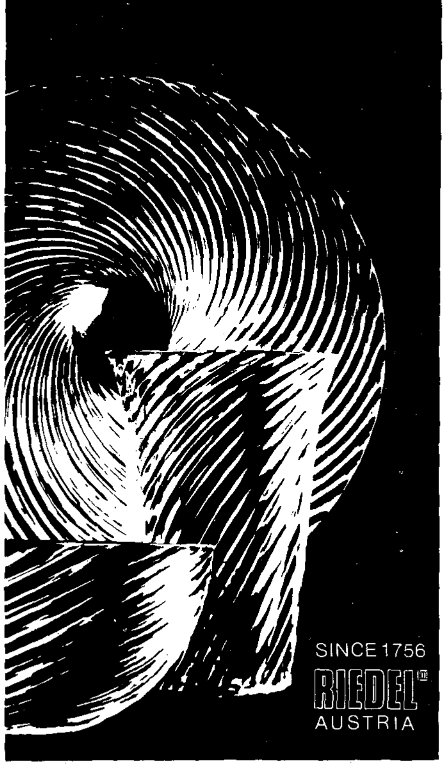

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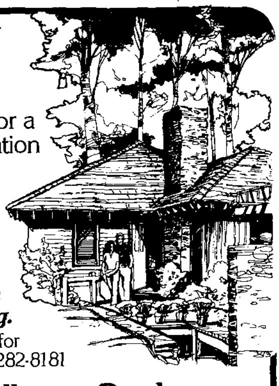

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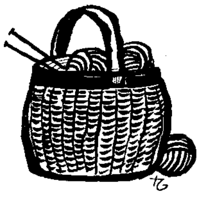
neer is by now a multinational itself, operating in some ninety countries, and it spends close to twenty million dollars a year on research—two-thirds of that allocated to seed corn. It releases from seven to ten new corn hybrids a year (by 1981, American farmers had a choice of some four hundred and fifty), but only after testing fifteen thousand possibilities in three hundred thousand yield plots on two hundred and fifty scattered sites. As Philip Morris has extracurricularly sponsored art, and Mobil music, so has Pioneer been a patron of literature; among the publications it has underwritten is “Maize in the Great Herbals.”

Pioneer’s course was long steered by William L. Brown, a geneticist from West Virginia. His academic specialty had been Kentucky bluegrass until, as a graduate student in Missouri, he came under the wing of Edgar Anderson, who nudged him toward *Zea mays*. Brown joined Pioneer in 1945, at thirty-one. He went on to become its president and board chairman, and, en route, collaborated with Henry Wallace on “Corn and Its Early Fathers.” “No plant has changed so fast in so short a time as has corn, in the hands of the white man,” they wrote. In 1983, at seventy, Brown was delighted to be able to give up most of his executive responsibilities and address himself to serious contemplation of the evolution of some Cherokee Indian corn he had first come across in the mid-nineteen-forties on the Qualla Reservation, in North Carolina—a flour corn he’d never before heard about. He went back there forty years later, imagining that by then the Indians, like the vast majority of American corn-growers, had turned to some hybrid or other—perhaps even a Pioneer one. He was happy to discover that they had stuck to their indigenous variety. He borrowed some of their seed and began growing it himself. “This won’t help anybody produce any better corn,” he told an acquaintance, “but it’s interesting.”



In 1929, Henry Wallace made an agreement with a Coon Rapids, Iowa, real-estate man, Roswell Garst, who had a flair for salesmanship. On the basis of a handshake, Garst was granted the right to distribute Wallace’s seeds in certain areas. (It was possible in 1929 to make deals with handshakes.) Garst, some Wallace seeds in hand, went into farming. Their casual arrangement was formalized in 1932 by a written contract between Hi-Bred and the firm of Garst & Thomas. A further contract, in 1940, extended the arrangement through 1955. After that, the two companies simply worked together on a basis of mutual understanding. In 1959, Garst, who was already well known in Iowa (his uncle Warren had been elected governor of the state in 1908), became internationally prominent when Nikita Khrushchev visited his corn-and-hog farm. Khrushchev had made a speech back at home in 1955 about the Soviet Union and livestock, and mentioned Iowa. The editorial-page editor of the *Register* and of the *Tribune*, Loren Soth, thereupon wrote a piece to the effect that Iowans would be glad to tell a Soviet delegation anything they wanted to know about raising and feeding animals if they cared to stop by. They did, although Secretary of State John Foster Dulles didn’t think much of that notion. President Eisenhower, however, gave it his imprimatur. The Soviet leader himself arrived in Iowa in 1959, and he was impressed by, among other things, what he heard about hybrid corn, which nobody had previously dared pay much attention to in the U.S.S.R., because of the xenophobic atmosphere there in the forties and because Stalin’s pet agronomist, Trofim Lysenko, had scoffed at it. The Russian diet before Khrushchev’s trek to Coon Rapids had consisted in the main of potatoes, bread, cereals, and turnips. Khrushchev wanted a switch to more meat, milk, and eggs. For that to happen, he knew, he would need large quantities of feed grains. High-yielding corn, he decreed, would thenceforth be welcome in Russia.

The two seed companies became so lucrative that when the Garst family bought out the Thomases’ half interest, in 1982 (Roswell Garst had died five years earlier), the price was twenty-four and a half million dollars. But before that the amicable relationship with Pioneer had turned sour. There had always been squabbles from time to time, to be sure, as there are in close-knit families. Once, for instance, Pioneer had introduced a gene into some of its hybrids that caused nick trouble. (Nick is the term for what happens when pollen doesn’t land on corn silks at precisely the right moment; the kernels that emerge are apt to be misshapen.) The Garst people contended that because of unacceptable nicks in four hybrids alone they had suffered a loss of the revenue from about a hundred and seventy-five thousand bushels of seed corn in a single year. Nevertheless, everything had gone along smoothly enough until Pioneer decided that it wanted exclusivity in the selling of its seeds, and offered to buy out the Garsts. They declined. Pioneer thereupon notified them that they would receive no more Pioneer seeds after August 31, 1983. Garst took Pioneer to court. After one interim partial verdict in Pioneer's favor, a settlement was reached according to the terms of which Garst could peddle all the Pioneer seed it had in stock but could obtain no more. The settlement took so long that a lot of lawyers, who tend to disapprove of any understanding that is sealed by a mere handshake, no doubt ended up enjoying a fat share of the huge profits generated by hybrid corn.

ANOTHER lawsuit that involved Pioneer and Garst (and every other American seed company—about four hundred of them) also involved Paul Mangelsdorf and Donald Jones. In the breeding of hybrid seeds, some plants were arbitrarily designated males and the others females. The two sexes were planted in alternating strips, usually six female rows and then two male. One of the difficulties was that the female stalks—those, that is, which were marked for reproduction and also for emasculation—had to be carefully detasselled by hand. (A single, bisexual corn plant, left to its own reproductive devices, can scatter about twenty-five million grains of pollen.) The originator of detasselling is usually held to be James Logan, who in 1727 was one of William Penn's chief administrators of the Province of Pennsylvania. One year, Logan, who grew corn in his back yard, cut the tassels off some of his plants, covered the silks of others, and perceived that none of the mutilated stalks grew ears. Thus was revealed—to modern man, at least—the secret of corn sexuality. For hundreds of thousands of Corn Belt high-school students, detasselling jobs—with teachers often serving as supervisors—became an agreeable source of extra income each summer when the corn in their vicinity silked; during one recent vacation period, boys and girls in Iowa, North Carolina, Michigan, Indiana, and Illinois earned nine million dollars from such

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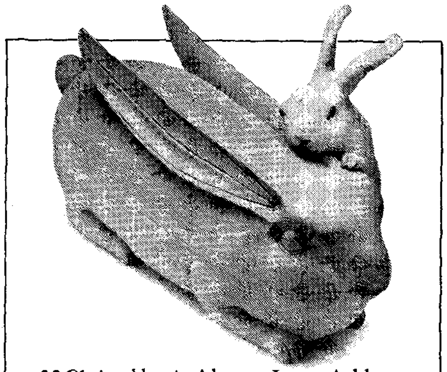

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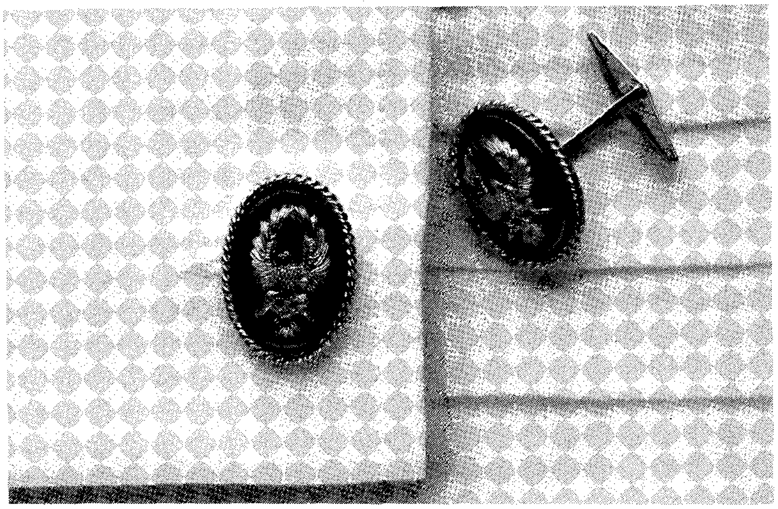
employment. Detasselling was one of many matters brought up in the Garst suit against Pioneer, and when the litigation was publicized it turned out that a lot of the teen-agers had never known *why* they were detasselling; whatever sex education their teachers had conveyed to them evidently hadn't covered that.

Working in the nineteen-thirties, Mangelsdorf and Jones had discovered, jointly and separately, that by manipulating a gene in corn's cytoplasm—the liquid content of its cell—they could produce non-pollen-bearing tassels. This male-sterile variety could be used as the female in breeding, without recourse to the laborious, expensive ordeal of detasselling. There was a hitch, however: for the resulting hybrid to produce seed itself in the following generation, a fertility-restoring gene also had to be introduced into the cytoplasm. Jones and Mangelsdorf accomplished that, too. Their contribution to corn genetics became known as T-cytoplasm—the "T" for "Texas." They applied for a patent on their male-sterile innovation in 1948. The application was turned down. In 1950, Jones, acting alone, applied for one on the fertility-restoring development. It was granted in 1956. (The government does not give out patents on breeding materials per se—Jones got his for the method he had devised—but since 1970, when a Plant Variety Protection Act was passed, it has allocated "certificates of protection." They are good for eighteen years, which is longer than the life span of most new plant varieties.) Early in their research, Jones and Mangelsdorf had agreed to share equally whatever income either of them might receive from any successful patent application. In 1948, they had turned over their patents-in-progress to an organization called the Research Corporation, of New York, which handled patents and their protection for many academicians. The customary arrangement was that after the Research Corporation had been duly compensated for its pains the inventor and his institution would get sixty per cent of any proceeds. The remainder would be distributed mainly among small, worthy educational institutions that had never been attached to government and foundation pipelines for research funds. When it came to the Jones-Mangelsdorf patent, however, the Research Corporation was so dubious about its prospects that it agreed to allot to each man ten per cent of the after-expenses potential take and to each man's named institution—the Connecticut Agricultural Experiment Station for Jones, Harvard for Mangelsdorf—twenty-eight per cent of the remainder of the proceeds.

For a long while, there weren't any proceeds. The seed companies all gleefully incorporated the T-cytoplasmic gene into their hybrids, but they seemed to regard it as being in the public domain. Every so often, the Research Corporation would gently chide them about patent infringement and the like, but that had no effect. By 1960, nearly all the corn grown in the United States was derived from hybrid lines with T-cytoplasmic sterility and fertility in their genealogy, and high-school students had to look elsewhere for summer employment. (Some found jobs searching cornfields for "rogues" —alien varieties that had somehow crept into a stand of uniform plants.) By 1963, the Research Corporation had concluded that persuasion would get it nowhere, and it filed a class-action suit charging all the seed companies in the country not only with infringing on the patent but with conspiring to do so—an allegation that, if it should be sustained, would triple whatever damages might be assessed. The Research Corporation was lucky, because a Chicago patent lawyer it retained to press its case, Clyde Willian, happened as a teen-ager to have detasselled corn himself. Willian thus knew something about the issues at stake, whereas the lawyers opposing him had to start from scratch. This case was also settled out of court, in 1970; along the way, the conspiracy charges were dropped. The defending companies agreed to pay the Research Corporation a five-and-a-quarter-cent royalty for every bushel of T-cytoplasmic seed corn they turned out between January 1, 1961, and July 10, 1973, when the patent would expire. The total reimbursement came to about two and a half million dollars. Harvard, which had known little about the convoluted goings on, was pleasantly surprised to come into a windfall of some three hundred thousand dollars —enough money to initiate the endowment of a Mangelsdorf professorship.

IN that same year of 1970, disaster struck. Corn, like all other plants, has its fierce, unrelenting natural enemies, underground and aboveground, before and after harvest. (A vivid example of the havoc that plant predators can cause was the Australian mouse plague of 1917, whose primary target was wheat. A newspaper in Victoria reported that so many mice were on the rampage that hawks and snakes wouldn't eat any more; they were stuffed. "The cats and dogs have become disgusted and nauseated at the sight of a mouse," the story went on. "The people are sleeping on tables to avoid the mice. The women are kept in a constant state of terror, and the men are kept busy preventing the mice from crawling down their coat collars." One gentleman, trying to get some sleep, covered his face with his top hat. Mice ate the hat. Broad fields of wheat were riddled with mouse holes, and prayers for relief from the hordes filled the churches. In two months, thirty-six million mice were trapped at a hundred and twenty railroad stations; altogether, fifteen hundred tons of them were destroyed before the reign of terror abated.) Corn has been as subject to attack as any other staple. In Nepal, it is deemed a delicacy by bears, but bears, for all their agility, do not get around as frighteningly or damagingly as mice, or, worse yet, insects. Early in 1981, for instance, the larger grain borer, which can also bore its way through wood, and which had been thought to be confined mainly to Brazil, Colombia, Central America, and the American South, turned up in Tanzania. The mere mention of a migration of grasshoppers makes farmers the world over shudder as if they had been hit by an earthquake, and the outcome can be equally appalling. Grasshoppers are so voracious and so indomitable that, according to a legend long recounted in Canadian wheat circles, when an Edmonton farmer bought a flock of turkeys and turned them loose to dispose of the pests, the turkeys came squawking back to their pens three hours later with their feathers plucked clean. The disappointing gobblers were notably less efficacious than old-fashioned religion was in Minnesota a century ago. When grasshoppers descended en masse on that state in the spring of 1877, the governor declared April 26th a day of prayer and fasting, and called upon his fellow-citizens to "humbly invoke for the efforts we make in our defense the guidance of that hand which alone is adequate to stay 'the pestilence that walketh in darkness and the destruction that wasteth at noonday.'" Unlike chieftains of more ancient civilizations, he



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did not propose human sacrifices—or, at any rate, not public ones. Church bells pealed, businesses and stores were closed. On April 27th, there was a bright, hot sun, the earth warmed, and grasshopper larvae emerged from their burrows and began crawling around. Then, all of a sudden, the temperature dipped, and a severe frost set in; the fledgling grasshoppers were caught aboveground and perished.

Some thirty insects range hungrily across the Corn Belt, among them the European corn borer, the Western corn rootworm, the corn-leaf aphid, the black cutworm, the corn earworm, the slender seed-corn beetle, the seed-corn maggot, the billbug, the armyworm, the flea beetle, the mite, the slug, and the thrip. In numerous research laboratories—in Mississippi, the Agricultural Research Service of the Department of Agriculture subsidizes a Corn Host Plant Resistance Research Team—entomologists spend their days, and often nights, breeding more of the pests, in the hope of figuring out ways of eradicating them. In China, there is a laboratory that rears colonies of hornets with a known appetite for corn borers; to unravel further secrets of that one insect's habits Pioneer raises a million and a half corn-borer egg masses every year. An entomological enclave in Mexico breeds what are surely the world's most pampered corn earworms: they are fed a diet that might conceivably sustain a Bulgarian weightlifter, including, as it does, such fortifying delicacies as soybean meal, ground maize, yeast, wheat germ, sorbic acid, ascorbic acid, vitamins, Aureomycin, streptomycin, and corn-tassel powder. Uncoöperative or shy female earworms nesting there are encouraged to lay fertile eggs by the presence in their cages of potted corn plants. The entomologists hovering over those insects do not know exactly why this works. The plants may act as an aphrodisiac, they think; and they liken its effect on the bemused worms to that of wine and music on human beings.

The major diseases that afflict corn are equally fearsome. Just a few of them are seed rot, seedling blight, helminthosporium leaf spot, crazy top, southern corn rust, diplodia stalk rot, gibberella stalk rot, and common smut. As soon as antidotes are found for old scourges, new ones turn up. Anthracnose invaded Iowa for the first time in 1980. Gray leaf spot and eyespot concurrently made a pernicious appearance there. Plant breeders hope at best, by making their new varieties increasingly resistant to plants' enemies, to attain a state of peaceful coexistence; they are gloomily aware that insects and diseases are able to mutate just as readily as plants, and to do so without human tinkering. It is almost axiomatic among geneticists that whenever you get a better plant you get a worse pest. Corn hybrids with T-cytoplasm in their parentage became enormously popular partly because they had a built-in resistance to southern-corn-leaf blight. But they could not withstand a new strain of that blight which was first spotted in the Philippines in 1961 and, after working its way unostentatiously across the Pacific, hit the United States like a rogue wave in 1970. Some fifteen per cent of the national corn crop succumbed to it; the loss to farmers was calculated at nearly a billion dollars. And at that the growers may have been fortunate. "Even slight changes in the virulence of the pathogen or in weather patterns could easily have led to total corn disaster," a National Academy of Sciences report subsequently stated. Some scientists at Iowa State called the 1970 blight analogous to the Irish potato famine. Pioneer had some seed that was free of T-cytoplasm and was unaffected by the inundation. Somebody hijacked a truck carrying six hundred bags of it. It was a precious haul. As quickly as seed companies could, they began breeding new varieties from which all traces of T-cytoplasm had been eliminated. After that epidemic, there were no more royalties to be paid to the Research Corporation on the Jones-Mangelsdorf patent; grateful high-schoolers refreshed their detasselling skills and went back to work.

IN 1982, American farmers spent over three and a half billion dollars on insecticides, herbicides, and fungicides. It was a valiant effort—though scarcely such in the view of most ecologists—but that vast outlay produced no appreciable reduction in crop losses from the level of forty years before. (At a symposium on agricultural research in Beltsville, Maryland, in the spring of 1983, James B. Kendrick, Jr., the vice-president for agriculture and natural resources of the University of California, proposed the establishment of a new profession: plant-health specialist, whose practitioners would dole out agricultural chemicals by, in effect, prescription.) By the nineteen-eighties, the subcategories of the plants that farmers were trying to protect from their rampant foes had become dangerously few in number. Varieties that fared well in one area, it had long been recognized, were not necessarily right for another, and once a variety disappeared (in those same forty years ninety-five per cent of the wheats indigenous to Greece, for instance, had become extinct) it was irretrievably lost. And yet there was a global tendency for cultivators of all food plants to concentrate on just a few successful varieties —successful, that is, until some new predator evolved to decimate them. (Rice breeders were pleased by the introduction of a variety that was resistant to the brown plant hopper, which transmits grassy stunt; but almost before the producers of that variety had had time to sit back and properly congratulate themselves on their achievement, a new biotype of plant hopper had emerged to vex them.) Nearly fifty per cent of the corn planted in the United States today stems from just a half-dozen major cultivars. Farmers who in the past reproduced their own varieties from their own hoarded seeds have become increasingly dependent on the output of the seed companies. The National Academy of Sciences has issued the stark reminder that "the key lesson of 1970 (year of the corn blight) is that genetic uniformity is the basis of vulnerability to epidemics." Henry Wallace, for all his devotion to hybridization and standardization, once warned, "Neither corn nor man was meant to be completely uniform." Uniformity could annihilate genes that, according to a 1981 report of the General Accounting Office, "are the basis for future intentional or evolutionary crop improvement and development, and the fundamental defense against natural and man-made threats to crop survival." California's Dr. Kendrick went on record in 1977 to the effect that "if we had to rely only on the genetic resources now available in the United States for the genes and gene recombinants needed to minimize genetic vulnerability of all crops into the future, we would soon experience losses equal to or greater than those caused by southern-corn-leaf blight several years ago—at a rapidly accelerating rate across the entire crop spectrum." Garrison Wilkes has put it more succinctly: "Quite literally, the genetic heritage of a millennium in a particular region can disappear in a single bowl of porridge." And Walton Galinat, for his part, has observed that

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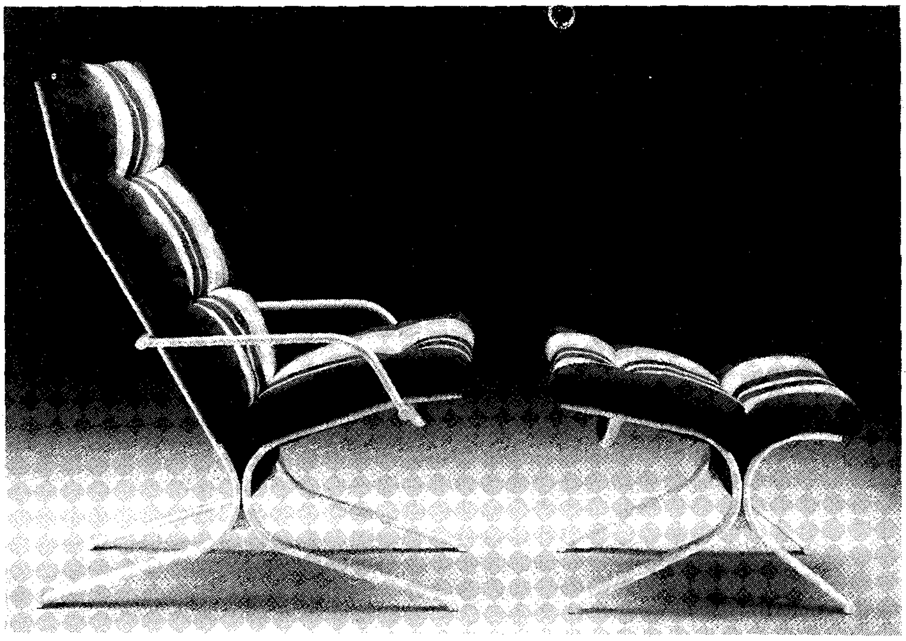

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unless genetic variability is treasured, and carefully preserved, "we and our mutually symbiotic food plants may vanish like the dodo."

At universities, and at national and international research centers, scientists far more acutely aware than most people of this peril to the human race plod on, trying both to make plants stronger and to weaken their aggressors. (In a laboratory at Cold Spring Harbor, on Long Island, the inimitable Barbara McClintock is in her fifth decade of corn breeding; she is not professionally interested in yields and resistances, of course, but in chromosome patterns.) One of the biggest challenges to corn breeders—and one whose successful outcome would be welcome news to sufferers from pellagra—has been to produce a successful plant embodying a sufficient content of lysine, one of the amino acids (the components of protein) in which corn is, for all its praiseworthy qualities, lamentably deficient. In Colombia, where a high-lysine cornmeal has lately been test-marketed, children who ate it were cured of kwashiorkor, and pigs that ate it fattened at three times their previous rate. In 1963, scientists at Purdue isolated a mutant gene called Opaque-2, the incorporation of which into corn increases its lysine content. For quite a while after that, further research on what breeders began to call Quality Protein Maize was only desultory. Many of them gave up on it because the end product was discouragingly susceptible to a number of diseases, and because its yields were generally too low to appeal to farmers. Recently, however, researchers have found ways, not yet commercially exploited, of overcoming those and other detrimental traits. All along, moreover, there has been a steady, unwavering increase in the yields obtainable from conventional strains of corn. It was not beyond the realm of possibility to hope, corn enthusiasts were saying in the early nineteen-eighties, that by the year 2000 there might be varieties of high-lysine, high-protein corn that would yield a monumental six hundred bushels an acre. To the half-billion or so inhabitants of the earth who are less concerned with how or where corn originated than with how much additional nourishment they can obtain from it, that would indeed be a godsend.

—E. J. KAHN, JR.

(This is the first of a series of articles on the staple food plants. The second will run in a future issue.)

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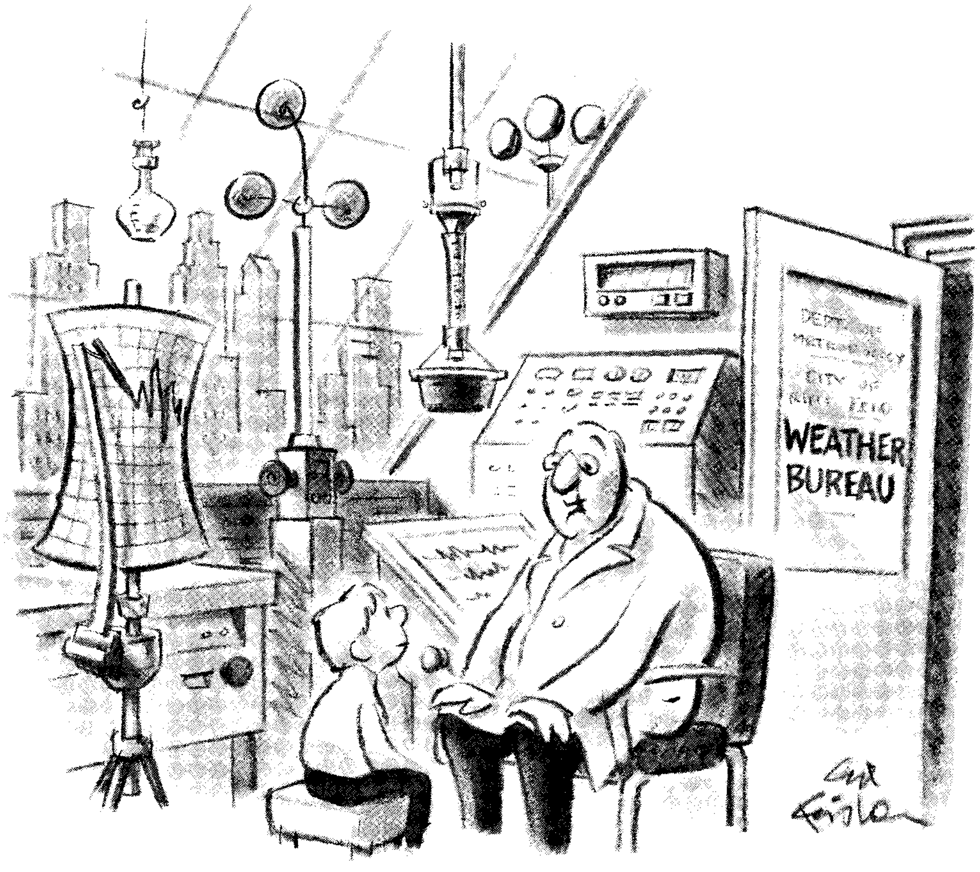
THE Hudson Guild has assembled a distinguished company for "Brownstone"—a gentle, nebulous cantata, with music by Peter Larson and Josh Rubins, and lyrics by Mr. Rubins. The book is all but nonexistent. The songs, mildly melodic and with some clever lyrics, are sung to perfection by Loni Ackerman, Ralph Bruneau, Kimberly Farr, Maureen McGovern, and Lenny Wolpe. "Brownstone" is about a brownstone in this city, and the singer-actors are tenants—a writer and his wife on the first floor, and a man and two women scattered about the building. The opening number, "Someone's Moving In," for the entire company, sets the tone of the show. The tenants brush up against one another with friendly or offhand nods, or briefly pass the time of day when they meet, say, at the mailboxes. The song "Don't Tell Me Everything, Don't Break the Ice" is especially effective. A few brief stories are told, and we get to know these tenants just a little better than they know one another. Then, near the end, comes "A Letter in the Mail," and the letter is a prospectus for a co-op; down go the barriers. The most heartfelt song is "The Books," sung by Miss McGovern as the wife, who knows she simply cannot leave, because of the rows and rows and rows of books, which can't be packed in cartons again. It is one humorous number among several, and Miss McGovern is one fine singer among five.

I have a few reservations about this show, which is far from the most exciting on earth as it was conceived, written, and composed, but no reservations about its execution, which is inventive and immaculate. Orchestrations by Hal Serra, musical direction by Yolanda Segovia, set and lighting by Paul Wonsek, costumes by Tom McKinley, and direction by Andrew Cadiff. Their names are an honor roll.

JOHN PATRICK SHANLEY'S "Danny and the Deep Blue Sea," which was first done as a staged reading at the O'Neill Playwrights Conference, in Waterford, Connecticut, and is now running at Circle in the Square (Downtown), opens in a bar somewhere in the Bronx. A man and a woman are seated at separate tables, and they awkwardly begin a conversation. Both of them are around thirty. He is a truck driver who has just hurt his hands badly in a fight in which he thinks he has killed a man. Her brief marriage was destroyed by her intruding parents, who are now looking after her teen-age child, and she once committed an act of incest with her father. Not your usual small talk. At any rate, the air is heavy with guilt on both sides. They retire to her bedroom, where they spend a comforting night, indulging romantic dreams, and even making wedding plans, and then comes a bleak morning after, when her shame reasserts itself, stronger than ever and denying her, she feels, any right to happiness at all. In the final moments come exorcism and forgiveness.

In a program note, Mr. Shanley describes his play as "An Apache Dance . . . a violent dance for two people, originated by . . . gangsters or ruffians." It must be said that "Danny and the Deep Blue Sea," for all its rough language and touches of violence, is marshmallow underneath, a sentimental work indeed. Nevertheless, Mr. Shanley has certainly written two playable roles, and they are acted with great persuasiveness by John Turturro (one year out of Yale Drama School) and June Stein, under Barnet Kellman's taut direction. The appropriate scenery was designed by David Gropman and lighted by Richard Nelson.

"SPLIT SECOND," by Dennis McIntyre, at Theatre Four, tells the story of a black policeman who captures a white car thief, throws him against a wall, frisks him and removes a switchblade knife, handcuffs him, and, when the criminal turns and subjects him to a stream of racial abuse, loses his temper and shoots the man through the heart. He then takes off the handcuffs and places the knife in the victim's hand. During the rest of the play, in one short scene after another, he first tries to convince a skeptical investigating officer at the precinct that the shot was accidentally fired in self-defense and then tells the story over and over, coming closer to the truth each time: to a friend on the force, a Vietnam veteran like him; to his father, a proud retired policeman; and to his wife. The play becomes a struggle for the policeman's soul between the father, who as a matter of



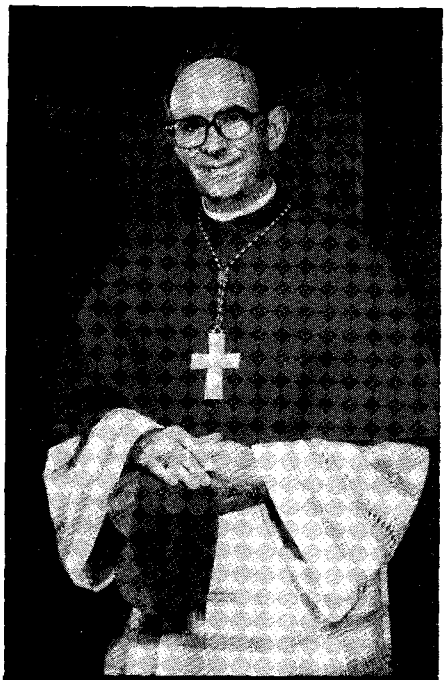
"I've measured a great deal of humidity in my time, son."

black pride urges him to tell the truth and take the consequences, and the wife, who sees all of them as victims of racial injustice all their lives and insists that he try to lie his way out of his crime.

Although the play is absorbing enough, it always seems made up—not really free of the playwright's hand. It is very well performed, however, by an able cast under Samuel P. Barton's direction. John Danelle is the policeman, Michele Shay is his wife, Norman Matlock is the father, Helmar Augustus Cooper is the investigating officer, Peter Jay Fernandez is the friend, and Bill Cwikowski is the car thief.

A VISIT to the Ensemble Studio Theatre is always a restorative. Marathon '84, its annual festival of one-act plays, will be running there through June 18th. There are four series of them, and I saw Series C last week. The evening opens with "Vermont Sketches," another small miracle by David Mamet, consisting of four all-male conversations by Vermonters, on assorted subjects—on mystical evidence of one kind or another, on dowsing, on whether a local storekeeper should sign up with a large corporation that would control his inventory and his life, and on deer-running dogs that should or should not be shot when one of them happens to belong to a friend. In each of them, the Mamet humor, the Mamet ear, and the Mamet style—the broken sentences, the inconclusions, the interruptions and abrupt silences, and the tug of drama mysterious underneath—prove as strong and trustworthy on these rustic types as on urban ones. The play was directed by Gregory Mosher, of Mamet's "Glengarry Glen Ross" and of the Goodman in Chicago, and the performances, by W. H. Macy, Colin Stinton, Joe Ponazecki, and Frank Hamilton, are all that they should be.

Roger Hedden's "Been Taken" opens at a dance at an exclusive college for women. A shy, awkward young man from an undistinguished university meets a girl who invites him to her room and, eventually, to her bed. Some time later, back at his own college, he is accused by a fellow-student of forcing himself on the girl and raping her; a nasty fight is avoided with the help of a friend of the unheroic hero. The joy of the play is in the often funny conversations that subtly reflect the social differences between



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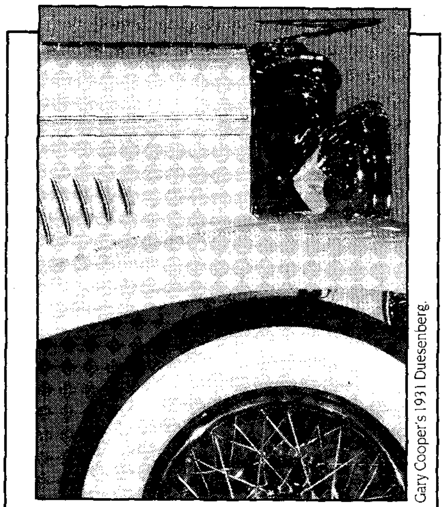

Gary Cooper's 1931 Duesenberg.

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the boy and the girl—his remarking on his dorms versus her houses, her casual dropping of the name Cartier-Bresson in a discussion of photography—and in her self-assurance and sudden lethal snobbery. The episode has a sobering effect on our young man that one feels may be permanent. The acting by Corey Parker, Anna Levine, Perry Lang, and Ric Martino is exactly right. Billy Hopkins directed.

In "A Sense of Loss," by Mark Malone, a pair of small-town construction workers, on the day after their boss's death, decide—after a funny, authentic, dopey discussion of life and death—that the time has come for them to make a break from their jobs and travel by motorcycle through Mexico. Then one of them is offered a promotion and accepts it. When the play is over, the friendship is over, and both men know it. Timothy Carhart and Matthew Penn are the able actors.

"Jazz," by Elizabeth Albrecht, brings the evening to a firm conclusion. An elderly black musician is driving his white mistress home in the very early morning. She is in a terrible temper, jealous of his wife and resentful of his evasiveness and his privacy, and when he angrily replies she jumps out of the car. Then, with an ironic, tough, gentle speech, he straightens her out and calms her down. Gina Barnett and Harrison Avery are the good actors. Elaine Petricoff directed.

All in all, the evening is a satisfying one. The plays vary in strength, of course, but plays they all are, with never the slightest suspicion of an actors' exercise or a setup.

—EDITH OLIVER

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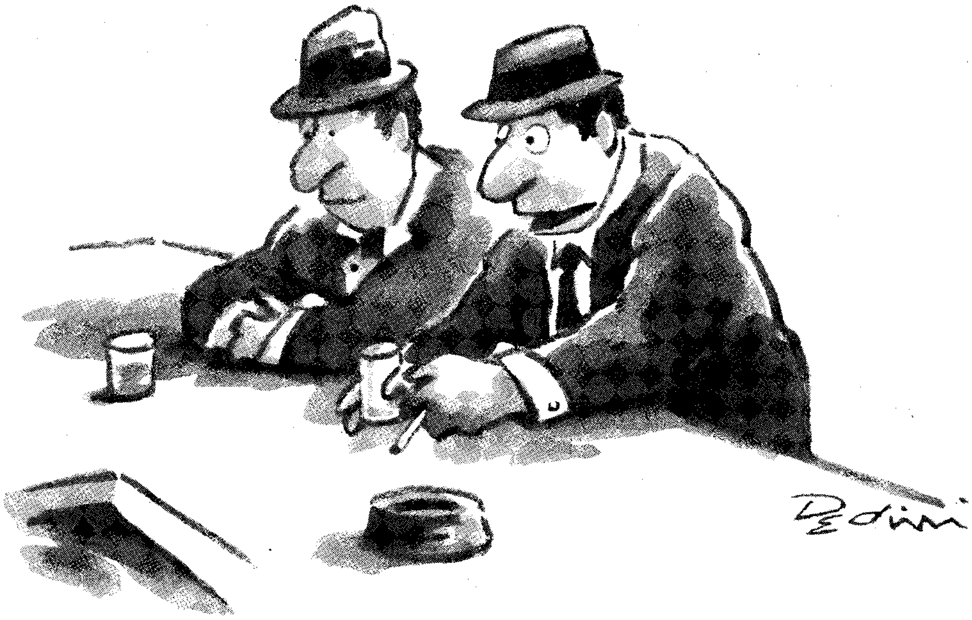
DANCING

Life Studies

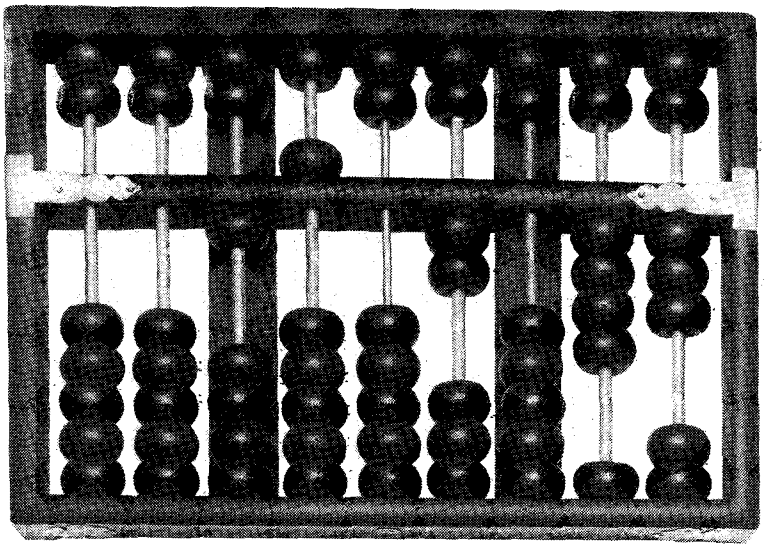
David Gordon's pieces, dancier and less verbal than they used to be, are fascinating in their devious logic. The new, expanded dance portions are not interludes intended to relieve the spoken portions; they're parallel constructions that soak up the content of the speeches and redistribute it in abstract form. Not that the abstraction is immediately recognizable; at first, you just look and listen delightedly. Parallel composing in words and movement has been Gordon's method for some time. The intelligibility of movement takes a lot longer to grasp than the intelligibility of words, and one way he has dealt with the disparity is by playing with common everyday speech patterns, using puns and non sequiturs, and stringing them out casually in rhythmic sentences that slow down thought, bend it, or trip it up. "I hate the word 'out,' " a Gordon character will remark. "It's everything 'in' isn't." A long monologue plays on the colloquial use of "go" for "say." "He goes 'Move over.' I go 'Hold it.' He goes 'Hold what?' I go 'Very funny.' I go 'Ha ha.' He goes 'I'm going.' I go 'Go.' " Lately—in "TV Reel," in last year's "Trying Times," and now in "Framework"—Gordon has been experimenting with different qualities of impetus in dance movement. He now has three or four speeds, from the near-stasis of contact improvisation (or its simulation) right through to straight lyrical dancing. He has also developed with the designer Power Boothe a kind of portable décor that is flexible; a Masonite panel or a picture frame made of wooden strips can be different things at different times. It is this highly operative, integral décor that gives "Framework" a controlling metaphor as well as a title. "Framework" is an evening's discourse on the way we compartmentalize ourselves as social beings. The panels and picture frames are objectifications of the alienation, confinement, or conventionalized rapport that we feel in our daily relations with fellow-workers, lovers, and friends. They objectify good feelings, too, such as closeness in marriage, but the prevailing tone of "Framework" is wry, and its theme of manipulation, at first amusingly plaintive, darkens gradually to end the evening on a note of desperation. Manipulation isn't only a function of the décor. It's a requisite in dancing, where it functions as the inverse of dependency. The choreographer manipulates and depends on his subjects; partners manipulate and depend on each other. Added to the social picture that Gordon gives us—the absurd behavioral patterns, the pressures, the distractions—these purely formal biomechanical situations, played out to the pounding of rock records, take on a certain psychological realism. Gordon is careful not to press meanings on us, but he does keep attacking. It's as if his manipulation theme acquired its malign shadings as a corollary of his versatility.



"Everything's a trap if you're not careful."

Gordon has expanded his technique and his subject matter at the same time. He's no longer content to expose the surface ambiguities of limited movement. Moving more, he sees more. In the manifold machinations of "Framework" he sees tokens of the subtle monstrosity of human relations. And since he seems to be adducing evidence from his own life—the life of a harried, hardworking artist—we're invited to see him as part of the monstrous scheme and, ultimately, when he trudges slowly, slowly across a stage filled with indecipherable hubbub, a victim of it. There may be something too notional in all this. When an artist's theme is what it is simply because of the number of ways it finds to express itself, the artist may feel that he hasn't chosen it—it has chosen him. He feels trapped, while we in the audience want to rejoice in what looks to us like a virtuoso performance. The last word in "Framework," an unspoken pun, is Gordon saying "I was framed." We're showered with droplets of self-commiseration. There was always a moralizing taint to the earnestness with which postmodern dancers went about their anti-technique revolution. I don't think David Gordon believes that technical sophistication is corrupting. But the self-deflating ending of "Framework" may be the last vestige of postmodernist morality in his work.

The emotional ending is surprising, because nothing about "Framework" is facile. The piece, which was produced at the tiny Bessie Schönberg Theatre at Dance Theatre Workshop, will be seen later this month in Cambridge. At the Loeb Drama Center, the deflationary ending will be staged with the addition of a giant collapsing frame descending from the flies. This would account for the protractedness of the ending, but would it justify the emotion? "Trying Times" had an epilogue in which Gordon went on trial for his presumption as an artist. These endings are like last-minute apologias; they may reflect Gordon's wish to dominate our reactions to an even greater extent than he does already. Not many choreographers can sustain a whole evening as well as he can, on the basis of his own invention. His collaboration with Power Boothe is a happy one, and Boothe himself may be the best thing that has happened to dance since Jennifer Tipton. But his contribution to Gordon's work has Gordon's sensibility stamped all



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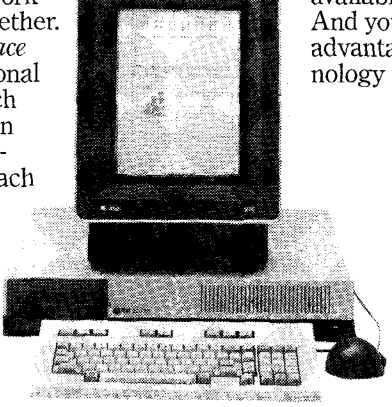

over it. The boards and frames of "Framework" (which first appeared in "Trying Times") sound like clichés until you see how Gordon has used them. In the first of several long pas de deux, Gordon and Margaret Hoeffel put a frame against a board and keep the two moving between them like a sliding door. They slip the frame ahead and step into the opening, close it up, and step in on the other side. This develops into variations, no two alike, in which they take turns setting and eluding traps, supporting each other's weight on the board, or disappearing behind it. The "board" pas de deux is offset, in the second act, by a "frame" pas de deux, in which Gordon holds a frame for Valda Setterfield to step through as she executes a fluid adagio in classical style. In neither case do the man and the woman touch. The nature of the relationship in the first duet is defined by the way each perceives the other's "space." In the Setterfield duet, the frame is her barre, her home, her Platonic halo. Possibilities multiply and crisscross. It is the hoop that her husband the choreographer puts her through even as it is the image of his adoration.

Like every other David Gordon piece, "Framework" teaches us how to see it. It is a total system discharging interior meanings. But it is also a view of real life. We recognize the times and the customs, the clothes, the postures, the lingo. The music sounds as if someone backstage had turned on the local rock station and let the dial drift, so that wisps of Chopin now and then float above the beat. Gordon keeps the dualities so delicately balanced that we can be lulled by the formal beauty of the piece into ignoring signs of its double life. When, at some point in the action, the dancers pause and sum up "the story so far," we're startled, because so much of the action has been abstract. Are these dances staged to look like social rituals or are they social rituals staged to look like dances? The content seems at all times reversible, and though the suggestion of a "story" is partly ironic, it is serious in its urging of a non-insular, non-relativistic point of view. In fact, the synopsis turns out to be a completely acceptable literalistic interpretation of the borderline drama of the piece. ("Margaret and David had a falling out," etc.) For a moment, we get to see things in the "framework" of a story, then back to the mirror world. The wonderful "I go 'Go' " monologue, vivaciously delivered by Susan Eschelbach to five other dancers as they group themselves around, behind, and beneath a panel (a table, a door, a bed), seems to open up another story. Whether or not it is one depends on how you read the pas de deux of Eschelbach and Paul Evans which immediately follows. Gordon is a collagist. Many of his dances and set pieces (like Eschelbach's monologue) can be lifted out of context and combined with new material to make a new impression. The pleasure we get from Gordon's work is the pleasure of synthesis. The integrity each new piece has is always a surprise. We go to see how the collagist's beads and shells and feathers and pinwheels will work this time and what new things have been added to the collection. For me, the novelty item in "Framework" is a group dance that goes to the song "Fresh." A sextet that frequently divides into three couples, "Fresh" has a momentum unlike any other ensemble that Gordon has done; it keeps on unrolling itself like surf as the dancers spin, dive, re-dive, tumble, shove, and toss each other into the air. Then, with a shift into slow motion, it seems to plunge underwater and go on travelling. This five-minute dance, which ends the first half of the show, sums up many of Gordon's movement motifs; it's awash with seashells and pinwheels. It's exciting—new and old at the same time—and somehow I think I'll be seeing it again.

IF Gordon is a collagist, Douglas Dunn is a draftsman who keeps sketchbooks. His sketches are admirable; each has a life, a secret of its own, a brilliantly opportune idea that seems to lead the eye. The trouble is, Dunn's ideas don't extend themselves for more than a few seconds; they keep erupting, ever new. While we long to scan a landscape, to see large configurations develop and details recede, Dunn keeps showing us page after page of motifs. There used to be a fidgety, short-winded quality in his movement. The newer numbers in his recent concerts at the Joyce showed very little of this. In "Elbow Room," Dunn's phrases have lengthened, and they've never been more beautifully formed, more inventive than they are in "Pulcinella." But they are still fragments. Dunn originally staged the Stravinsky score on commission from the Paris Opéra Ballet. The New York production has a drop cloth, by Mimi Gross, showing a sunbaked Bay of Naples, and an array of crumpled white silk costumes, also by Mimi Gross, that suggest a down-at-the-heels commedia-dell'arte troupe. There is no plot. The dances ramble along in the disorderly fashion and with the diffuse impact of a street festival. Stronger continuity could have made the image a valid one, but though Dunn's phrases are set on the music they have no adhesive power, and forty minutes is too long a time to deal with fugitive impressions.

Dunn himself is a gifted dancer and a highly civilized artist. His too assiduous imitations of Merce Cunningham's performing style are an obstacle. A former Cunningham dancer, he was also a member, with David Gordon, of the choreographers' collective known as the Grand Union. His style is nervous, sensitive, refined, but inconsistent. Some steps in a sequence are perfectly pronounced, but others are tentative, so that the clarity of the connection keeps breaking down. Gordon, who lacks Dunn's phrasemaking talent, is technically cleaner and more precise, and he seems to have learned more about sustaining effects from those improvised Grand Union evenings than Dunn did. As a choreographer, Dunn remains a soloist, and he heads a company of soloists, augmented for the Stravinsky ballet. He danced a frazzled, hallucinated Pulcinella. Karole Armitage made a guest appearance doing odd, violent, high-tension solos that seemed to relate more to her own work than to Dunn's.

I also saw at the Joyce two programs by San Francisco choreographers. Brenda Way's choreography, which I had not seen before, struck me as energetic but crude, and I found nothing to admire in her costumes or lighting. Margaret Jenkins' pieces aren't much on the production side, either, but the fertility of the movement ideas makes up for this. In "First Figure," and even more in "Max's Dream," I was held by a succession of ideas mounted in long, full, rhythmically taut phrases. "Max's Dream," suggested by images from Max Ernst, was something in the surrealistic line; the choreographer wandered among

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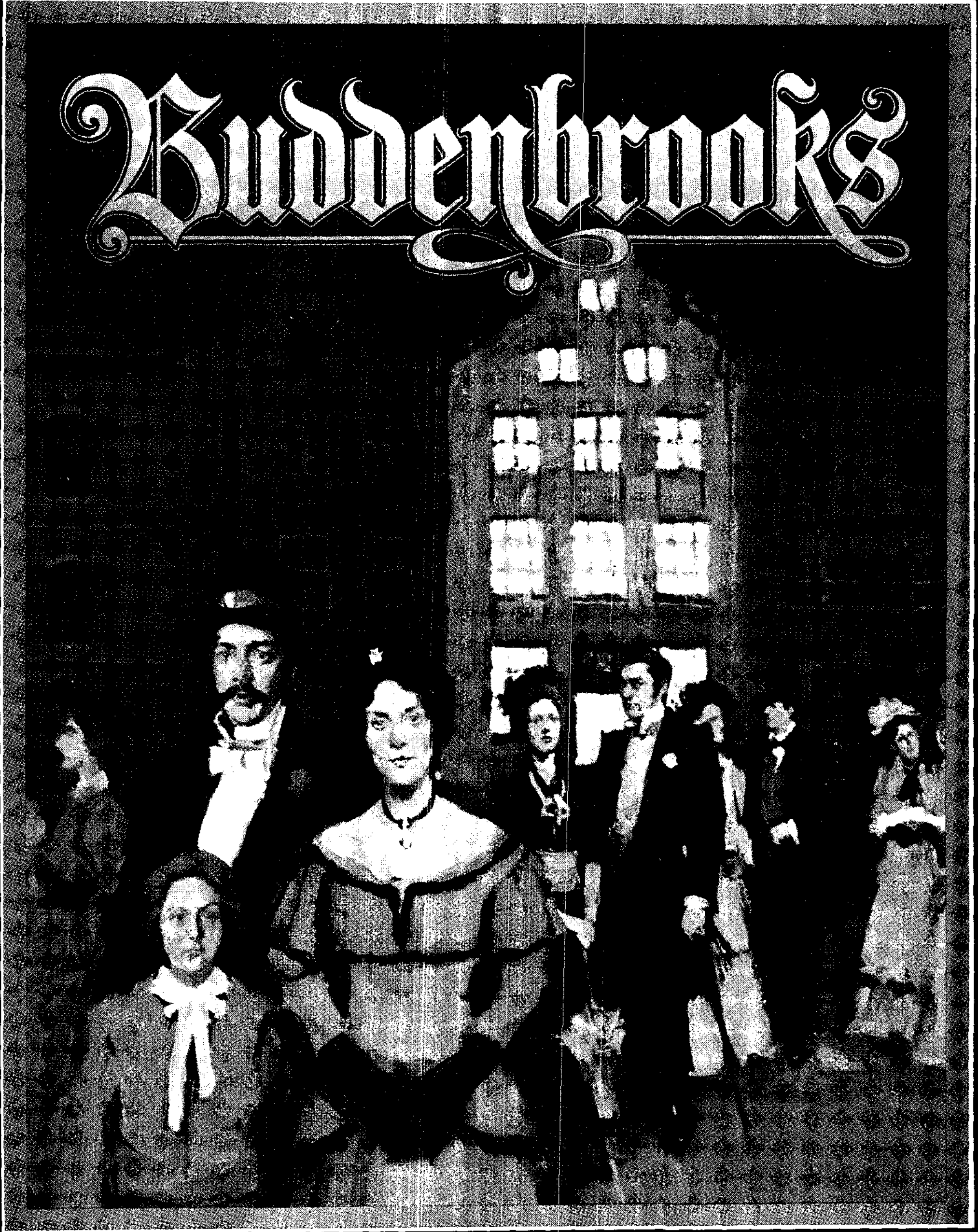

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her dancers wearing a tuxedo, her upper body encased in a huge cabbage rose. What the dancers did was more penetratingly eccentric, more Ernstian: a woman was inserted head downward through the arms of an embracing couple; a woman dove down a man's back into the wings. Partners holding each other by the hand swung apart and together in wide, whipping loops. Jenkins likes to counter flowing big-scale body movement with small staccato gestures of the head and arms; here these looked like the manic chattering of puppets. There was live music, by John Geist, brought all the way from San Francisco by the Kronos Quartet. The Joyce, a converted movie theatre, has no pit, and uneasily accommodates musicians in groups. It was planned for dance, but its inordinately wide stage creates problems for choreographers. Even so, it is not cheap to rent. It has become a showcase for solidly established, old-guard American dance companies and foreign companies with subsidies. The loft-generation choreographers who have been carrying on in the uncompromising tradition of American modern dance are, for the most part, still in their lofts, hoping for an invitation from the Brooklyn Academy. Dunn's and Jenkins' concerts were the first serious choreography and serious dancing I had seen at the Joyce in the two years of its existence.

THE version of the "Paquita" Grand Pas Classique that Natalia Makarova has staged this season for American Ballet Theatre is better than the one Makarova and Company presented four years ago on Broadway. The adagio is now done with the complete participation of the corps; the interpolated pas de trois is gone. The difference amounts to an architectural restoration—I won't say "of a monument," because the result lacks structural integrity in the two principal roles. A fragment, then, on the scale of a monument. And watching "Paquita" is very much like walking through a building. The female corps comes on in symmetrical formations of four at a time, then two, then eight. The ballerina enters in their midst through a kind of portal. The male soloist walks down a diagonal corridor, steps behind the ballerina, and supports her in an adagio. To a broad, slow melody, she arches her torso, tilts this way and that, deploys a leg forward, back, and to the side, and turns repeatedly on one spot. Tipped low to the ground in arabesque, she becomes a study in cantilevered weight. During this, the corps revolves and repositions itself at intervals, buttressing the ballerina's line, echoing her poses. From the main rotunda of the grand adagio we move through a colonnade: six solos, of which the man takes one. I could have wished for a more interesting assortment, with less repetitious brickwork. (The Kirov, which indirectly furnished this choreography, has heaps of interchangeable variations lying around labelled "Petipa-Minkus.") Suddenly we step down a flight of entrances and exits and out the back door. The ballet is ending the same way it began, but twice as fast. There's a whirl of fouettés by the ballerina—a fountain—and a final assembly like a low, arched gate. The curtain descends like a portcullis. Your souvenir is the damnable tunes of Minkus, which echo in your head for days.

"Paquita" has a Spanish flavoring; parts of it turn up regularly in "Don Quixote." The Ballet Theatre casts do each variation so slowly and with such definition you could write down the steps. The spice of Spanish dancing doesn't enter into it. The gruel of pedagogical discipline does. This, too, comes from the Kirov—this methodical step-by-step concentration. It puts the dancer under a microscope and magnifies every technical flaw. The Kirov dancers, who have grown up with the method, are able to do more under exposure than the Americans, who, I'm afraid, will always look like students. As for the principals, it's no longer news that Cynthia Gregory can turn six inside pirouettes unsupported or that Fernando Bujones overjumps his entrechats. Exciting the audience is their job, and that's what their choreography is about. When Martine van Hamel and Patrick Bissell take over, it is rather a waste. The claptrap star routine doesn't bring anything exciting out of them; they need real parts. And in the "Sylvia Pas de Deux," André Eglevsky's staging of Balanchine choreography, they get them.

—ARLENE CROCE

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Aiming High

ON the day of the eclipse, Paul Earls' "Icarus"—a "sky opera" that opens with an apostrophe by Pasiphaë to Helios, her father, and ends with a threnody for Icarus, who flew too close to the sun—had its American première, in the Kresge Auditorium of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. (The Cambridge sky, alas, was sodden that day, the sun invisible.) Earls is a fellow of M.I.T.'s Center for Advanced Visual Studies, which collaborated with the Boston Musica Viva to present his opera; eight years ago I admired his one-act "The Death of King Phillip," performed in a Brookline church with astonishing electronic and C.A.V.S. light effects—laser-projected imagery, strobe snapshots of action lingering in silhouette on the scenery after the actors had moved on. "Icarus," which lasts about fifty minutes, was scenically an even more elaborate affair, to which Otto Piene, the director of C.A.V.S. (and scenarist and artistic director of "Icarus"), had contributed inflatable sculpture; Günther Schneider-Siemssen scenery (painted on glass slides and projected from four Pani lanterns) and films; and Earls himself a music-activated computer drawing, laser-projected, of Icarus' flight and fall. The opera has been a long while in the making. Episodes—drafts and sketches—appeared in Washington, in Vienna, in Guadalajara, and at M.I.T. from 1978 to 1981. Ian Strasfogel, as librettist and director, and the Boston Musica Viva, conducted by Richard Pittman, joined in the creation of the full première, at the Ars Electronica festival in Linz in 1982. Last year, the team put on a different production, in a lakeside open-air stadium in Munich. The Cambridge production (with Mr. Schneider-Siemssen as a new collaborator) was different again. Although Eero Saarinen's Kresge Auditorium, housed in a vast, light concrete shell that touches the ground at only three points, is a dramatic place, it is more of a concert or meeting hall than a fully equipped theatre, and it has a platform rather than a stage. Projections must come from the front; Mr. Schneider-Siemssen when painting his slides had to allow for actors' shadows cast on the backcloth. He did so effectively and fulfilled his expressed hope of making the spectators "feel as if they are sitting in a cosmic room, with none of the usual boundaries they are accustomed to experience in the theatre." The human actors of Daedalus and Icarus could not fly aloft on pinions but remained earthbound, waving their arms and shifting their weight, and this was somewhat less than magical. But the evening as a whole was filled with visual marvels close-matched to Earls' imaginative and capable score.

The incidents treated are Pasiphaë's lust for the strong, beautiful bull; the birth of the Minotaur; the building of the Labyrinth; the flight. The work is composed for just three singers (treble, mezzo, and baritone, as Icarus, Pasiphaë, and Daedalus), an unseen, amplified speaker (Minos), boys' choir, six instrumentalists (clarinet/saxophone, trumpet, horn, trombone, percussion, piano/synthesizer), and tape—chamber forces, and yet the sound was full, the effect grand. One felt that "Icarus" could as easily fill the State Theatre or the Met with music as it did the twelve-hundred-seat Kresge. I should like to see and hear it in a setting where its spectacular elements could be more cogently integrated. In this production, there was a sense that practical limitations had perhaps determined a seriatim display—albeit a fascinating and showy one—of high scenic possibilities rather than a coherent dramatic adventure: item, one inflatable sculpture; item, a live-video sequence of an ambulant singer with simultaneous giant closeups of his face; item, a montage of the foregoing device and a prerecorded video sequence (Daedalus sings a duet with himself); item, a line drawing laser-projected in glittering sapphire, modulating to emerald, changing its size and jittering into strange distortions at the music's behest.

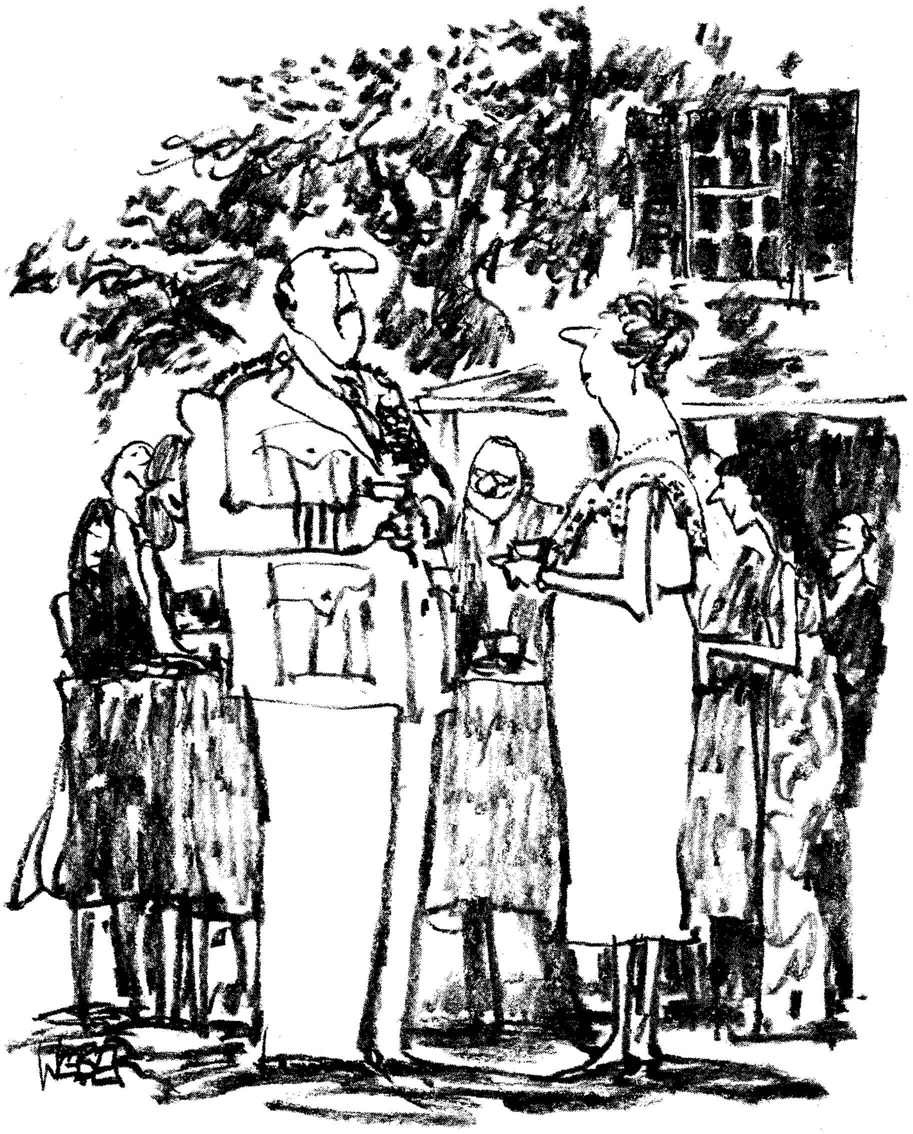
Each episode was striking in itself and was strongly enacted. Nelda Nelson, the Pasiphaë, a passionate, fearless performer, gazed out with wild surmise as the fruit of lust stirred in her womb and grew before our eyes into a towering, obscene, red Minotaur. Timothy Noble, a singer with a powerful vocal and physical presence, played a Daedalus puffed with pride, glorying in his powerful inventions, careless of the uses to which others might put them. The Treble Chorus of New England, in which boys' distinctive timbre is mixed with girls', voiced Icarus' chromatic—and enigmatic—plaint "What is the use of being a little boy if you are going to grow up to be a man?" with assurance, and Icarus himself, Joseph Olefirowicz, sang his song of soaring aspiration with zest and confidence.

SINCE American opera houses are evidently unable to offer conductors like Claudio Abbado, Carlos Kleiber, Riccardo Muti, and Georg Solti, all active in European theatres, the working conditions they ask for, they would go unheard here in opera were it not for concert performances. Mr. Muti's "Macbeth" this season, with the Philadelphia Orchestra, was rehearsed to a finer point of musical execution than the Met's. In Chicago, with the Chicago Symphony, Sir Georg conducted two concert performances of "Moses and Aaron"—an opera whose scenic requirements are formidable—and Mr. Abbado three performances of "Wozzeck." His "Wozzeck" was the most accomplished and accurate account of the score I have heard, with matchless instrumental playing exquisitely balanced. The international cast, led by Benjamin Luxon in the title role and Hildegard Behrens as Marie, both first-rate, was strong. Yet somehow I found the presentation curiously unmoving, even though it was on a musical level that one should be greeting with rapture. And I'm puzzled to know why. One reason may be that the tone of the Chicago Symphony—strings, winds, and brasses—is less warm, less emotional, less tender than that of, say, the Vienna Philharmonic. Everything is well-nigh perfect, but with an almost inhuman perfection. Another reason may be that the mode of presentation fell awkwardly between a concert and a theatrical performance. This "Wozzeck" was fully enacted, in costumes, on a stage—a broad wooden platform above the instrumentalists, ringing the apse of Orchestra Hall. There were "locations," each lit up in turn, but there was no scenery: the Captain's room imagined right; Marie's room at the center, represented by a chair; the pub left, represented by the out-of-tune piano. The actors made entrances and exits or moved from one "scene" to another. A large circle on the central bank of organ pipes glowed red to serve as the setting sun in the second and as the blood-red moon in the penultimate scene.

Concert presentations of opera, if they are to be more than "stand up and sing when your turn comes," need tactful handling. Entrances and exits can be useful. In Ottocento works, the great moment of a prima donna's entrance aria is effectively enhanced if she sallies on for the first time during the ritornello. Singers' moves between side seats and center seats can help an audience to know who's meant to be onstage at any moment—addressed, or perhaps eavesdropping—and who's not. Carefully chosen modern costume can suggest character: a Julius Caesar or a Tamerlane sung by a bejewelled mezzo in a low-cut, billowing evening dress would inhibit the idealized "staging" that takes shape in listeners' minds when, libretto in hand, they attend to a concert performance. Much depends on the nature of the work. Newell Jenkins' Clarion Concerts, Eve Queler and her Opera Orchestra of New York, the Sacred Music Society, Carnegie's recent Rossini and opéra-comique presentations have addressed the problem in different ways and have shown what works, what doesn't. (Clarion's "La Pietra del Paragone," the Sacred Music Society's "Il Crociato in Egitto," and Miss Queler's "Rienzi" were particularly successful.) The Chicago "Wozzeck," which was directed by Roberto Goldschlager, attempted too much theatrically, I think, and adulterated the fine musical rendering with a half-baked staging. (Not Mr. Goldschlager's fault; he did what could be done in the absence of a theatre.) In a concert hall, one can't have the best of both worlds, music and drama. "Drama through music" must be the aim, aided by some discreet theatrical touches that enhance but do not distract from the special merits of concert performance: concentration on the music itself; musical excellence difficult to achieve when not just the music and its meaning but also moves, costumes, scenery, the practical difficulties of keeping together must all be considered. Concert opera is not a substitute for the real thing but a closeup of some elements—the most important—of the rich amalgam from which operas are made. I'd like to hear the Chicago "Wozzeck" again as a broadcast, following it with libretto or score in hand. (In Orchestra Hall, we sat in the dark.) But in one respect, at least, a broadcast would be unable to do justice to it. Berg asked for the chamber orchestra of Act II, Scene 3, to be "distinct if possible from the main orchestra," and in Mr. Abbado's performance this separation and the balance between the chamber orchestra, the main orchestra, and the voices were more beautifully achieved than in any theatre production I have heard.

Gerhard Unger—for decades a sweet-voiced, youthful David and Pedrillo—was a trenchant, testy Captain. Robert Cole's Simpleton was striking. The other tenors, Philip Langridge as Andres and Jacque Trussel as the Drum Major, were both able but rather dry of tone. Alexander Malta was an excellent Doctor. Fiona Kimm, always a vivid performer, was the Margret. Richard Cohn and Paul Kreider, the two Apprentices, were good. Thinking back over the performance, I recall passage after passage of finely wrought instrumental playing and of careful, intelligent singing but not a complete, overwhelming dramatic event.

Chicago Opera Theatre, which began its performances in 1974, has in most of its seasons presented a Mozart opera, a contemporary opera, and (since 1979) a third opera often not standard fare: "The Pearl Fishers," "Martha," "La Rondine." It plays in the Athenaeum Theatre, a nine-hundred-seat house in the former German neighborhood of Chicago, built early this century as a home for Singspiel and operetta. I'd heard good things about the company, which rehearses its productions for five weeks, and found them to be justified when I visited its "Mother of Us All" last month. "Mother," an irresistibly attractive and moving masterwork, can triumph in small-scale redactions with a handful of instrumentalists and a handful of singers doubling up in the numerous roles,



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but in a performance with the full orchestration and the full cast Virgil Thomson's extraordinary achievement glows even more brightly. His ear for exact rhythmic inflections and for melodies that turn American speech into memorable song is matched by a command of clear, bold, suddenly thrilling instrumental color. When listening to "Mother," I'm tempted to consider it the best of all American operas; and on calm reflection I'd hardly modify that beyond "one of the three best." Though I think I've got to know the piece well, each performance brings new discoveries. There's a mystery here. Thomson describes his score as "an evocation of nineteenth-century America, its gospel hymns and cocky marches, its sentimental ballads, waltzes, darn-fool ditties, and intoned sermons . . . a memory book, a souvenir of all those sounds and kinds of tunes that were once the music of rural America and that are still the basic idiom of our country." The ingredients used are simple—limpid tunes, diatonic harmonies—but the detail is so subtle, dexterous, and elegant that Gertrude Stein's text and Thomson's music unite in an opera at once charming, serious, and important, even heroic.

Carmen Pelton—also the heroine of the small New York production last year—was a serene, sensitive, resolute, vulnerable, shining Susan B. Anthony, steady and clear and unforced of voice. Twenty-four others made up a cast of delightfully varied character and almost uniform accomplishment. Mary Griswold designed the sets and Kate Bergh the costumes. Geoffrey Bushor's lighting was adept and was executed with split-second precision. Frank Galati was the stage director. Steven Larsen conducted a poised, well-paced, well-played performance. Verdi once said that a single directing intelligence should take responsibility for every detail of an operatic performance; and here, the program told us, "the entire production [was] under the artistic supervision" of Alan Stone, the founder and the artistic director of the company. —ANDREW PORTER

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MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Glens Falls* (*N.Y.*) *Post-Star*]

ELLABELL, Ga. (AP)—This small Georgia community near Savannah considers itself a "doorway" to Europe in a special way.

AROUND CITY HALL

AN AUTHOR BY ANY OTHER NAME

THE arena of the working politician used to be thought of as continents away from the world of letters, but not anymore—at least, in these precincts. Not only have New York's mayor and the governor of the state recently published books—Edward Koch's "Mayor" was issued in February, and the "Diaries of Mario M. Cuomo," subtitled "The Campaign for Governor," appeared in April—but every week or so one or another of the local politicians, asked for his version of the events portrayed in these volumes, urges the questioner to find out what really happened in that caucus or the other campaign-strategy session by buying the book *he* is in the process of writing. New York's junior United States senator, Alfonse D'Amato—who, although he is a Republican, is not bloodied in "Mayor," as are many of Koch's fellow-Democrats—has announced that he is writing his political memoirs. And the state's senior senator, Daniel Patrick Moynihan, who began turning out books some years before he began running for office, has just brought out his ninth book, entitled "Loyalties"—a word that hasn't come readily to mind lately in connection with most New York politicians.

Since Koch was launched in the literary world, he has mixed it up in the pages of the *New York Review of Books* with the Pulitzer Prize-winning historian Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., whose review of "Mayor" in that publication was not one that the book's publisher, Simon & Schuster, found useful for commercial purposes. In his communication to the editors, Koch pointed out that Schlesinger had failed to mention that he was not an unbiassed literary witness: in the preliminaries of the 1981 municipal election the historian had been part of a Dump Koch movement, which sought (with no success whatever: Koch ended up with both the Democratic and the Republican nominations) to find a plausible candidate to run against the popular mayor. The Mayor told reporters this spring that Schlesinger's commentary ought to have been more "gentlemanly." Asked if he was gentlemanly in his book, Koch said, "I'm not a gentleman. I'm the mayor." Nevertheless, he has posed for a picture that will be on the cover of "Gentlemen's Quarterly."

The Governor had reason to be content with the treatment of his book in the *Times Book Review*. The notice, by William Kennedy, appeared shortly after Kennedy won the Pulitzer Prize for his novel "Ironweed," whose setting is his home town of Albany. In this case, Kennedy declared an unabashed bias. He explained that he had a high opinion of Cuomo's good judgment because Cuomo, during his first days as governor, had written him a fan letter, saying that he was neglecting the affairs of state because he was spending so many hours enjoying "Ironweed." Kennedy wrote that in his opinion the Governor had "put together a suspenseful, inciteful, thoughtful, funny, and frequently elegant book." The second adjective in this litany would have been an appropriate term for many of the principals in the noisy infighting that has split ears on the New York political scene in recent weeks, but it hardly fits Cuomo's view of himself as the great conciliator. In fact, some of those who work with him, both here and in Albany, didn't find "inciteful" so far out of line, but the book's publisher, Random House, in its ads featuring excerpts from the Kennedy review, changed it to "insightful." The other, it was explained, had been a typist's mistake. In any case, Kennedy had in mind not Cuomo's political instinct for the jugular but his David-over-Goliath defeat of Koch in the 1982 gubernatorial race and the possibility that there might be a similar outcome in the book-selling contest when he concluded his review by saying, "Look out, Ed. Here comes Mario again with his slingshot." This time, however, it looks as if the contest will go the other way. Cuomo's book, which George Will compared this month to a Russian novel, is selling respectably with thirty-five thousand copies in print, but nearly two hundred thousand copies of "Mayor" have already been sold, and it has been a fixture on the *Times* best-seller list since February 19th.

The Governor recently let it be known that the writer he most admired this year was not one of his fellow-politician-authors but Theodor Geisel, the author and illustrator of children's books who is otherwise known as Dr. Seuss. (In making his choice, Cuomo also skipped over A. J. Parkinson, a "well-known philosopher" he has quoted from time to time when some portentous public observation seemed called for. After Koch's book was published, and infuriated some who are mentioned in it,

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Cuomo reported that Parkinson had said, "One should never write a book *immediately after losing an election.*" Another Parkinson truism that has come in handy is "An author by any other name would sound the same." *When a recent Times story* by Maurice Carroll referred to Parkinson as "fictional," the Governor purported to be outraged.) Cuomo is only one of several local politicians who have found the message of a Dr. Seuss book highly appropriate. Late in 1981, some weeks before he decided to run for governor, Koch met with the editors of the *Post* and denounced as "a horror show" and "a disaster" the popular president of the City Council, Carol Bellamy, who could well be his opponent in his 1985 campaign for reëlection if the local minority community concludes that no black or Hispanic candidate can defeat him. A few hours after the interview hit the stands, the Mayor, accompanied by a mob of reporters, walked across the City Hall rotunda to her office, apologized, kissed her on the cheek, and described the state of their relationship as "huggy and kissy." (Later, however, in "Mayor," Koch wrote of the apology, "I never retracted the substance of any of these remarks. I simply said I was sorry I had said them.") For her part, Miss Bellamy—a slender woman, often described as "nice-looking," who, at forty-two, is seventeen years younger than the Mayor—gave him a copy of Dr. Seuss's "Yertle the Turtle and Other Stories." In the book, Yertle, the king of the turtles, makes all the other turtles pile on top of each other to form a turtle throne for him until the bottom turtle burps, sending Yertle toppling into the mud, and ending his despotic rule. Another local Dr. Seuss admirer is Basil Paterson, the former secretary of state in Albany, whose name is most often mentioned in discussions of who might be the black mayoral candidate against Koch next year. Late this spring, Paterson, a quiet-spoken, self-contained man, who was an early supporter of Jesse Jackson in the Presidential race, addressed the Coalition of Black Trade Unionists. After mentioning "those who inhabit the Harlems of this land," he said that the major concern of the black struggle was a white establishment "that denies the existence of racism and accepts no responsibility for inequality." He quoted a character in Dr. Seuss's "The Lorax" as saying, "I speak for the trees, for the trees have no voice." Last month, Governor Cuomo described as "one of the best books I've ever read" Dr. Seuss's "The Butter Battle Book," which is the story of an arms race between the Yooks, who eat their bread butter side up, and the Zooks, who eat it butter side down. At the end, both sides are shown taking cover, waiting for the final, mutually annihilating exchange. Praising its message on the idiocy of international munitions contests in the nuclear age, Cuomo sent what he called "the magnificent little volume" to Kitty Carlisle Hart, the chairman of the State Council on the Arts, and asked if the state shouldn't honor it in some way.

IN the political plot line for the first half of 1984, New York was originally expected to be more intermission than high drama. The Governor is in only the second year of a four-year term. The mayoral election isn't until 1985. By nearly all predictions, former Vice-President Walter Mondale would have the Democratic nomination locked up on Super Tuesday, March 13th—the *first* Super Tuesday—so that the April 3rd primary in this state would be a case of merely going through the motions. Then came the February surprise—Colorado Senator Gary Hart's victory in New Hampshire. The primary in the nation's second most populous state became a brutal hand-to-hand fight in which Mondale had to prove that, politically speaking, he was not on the ropes. ("You're on the ropes, admit it," a television interviewer with a particularly menacing style said to him on the night of the New Hampshire disaster.) Mondale, clearly off the ropes, took forty-five per cent of the vote in both New York State and New York City. Hart barely edged out Jesse Jackson for second place in the state, winning twenty-seven per cent of the vote to twenty-six per cent for Jackson. In the city, however, Jackson got thirty-four per cent to twenty per cent for Hart. The national campaign show then moved on, but the April 3rd results have been reverberating here ever since—especially the Jackson numbers. Blacks make up about twenty-five per cent of the city's population and fourteen per cent of the state's. Given the relatively low age median of blacks, the eligible black electorate is in each case below these totals. Jackson took eighty-seven per cent of the state's black vote—his highest percentage so far in any state—but he had clearly also received a substantial

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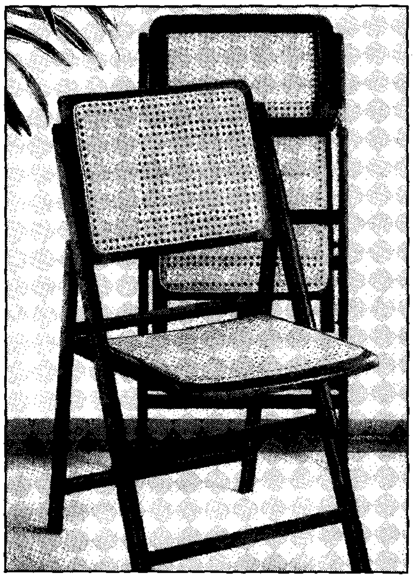

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number of non-black votes. Basil Paterson pointed out after the primary that the black turnout was more than double that in the last New York Presidential primary. Fifty-two per cent of the registered blacks voted, compared with thirty-nine per cent of other New Yorkers. The trees, it seemed, had voices after all. "The thunder of our numbers has been heard," said an editorial that week in Harlem's *Amsterdam News*, which saw the numbers as proving that Koch could be defeated in the 1985 mayoral election—a goal that has received fervent attention in the public statements of most black leaders in the city. Others, including former Representative Herman Badillo, who was the first Puerto Rican member of Congress, argue that the big black vote proves that if blacks can't defeat Koch by themselves they can surely do it in alliance with other members of what he calls "the Cuomo majority"—the coalition of blacks, Hispanics, white liberals, and union members which defeated Koch in the 1982 gubernatorial primary. The night of this year's primary, Jackson, speaking of the recent election of black mayors in other cities, said, "We will be live—real live—in 1985. Chicago had its time, Philadelphia had its time. New York, your time has come. New York City politics will never be the same again." Privately, many members of the Cuomo majority, including black leaders, concede that Koch may well succeed in his announced plan to remain at City Hall—if not "forever," as he now often puts it, at least for another term. After all, Cuomo will not be on the 1985 municipal ticket, nor, of course, will Jesse Jackson. On the night of this year's primary, Mondale's national vice-chairman, Manhattan's Representative Charles Rangel, whose district includes Harlem, said of Jackson's message, "Maybe the Reverend's spiritual guidance may allow even Mayor Koch to seek a better way of life—he can count, like all of us."

Blacks were not the only local politicians who were stirred up by the Democratic-primary returns. Newly insistent references to the prospect that the Mayor could be beaten next year naturally encouraged a certain independence toward his wishes on the part of other local elected officials, several of whom besides Miss Bellamy no longer consider it beyond the realm of possibility that they might take him on. The once wonderfully tame members of the city's Board of Estimate now often band together to defeat legislation proposed by the Mayor's office. Lately, Miss Bellamy has been in the vanguard of the insurrectional movement. During most of 1982, when it was widely assumed that, by the terms of her vice-presidential-like office, she would become mayor when Koch moved on to Albany and the governorship, she and Koch were close allies. Even this spring, after she had stood beside a four-foot-wide pothole in her home borough of Brooklyn and accused him of being more interested in peddling his book than in solving the immense problems of the city, she appeared with him at a press conference and watched with a forbearing smile as the Mayor insisted that everything was again "kissy-huggy" between them. Over the last couple of months, however, she has accused him of being a name-caller and a non-truth-teller and of being "almost consumed" by the excitement of public ceremonies and book tours, and he has called her carping, small-minded, inept, strident, "an arch bomb-thrower," and—perhaps most devastating of all for a politician—"irrelevant." At one point, the Mayor did say he was unilaterally declaring "a Lebanese ceasefire." Considering the present condition of Beirut, many New Yorkers wished that he had chosen another metaphor. Within hours, the fusillades back and forth across City Hall's rotunda had started up again.

SOMETIMES the day-to-day responsibilities of a chief executive are so burdensome that even the most dedicated leader welcomes a change of subject. On occasion, Ronald Reagan has been accused of trying to take the public's mind off his troubles with uncoöperative members of Congress (or the question of whether he feels sufficient compassion for the poor) by launching dramatic attacks on the deeds and motives of the Soviet Union, which no American—certainly, in his view, no good American—would fault him for criticizing. In recent weeks, Mayor Koch has been publicly preoccupied with the evil empire of drug dealers. For a change, no one, surely, could accuse him of racism: people of all races are involved in the drug world, whether as customers—and in some cases, ultimately, victims—or on the suppliers' side. Late in April, Koch called for the death penalty for anyone with three felony convictions as a drug pusher. His

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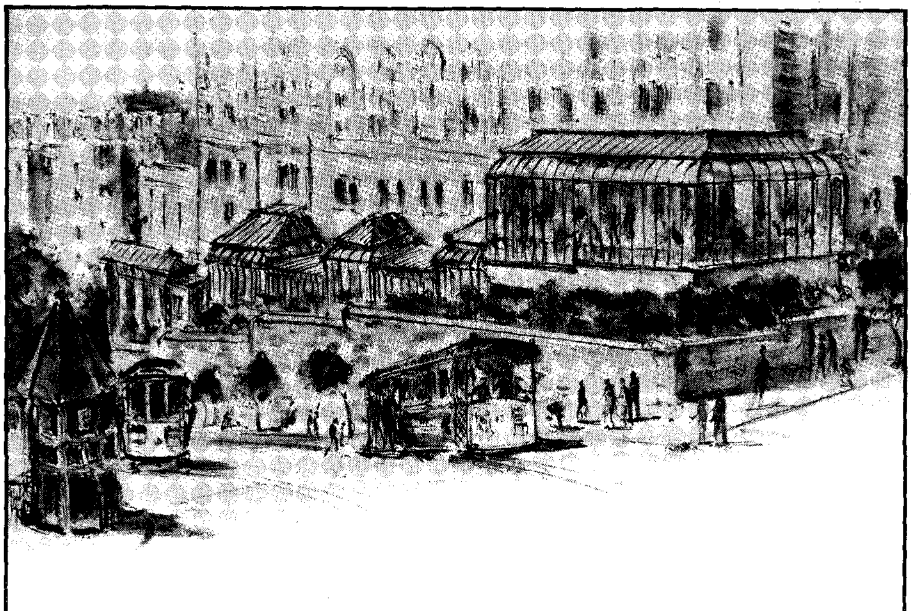

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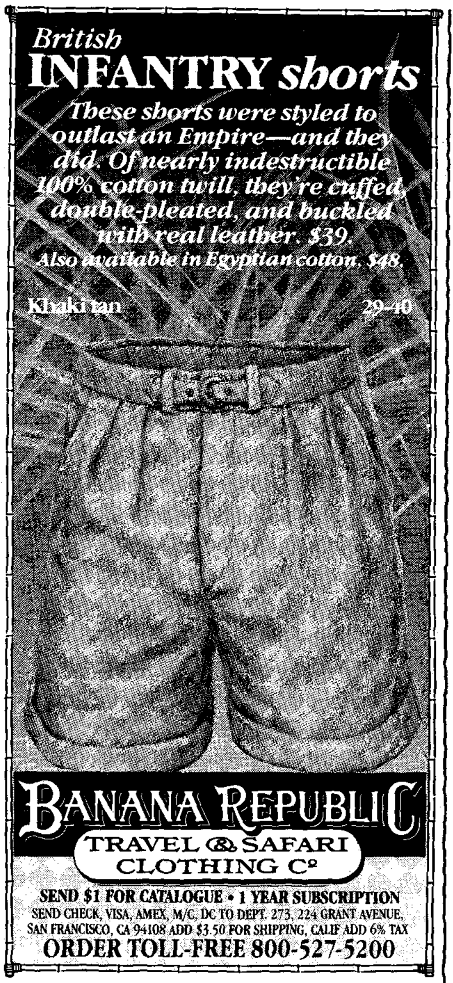
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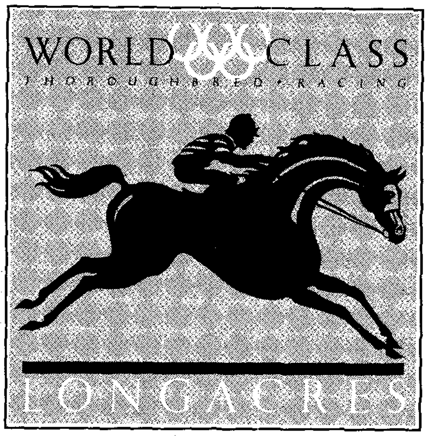
friend Senator D'Amato obligingly announced that he would introduce a bill in the Senate that would require the death penalty for a drug dealer even after a first conviction if the person had a history of financing, producing, or selling illicit drugs. The Mayor made a speech on May 24th before the National Press Club, in Washington, and its members were so enthusiastic about his proposals to "declare war on drugs" that, he reported, they gave him an unprecedented standing ovation at the end—a response he later compared favorably with that often accorded him by more askance-looking City Hall reporters. He told the Press Club that eighteen thousand planes each year illegally bring drugs into the United States and only a few of them are apprehended. He proposed that AWACS planes be used to spot the drug-carrying aircraft as they approach American borders and that F-16s then be sent out to force them down. "I'm not saying kill them. I'm saying tell them they've got to land and if they don't land they're going to be shot down. They'll land." The Mayor asked, "What the hell's the Army doing?" and "Why can't the Air Force practice on these people?" A Defense Department spokesman commented later that the AWACS planes were "terribly expensive to operate and we don't have that many," and that there was no way the AWACS could tell whether a plane was carrying drugs.

To supplement the AWACS effort, the Mayor urged mass strip searching of passengers arriving by commercial plane from Southeast Asia or by car from Mexico. The strip searching should be done by members of the military forces. Otherwise, he said, "you're going to have civilians do all of this at great expense." Further endearing himself to the Pentagon, he told the reporters, "Anybody who's been in the Army—and I have been—knows how much time you waste." There were "tens of thousands of members of the armed forces available," he said. He was asked if he felt any hesitation about searching "little old ladies" coming in on commercial planes, and he said that many of the little old ladies carried drugs and if people objected they should just not enter the country. "If you had your choice between an F-15 shooting down an Iranian plane or a plane bringing death and drugs to the U.S., which would you choose?" he asked, and he added that "if the Russians were doing this to us we'd be



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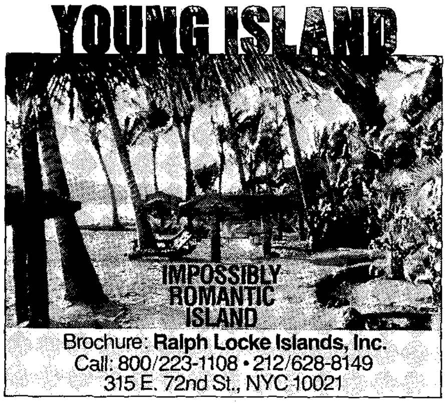

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in a state of war." He also equated the damage done by drugs to a nuclear holocaust.

Back home, it was that dreariest of intervals, the budget season, but the Mayor found time to continue his call for a war on drugs. When a member of one audience, impressed by his intense feelings on the subject, asked what additional funds he had included in his budget to help the fight against this scourge, he said, "It would be a gross error for us to give up the pressure on the federal and state governments by spending city money instead of asking for more state and federal money." No one should accuse the city of not doing enough, he could argue, in view of Operation Pressure Point, the Police Department's crash program, begun last January, to wipe out street drug dealing on the lower East Side. So far, nearly six thousand arrests have been made. Benjamin Ward, the city's first black police commissioner, whom Koch swore in last January ("Just knowing he is there brings about a sense of fairness," Representative Rangel commented last month), concedes, however, that many of those arrested are back out on the street in a few days and that much of the drug trade may have merely shifted to other areas of the city. The Mayor keeps a close eye on the operation. A few weeks ago, driving from an event on Brooklyn's North Flatbush Avenue to a party at "21," he happened to pass Houston and Chrystie Streets just as a collar was taking place, and hopped out of his Lincoln Town Car. A picture in the next day's papers showed him congratulating two of the eight arresting officers as he told them, "You've made my day." Besides its salutary effect on the local drug scene, the enterprise could bring another welcome benefit. The Mayor, who is a tall man, has long complained of not having a limousine to travel about in. When Operation Pressure Point began, he urged the police to watch for a luxury car, being driven by one of the drug kings, which could then be confiscated. "If we were able to remove one of these narcotics cars from the street, what greater victory could we have over the dope dealer than for me to ride in it?" he asked the cops.

—ANDY LOGAN

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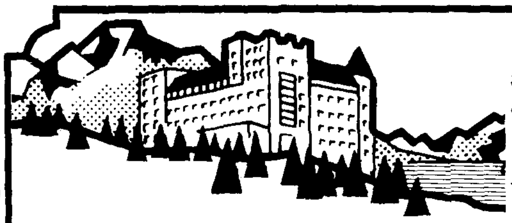
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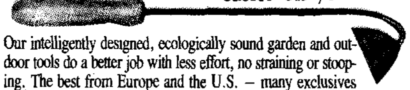
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BOOKS

The Process and the Lock

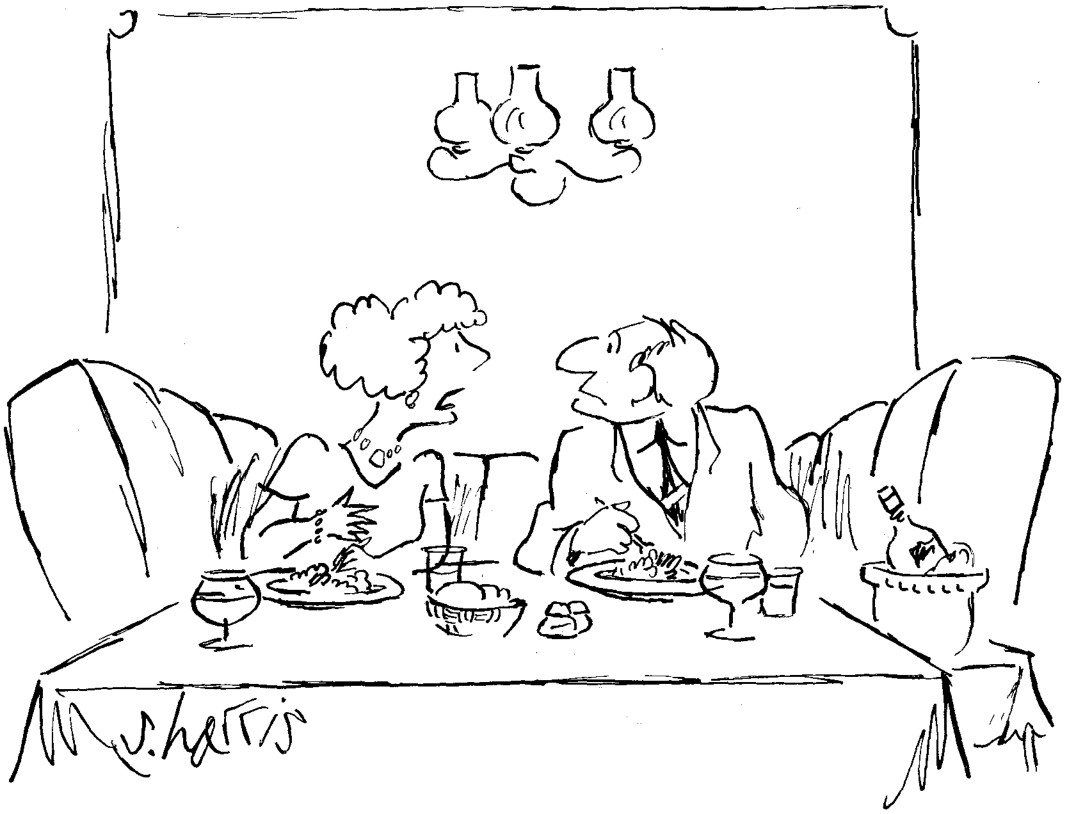
“The Nightmare of Reason: A Life of Franz Kafka,” by Ernst Pawel (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $25.50), is full of information and intellectual energy and should be read by everyone who cares about Kafka; it fills in many of the gaps and firms up some of the soft spots in Max Brod’s indispensable but unavoidably personal biography of his friend, and offers a more contoured, searching version of the life than Ronald Hayman’s staccato “Kafka,” of two years ago. However, one wishes that Mr. Pawel had found a slightly different tone in which to write. His prose, like his title, comes on too strong; his literary voice, as it details the earthly adventures of his delicate, almost unfailingly tactful protagonist, echoes at times the “booming parade-ground voice” of that much-maligned father Herrmann Kafka. There is something bullying and hectoring about Mr. Pawel’s approach as he boxes the young Kafka into a rather too classically Freudian Oedipal mess, with a coarse, crass father, a distant, distracted mother, two younger brothers both dead in infancy, and three little sisters to reinforce Franz’s emotional arrest. “The symbiotic entanglement with his family,” the biographer states in no uncertain terms, “the haunted pursuit of a mother lost to him along with two rivals killed by his own lethal fantasies, the obsessive struggle against the omnipotent father, spawned a rage so overpowering that it all but crippled his instincts and left him firmly locked in guilt beyond understanding.” Mr. Pawel is, in his early pages, a dues-paying member of the “must have” school of biography:

> As a mother, Julie no doubt did her best; but having never been mothered herself, her best was a kind of corseted tenderness that must have felt like ice to the touch.

> By this time, however, he must—at least at the conscious level—have come to terms with his mother’s emotional distance . . .

> The mob that for some days took over the streets of the city and beat up anyone who looked like a “dirty kike” must have given him clues to his identity that were hard to miss.

Emotional health and even flitting happiness were strangers, in Mr. Pawel’s schematization, to the Kafka household. If Franz, the first and only surviving son, was “a child hating his father to the point of murder,” his amiable relations with his sisters did not bode well, either: “They were good to him, he was fond of them, but at bottom the mirror-smooth harmony of these blood relations, so seldom ruffled by even the merest wisp of rivalry or jealousy, points to cold blood and vast distances.” A triad of boldly declarative sentences takes us deep into the scarcely knowable: “Kafka grew up hating his body. He dreaded physical intimacy. Sex to him was the quintessence of filth, the antithesis of love.” To be sure, passages from the diaries and letters are cited in support of Mr. Pawel’s stark analysis; yet his tone throughout seems more of a prosecutor’s than it needs to be. Innocent bystanders are suddenly indicted: Robert Klopstock, who with saintly devotion nursed the dying Kafka and who eventually became a universally esteemed pulmonary surgeon in the United States, is described as having “an ego as fragile as a raw egg” and as bombarding Kafka with “near-paranoid reproaches followed by abjectly hysterical apologies.” Brod, though given his due elsewhere, gets batted down for “sentimental twaddle, at best the aging, childless Brod’s projection of his own pietistic feelings.” The European statesmen of 1914 are “criminals and imbeciles;” the Austrian military command is made up of “hopeless clowns.” Even a long-dead English author, alluded to in one of Kafka’s letters, gets hauled into court: “Swift, with a love life considerably more muddled than Kafka’s, kept his marriage a secret, had no known progeny, and his expertise in child-rearing was most convincingly demonstrated in ‘A Modest Proposal.’ ” A certain exasperation tinges the characterization of Kafka himself; his two attempts at marriage, to Felice Bauer and Julie Wohryzek, especially quicken Mr. Pawel’s impatience. As he tells it, Felice, “numbed by the mute pleas of her would-not-be lover, who looked and acted like a moonstruck teenager, realized that left to his own devices he would forever go on wallowing in self-



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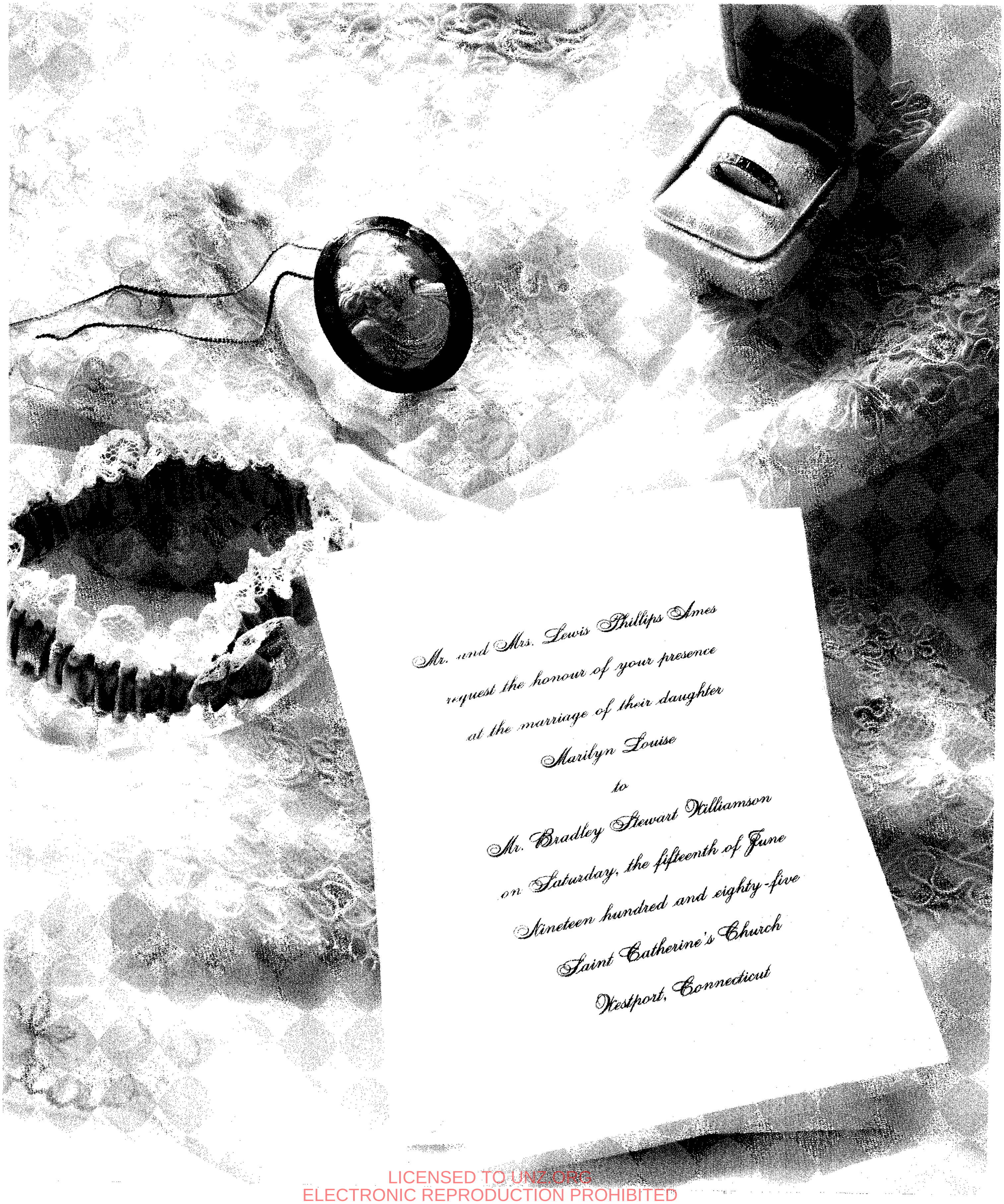

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pity.” The vocabulary as well as the viewpoint of Herrmann Kafka colors the young Kafka’s engagement to Julie Wohryzek: “The prospect of his son—a shlemiel in many ways, but still a doctor of jurisprudence and a scion of the House of Kafka—marrying the daughter of a petty *shammes* doubling as shoemaker was nothing less than a slap in the face, a direct assault on his own hard-won social status.” Why, oh why, the text seems to sigh, can’t Kafka be sane like us, and handle these women sensibly?

> There can be no doubt that the obsessive fear of sex, or more specifically of wallowing in lustful filth and degradation not with a paid hooker or lower-class shopgirl but with the virginal mother image he secretly worshipped and wanted to love, did, in fact, account for much of the tension of the relationship.

A little more doubt, in dealing with the virtual embodiment of it, might have been becoming to the biographer.

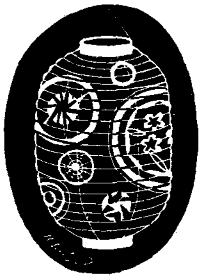
Mr. Pawel’s prosecutorial edge is no accident; he has a case to prove. He wants to rescue Kafka’s Jewishness from those who, following Brod’s lead, would make of him a crypto-Christian allegorist and saint, and from those who would simply enroll him in the Teutonic pantheon of German-language classics:

> To read him as a latter-day Kleist, to trace his inspiration back to primordial *Angst* or Kierkegaard, and to invoke Goethe, Dickens, and Dostoevsky is to confuse form and substance, is to miss the essence of who he was and what he was struggling to discover within himself. Kafka’s true ancestors, the substance of his flesh and spirit, were an unruly crowd of Talmudists, Cabalists, medieval mystics resting uneasy beneath the jumble of heaving, weatherbeaten tombstones in Prague’s Old Cemetery . . .

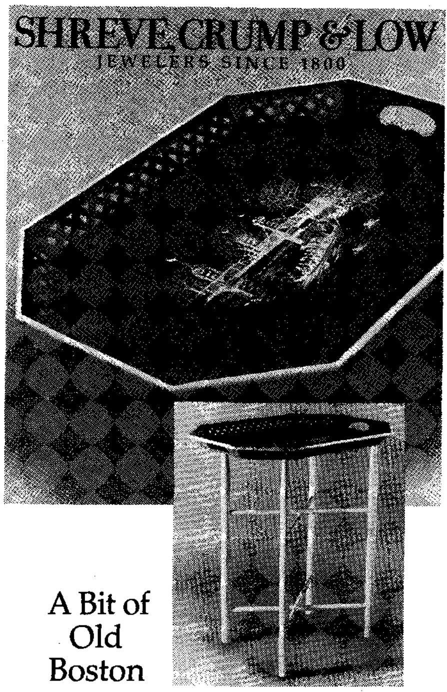
He quotes a letter from Kafka to Brod on the difficulties of assimilation:

> Most of those who started to write in German wanted to get away from their Jewishness, usually with their fathers’ vague consent (the vagueness of it was what made it outrageous). They wanted to get away, but their hind legs still stuck to the fathers’ Jewishness, while the forelegs found no firm ground. And the resulting despair served as their inspiration.

Mr. Pawel diagrams the peculiar position of Prague Jewry in Kafka’s lifetime; compelled, under the Hapsburg regime, to identify with Bohemia’s German minority, they were thus doubly distrusted, by the Germans as Jews and by the Czechs as Germans. Kafka and his father were typical of the generational progress. Herrmann, son of a kosher butcher in the ghetto of the Czech village of Wossek, left home at fourteen as a peddler and, after army service, came to Prague, married a wealthy brewer’s daughter, and founded a successful drygoods wholesale business. Franz, raised in middle-class style by nurses and governesses, attended compulsory German-language schools whose student bodies were preponderantly Jewish. In 1900, some eighty-five per cent of the roughly thirty-five thousand German-speaking citizens in the Prague population of four hundred and twenty thousand were Jewish. The Kafkas were unusual in bearing a Czech name—*kavka* means “jackdaw”—and in speaking Czech at home. In the Prague pogrom of December, 1897, Herrmann Kafka’s establishment was spared by the Czech mob, and Franz Kafka’s charmed career at the Workmen’s Accident Insurance Institute for the Kingdom of Bohemia continued when this bureaucratic organization was taken over in 1918 by the newly created Republic of Czechoslovakia: under the Hapsburg monarchy, he had been one of the Institute’s two token Jews; under the Czechs, he became the token German. By Mr. Pawel’s analysis, Kafka’s generation of Prague Jews, minimally observant and trained for assimilation, found most paths barred by “an endemic anti-Semitism.” “The fathers, smugly content with having overcome piety and poverty, groomed their sons for roles they could never hope to play. The sons, however, found themselves locked out of the show altogether; and trapped between promise and reality, they drifted into literature as a way out of the impasse.” Indisputably, Kafka, from his exhilarated discovery of Yiddish theatre in 1911 to the dreams of moving to Palestine that lit up his last months in 1924, was a man in search of the Jewishness that he felt his father had failed or refused to transmit to him. And yet, turning from Mr. Pawel’s brief to Kafka’s own works, one is struck again by how sublimated their specifically Jewish elements are, by how directly his parables apply to the whole Western spiritual condition. “The Nightmare of Reason” quotes Simone de Beauvoir, raised as a Catholic, on the effect Kafka exerted on the postwar French intelligentsia: “Faulkner, all the others, told us remote stories; Kafka spoke to us about ourselves. He revealed to us our own problems, confronted by a world without God and where nonetheless our salvation was at stake. No father had embodied the Law for us, but the Law was inflexibly engraved in us just the same.”



Mr. Pawel’s insistent references to the coming Holocaust shadow his narrative of Kafka’s life in a way that felt to this reader somewhat unnecessary and rhetorical. It is necessary and instructive to be told what anti-Semitic riots raged in Prague during Kafka’s lifetime, and to be given samples of the widespread racist journalism and speechifying of the time. It is eye-opening to learn that Kafka, once employed at the Institute, refused to sponsor the application of an Orthodox Jewish friend, on the ground that “the institute is off limits for Jews,” and to learn that he himself wrote, of Jews, to Milena Jesenská, “Sometimes I’d like to stuff them all into the drawer of my laundry chest, wait a while, then open the drawer a little to see if they’ve all been suffocated, and if not, close the drawer again, and so on to the end.” It is a piquant flourish, perhaps, to add, apropos of little Franz’s first day at school, that “earlier that year, in the not too distant Austrian town of Braunau, one Clara née Plözl, wife of the customs inspector Alois Hitler, had given birth to another of the emperor’s subjects, a sickly infant whose survival seemed doubtful. He survived.” We are reminded as well, in connection with Kafka’s move to Berlin in 1923, that that same year “an Austrian ex-corporal led a handful of crazies, ex-officers, and other thugs in a coup.” Yet there is, in these touches and in the frequent authorial foretelling of the mass murder that in the nineteen-forties overtook Kafka’s three sisters, Milena Jesenská, Brod’s younger brother, and many other characters in Kafka’s story, a danger of making Hitler the hidden hero of that story, and the Holocaust its culminating event. It is a doubtful presumption that “the figure of the head torturer [in “In the Penal Colony”] is a prescient portrait of Adolf Eichmann, drawn from life.” It is not true, as the biography’s last paragraph claims, that “the world that Kafka was ‘condemned to see with such blinding clarity that he found it unbearable’ was our own post-Auschwitz universe, on the brink of extinction.” Kafka saw his own world, which held the seeds of the future, the



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traces of the past, and the timeless dilemmas of human existence. To make him a prophet of the Holocaust or of the totalitarianism that has overtaken Prague is to turn his art into magic and into a magician a man who found everything difficult, problematical, fraught, almost impossible. He died in 1924, and his visions were entirely based upon evidence that had accumulated up to that year.

In the presentation of this evidence, Mr. Pawel's book is most valuable. The basis, structure, and personnel of the schools Kafka attended; the coffeehouse society of Prague's Jewish intellectuals; the kind of work Kafka with such oft-disclaimed competence performed for the Workmen's Accident Insurance Institute; the life and death of the mysterious asbestos factory of which he was part owner and reluctant manager (Kafka, in fact, had more real experience of industrialism than all but a few modern writers); the biographies of the succession of women with whom he was involved; the labyrinthine changes of address and sanatorium that make up his history of residence; the contribution that the flu epidemic of 1918 made to Kafka's debilitation and eventual demise; the First World War as it reverberated in imperial Prague—all this is set down with clarity and authority. Further, Mr. Pawel is shrewd and vivid, though brief, in treating the works themselves, sidestepping most of the tortuous commentary with such observations as, of "The Castle," that Kafka "worked when, and only when, the spirit was upon him, guided strictly by its dictates rather than by any preconceived ideological road map, translating the dilemmas of his life into the paradoxes of his fiction" and "From several tentative drafts of further chapters in his notebooks it seems clear that the novel's growing complexity had outrun the author's power to control it—as suitable a conclusion to this extraordinary work as any that could be imagined." Born in Germany, the biographer has translated all the quotations afresh, pointing out nuances ("Der Prozess" = "the process" as well as "the trial;" "Das Schloss" = both "the castle" and "the lock"). He places in a perspective of reasonable doubt Grete Bloch's claim (which Brod accepted) to have borne Kafka's child and Gustav Janouch's claim to have accurately transcribed Kafka's remarks of twenty-five years before. All Kafka's major works are fixed in the time and place of their

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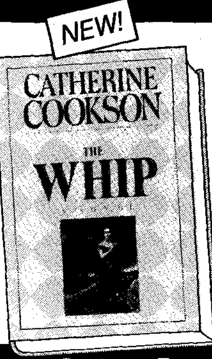

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creation, along with the fallow periods when Kafka was given over completely to distraction and exhaustion. The biography supplies, in short, the full context in which the Kafka phenomenon emerged. How a brutish father and an ineffectual mother produced a sensibility so subtle and tender, and how the bustling, gossipy literary bohemia of Bohemia, whose typical talents were facile and prolix, like Brod's and Franz Werfel's, nurtured an artistic vocation so austere and fanatic are mysteries that research can scarcely touch. What research *can* touch Mr. Pawel here displays, albeit with a brusqueness that might have made Kafka wince. Kafka's life, so intimately bound up with his work, fascinates us, it may be, unduly, at the price of a certain coarsening. As Elias Canetti has written in his own violation of the Kafka enigma, his brilliantly probing essay on the "Letters to Felice": "There are writers, admittedly only a few, who are so entirely themselves that any utterance one might presume to make about them must seem barbarous."

—John Updike

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

The Real World, by Christopher Knowlton (Atheneum; $15.95). The jacket art—a sparrow perched outside a birdhouse-size Chrysler Building fills the air with dollar signs, not musical notes—makes sense once we meet the hero, a fledgling corporate-research analyst named Caleb Sparrow. As a child, Caleb had high hopes of growing up to be an ornithologist and lending his name to a hybrid. Now he is one of that pin-striped flock of "number crunchers" as common in Manhattan as the pigeon. Mr. Knowlton himself has a sharp eye for the local fauna's identifying characteristics: a Health and Medical Researcher moves with a "sidewinding shuffle;" the "up-turned, wide-nostril nose" of a crewcut Treasurer is "a suitable tool for rutting among numbers." Caleb's hopes and fears are compounded by the presence of an outspoken young woman down the hall, and just above him on the corporate ladder; her knowledge that "impact" is not a verb marks her as one of a misplaced—if not endangered—species. Whether Caleb's story will be a sad one of success or a happy one of flight remains in doubt until this funny first novel's last word. According to the dust jacket, Mr. Knowlton worked for two years in Manhattan, in "publishing and management consulting," before moving to the country.

Mr. Surie, by O. K. Joshee (St. Martin's; $12.95). A comedy of corruption, set in Bombay, and with a cast of scoundrels headed by a dealer in stolen Hindu religious art named Balbir Surie. Surie is young and rich, he has an adoring secretary and a sometime mistress, but his big interest in life is staying out of the clutches of one Inspector Deshpande. To this end, he bribes a rising politician, and eventually finds himself betrothed to the half-witted daughter of one of the politician's biggest supporters. Surie is the familiar likable rascal, and his adventures here are nicely entertaining.

A Certain Lucas, by Julio Cortázar, translated from the Spanish by Gregory Rabassa (Knopf; $12.95). The late Julio Cortázar's incorrigibly curious Lucas is the flip side of John Berryman's doomed and morbid Henry. In twenty-five mischievous essays, none of them much slacker than a sonnet, Lucas breaks unwritten rules and, more or less, relishes the consequences. He rides a bus in his pajamas ("Lucas, His Shopping"), tries some saintly nurses' patience with a daisy ("Lucas, His Hospitals [I]"), and drives some Frenchmen to despair with a few written words about a bullfight ("Lucas, His Spanish Classes"). In nineteen other essays, Mr. Cortázar proves that cats are telephones ("How Come One Goes By?"), analyzes a sport that could revive the Third World's economy ("Swimming in a Pool of Gray Grits"), reports on a kettledrummer who works Morse code into "Thus Spoke Zarathustra" ("Artistos' Life"), and modestly contrasts his book with Dr. Johnson's Dictionary: "Dr. Johnson's indolence looks to me like such an inconceivable fury of work that my best efforts won't reach beyond a vague rousing up out of a siesta in a Paraguayan hammock." Mr. Cortázar, a jazz musician as well as a writer, died in Paris in February.

True Detective, by Max Allan Collins (St. Martin's; $14.95). Another nonfiction historical novel. The setting is Chicago and Miami

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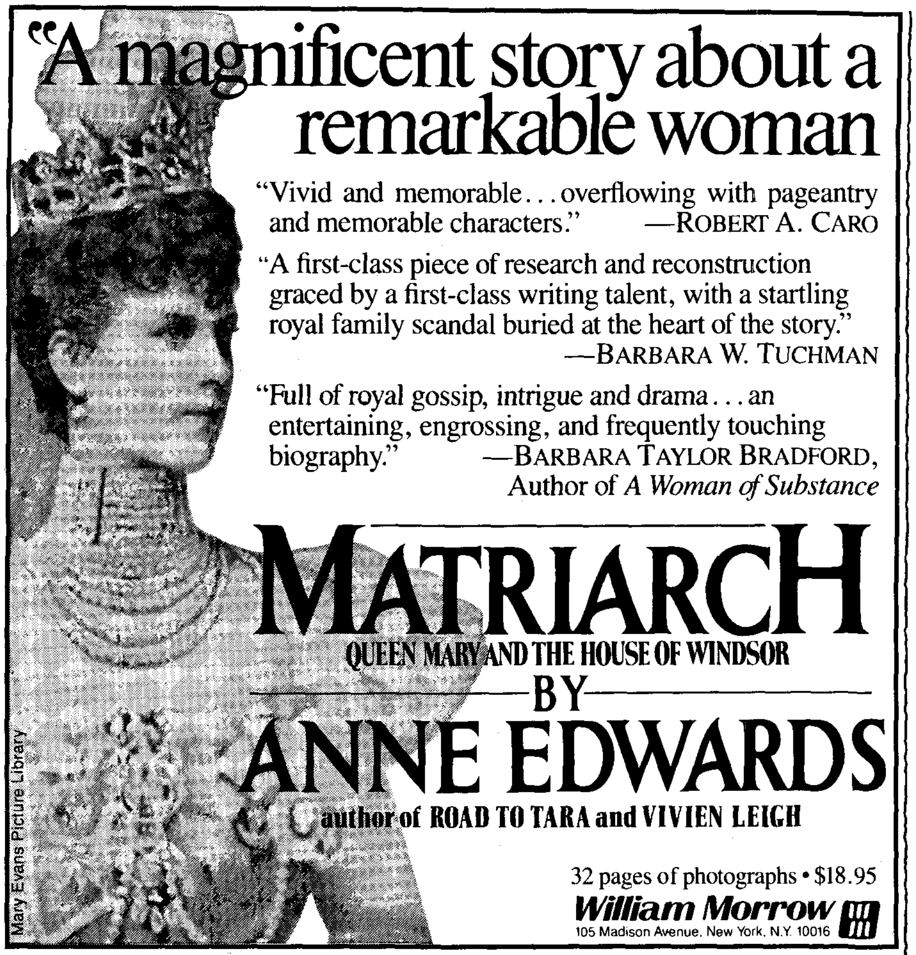

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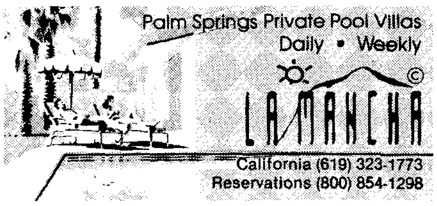

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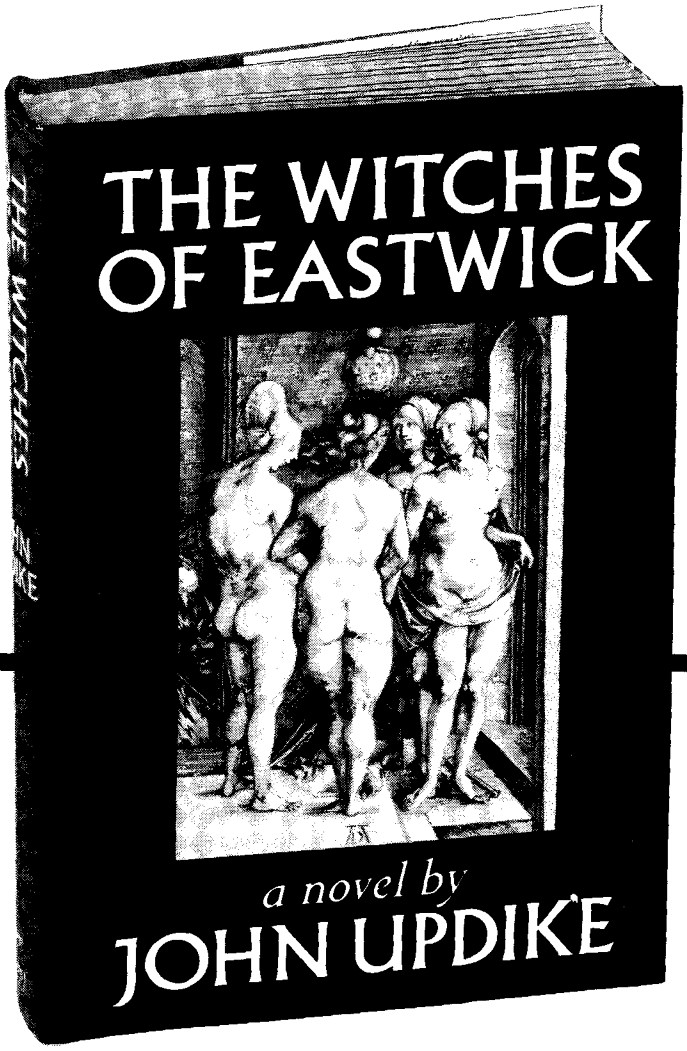
in 1933—the year of Franklin D. Roosevelt's inauguration, the assassination of Mayor Anton Cermak, and the Chicago World's Fair. The narrator and main character is an ex-city plainclothesman turned private eye named Nathan Heller, and he seems to be entirely a creature of Mr. Collins' imagination. He has a most impressive supporting cast: Roosevelt, Frank Nitti, General Charles G. Dawes, Mayor Cermak, Barney Ross, Al Capone, George Raft, Eliot Ness, Walter Winchell, Ronald (Dutch) Reagan, and others, equally real but less celebrated. The plot has to do with a girl who hires Heller to find her long-lost runaway twin brother, and it has its gory moments, but the entertainment here is largely in watching Mr. Collins twist his story to accommodate his imagined Winchell and Capone, etc., his imagined Great Depression, and his imagined Chicago gangland. Illustrated with period photographs of most of the big-name characters and assorted views of Hoovervilles, the World's Fair, and palm-tree Miami.

GENERAL

AN AMERICAN PROCESSION, by Alfred Kazin (Knopf; $18.95). In the forty-two years since the publication of "On Native Grounds" announced the arrival of an extraordinary new critic, Alfred Kazin's love affair with American literature has not abated. His new book, which takes its title from Whitman's remark that Emerson was "the actual beginner of the whole procession," deals with the literary high spots between 1830 and 1930. Each major writer, from Emerson on, is sketched with the headlong, slightly breathless fervor with which we might try to do justice to a vivid departed friend. This sense of caring intimacy lifts Kazin's survey above the usual inventory of masterworks. "Reading Melville's verse, one cannot help picturing him, evening after evening, wreathed in cigar smoke as he measures his way from line to line, rhyme to rhyme;" "Ellen [Emerson] was so embarrassed by [her father's] reluctance to follow a manuscript that she once sewed his pages together to keep him to the original text." Much—too much?—is made of the stilted, crabbed Henry Adams, while William Dean Howells is dismissed as "a literary factotum who knew he could pass muster at every kind of writing." After 1890, overlapping the territory of "On Native Grounds," Mr. Kazin is especially moving on the few good books of Theodore Dreiser, the rather faded "U.S.A." trilogy of Dos Passos, and the bent career of Scott Fitzgerald, who, like Emerson, "included America in his romanticism." Over all, "An American Procession" is a refresher in the best sense: without any fundamental revision of our understanding of our classics, it vivaciously refreshes our awareness of them, and our gratitude for them.

OVERLORD: D-DAY AND THE BATTLE FOR NORMANDY, by Max Hastings (Simon & Schuster; $17.95). A new and rather hard look at the great battle for the liberation of Europe which began on June 6, 1944, with Operation Overlord. "There has been too much glorification of the [Normandy] campaign," wrote the historian Basil Liddell Hart, "and too little objective investigation." Objective investigation is what Mr. Hastings has given us here. Among his findings, which are based on recently available source material and on interviews with both Allied and German survivors of the Normandy battles, are these: that, the vaunted industrial and technical power of the Allies notwithstanding, our infantry weapons, tanks, and antitank guns were no match for the Germans' (General Eisenhower complained that our Sherman tanks were not capable of taking on the German Panthers and Tigers), and that the German fighting man was superior to the British, Canadian, and American in staying power, resourcefulness, and appetite for combat ("The Germans *liked* soldiering," said a British brigadier. "We didn't"). Mr. Hastings' history of the campaign is thorough, ranging over questions of generalship on both sides, the strategic aberrations of Hitler, and the Allies' failure to obtain certain objectives quickly (the city of Caen, for one). Even the most ardent dissenter from the author's general argument will have to concede his fair-mindedness. Photographs and maps.

MONEY AND JUSTICE: WHO OWNS THE COURTS?, by Lois G. Forer (Norton; $16.95). Judge Forer, who sits on the Court of Common Pleas in Philadelphia, continues her irreplaceable commentary on the workings of American law. In this



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volume, she is concerned with inequities caused by disparities of wealth: for one example, an indigent defendant is plea-bargained guilty by a public defender in a matter of minutes, while anti-trust litigation against I.B.M. lasts thirteen years; for another, children of the poor are adjudged delinquent and shunted off to reform schools, while children of the well-to-do are remanded to the custody of their parents and to psychiatric attention. Because legal costs are high (Forer's Formula holds that "legal work multiplies to justify legal fees"), "delay always inures to the benefit of the party who can afford to wait." The cost of going to court—and, if necessary, appealing—deters all but the wealthiest, with the result that middle-class as well as poor people often forgo their rights. Judge Forer explains the reasons for the rising cost of law; her suggested remedies are sensible and practical. She demonstrates that, contrary to their intentions, Congress and state legislatures, voters and taxpayers are supporting a court system that exaggerates existing inequalities.

A SOCIAL HISTORY OF ENGLAND, by Asa Briggs (Viking; $25). A long look at the English past, stretching back before the start of written history and bringing us down to the nineteen-eighties. "Social history is the history of society," Mr. Briggs says. "Nothing is irrelevant to it." Here, in the procession of centuries, everything comes into his ken—literature and art, the mutations of language, the ways of country people contrasted with those of city-dwellers, poverty, plague, the development of communication, trade practices and trade unions, fashion and folly. The writing is dense and rich; the illustrations are apt and beautifully reproduced. In all, this is a superb piece of work.

NOTE: Jonathan Schell's "The Abolition," a set of proposals for achieving worldwide nuclear disarmament, has been published by Knopf ($11.95). All the contents originally appeared in *The New Yorker.*

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE SUICIDE MURDERS, by Howard Engel (St. Martin's; $11.95). Benny Cooperman is a struggling Jewish private eye in a small city in Ontario, and we meet him in the standard manner: he is idling in his

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squalid office when the wife of a leading citizen appears ("Come in already") and engages him to find out why her husband is never in his office on Thursday afternoon. Benny solves that problem easily: the man is in psychotherapy. But then the man, after leaving the doctor, in apparent good spirits, and buying himself an expensive bicycle, goes back to his office and a few hours later is found shot to death, with his own gun in his hand. Something peculiar here. So Benny has a real assignment. Benny is likable and resourceful, and Mr. Engel has conceived a classic (revenge and retribution) Ross Macdonald plot, and a good one.

THE DIRTY DUCK, by Martha Grimes (Little, Brown; $14.95). Death in the person of a ripper with a razor stalks a group of rich American tourists in Stratford-upon-Avon and in London. The killer is stalked, in turn, by Miss Grimes' attractive Richard Jury, of Scotland Yard, and his aristocratic colleague Melrose Plant. The title is the name of a pub, and has no real connection with the novel. The first victim is a plain thirtyish woman from Florida, and by her mutilated body is a slip of paper with two lines of verse: "Beauty is but a flower That wrinkles will devour." This correctly suggests that we are embarked on an academic murder mystery. Then a nine-year-old boy disappears. Then—well, the blood and the poetry continue to flow. Miss Grimes has entertained us uncommonly well in the past, but it must be said that she is disappointing here. The movement is awkward, the murders and their motivation are impossible to take seriously, and the American characters (Miss Grimes is an American Anglophile) are mostly caricatures—especially the women, most of them being variations on Li'l Abner's Daisy Mae.

•

MOST UNPLEASANT METAPHOR OF THE WEEK

[*From the Wall Street Journal*]

"Most of us Democrats these days are going through a kind of intellectual adolescence about what it means to have that party affiliation," says Mr. Skaggs, the Democratic leader in the Colorado House and another new-breed politician here. "It's like our policies are pimples on the face of Democratic politics. Our job is to apply an ointment on a hormonally confused party."

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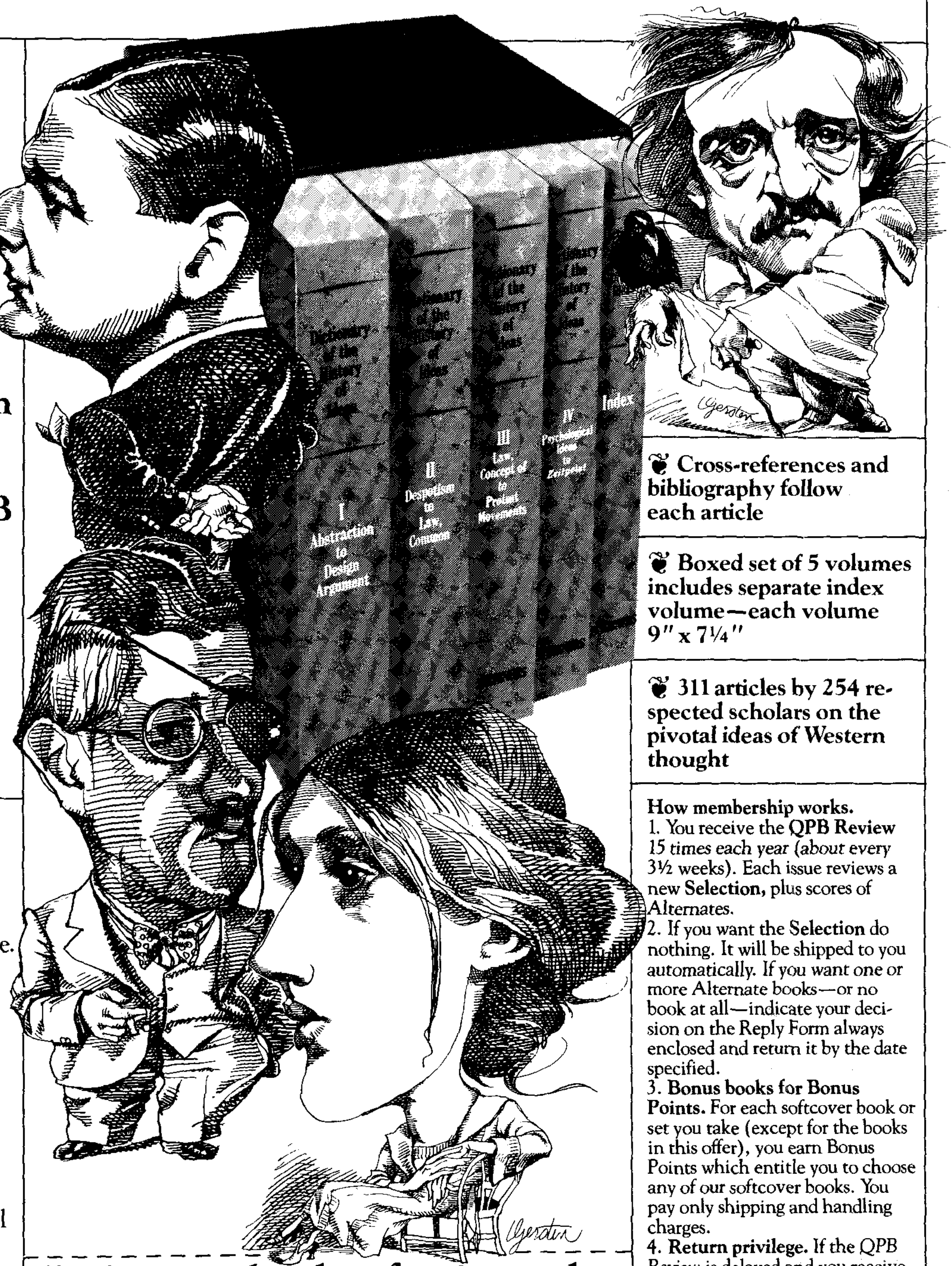
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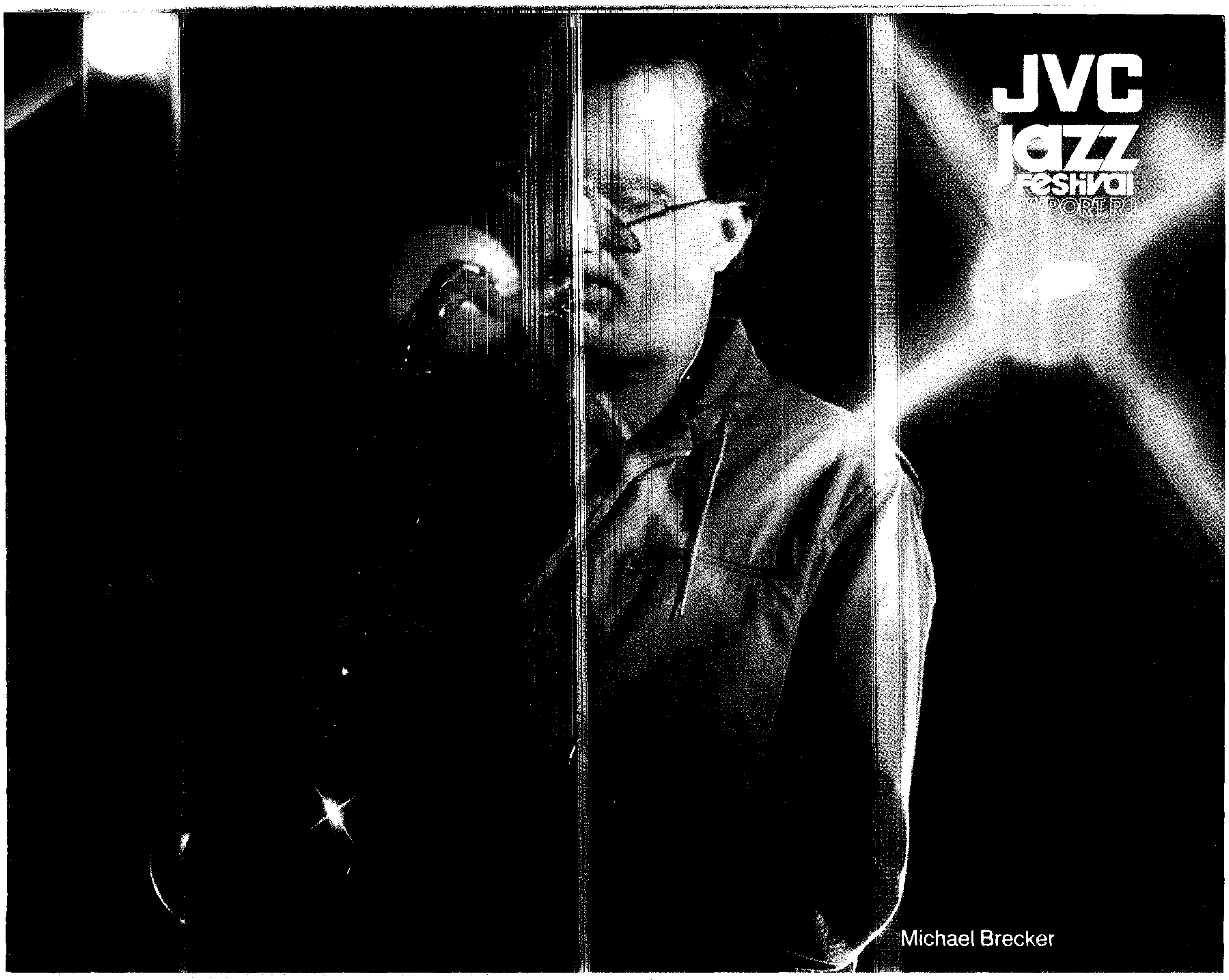

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